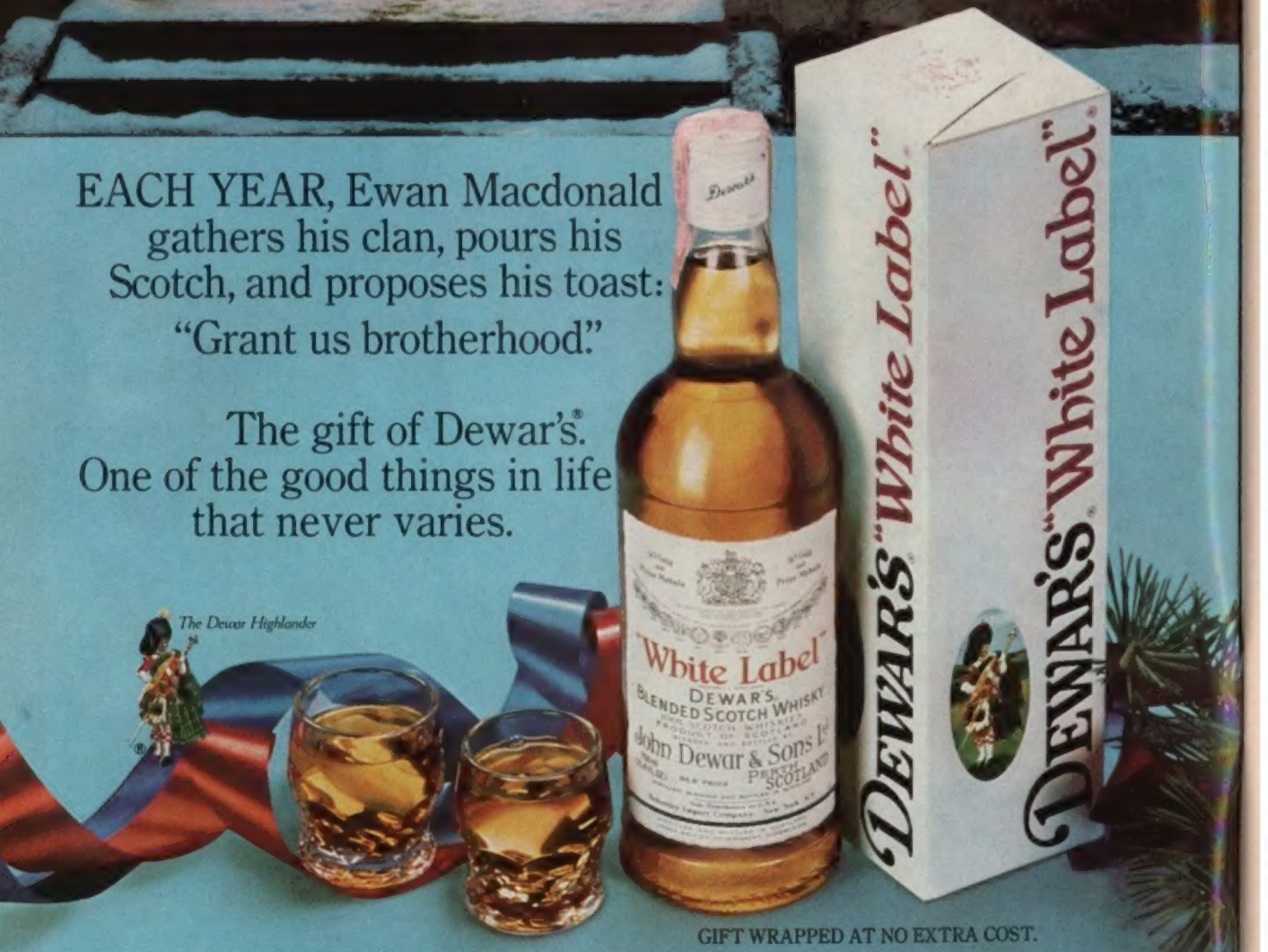
DECEMBER 22, 1980
$1.50
TIME
POLAND
The Test of Wills
When the Music Died
John Lennon

EACH YEAR, Ewan Macdonald gathers his clan, pours his Scotch, and proposes his toast: "Grant us brotherhood."

The gift of Dewar's®.
One of the good things in life that never varies.

The Dewar Highlander



GIFT WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA COST.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · ©1980 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

DECEMBER 22, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 25

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

One night in November 1963, four mop-topped lads from Liverpool strode triumphantly onto the stage of London's Prince of Wales Theater before an audience of upper-crust fans that included the Queen Mother herself. As TIME quoted the group's lanky, irreverent leader: "Those of you in the cheaper seats, clap. The rest of you, rattle your jewelry." With that remark, John Lennon made his first appearance in the pages of TIME. As the years went by, Lennon and his fellow Beatles have turned up countless times in the magazine—and in the lives of a fortunate handful of its writers and correspondents.

The 1967 Beatles cover

When the Beatles made their first visit to the U.S. in 1964, Senior Editor Christopher Porterfield, then a trainee in TIME's Washington bureau, was assigned to follow them. Porterfield recalls: "All of them were joking and clowning a lot, but John's humor glinted with a fine, hard intelligence and had a mocking, satirical edge. He also had a sharper way with the language." Porterfield next encountered Lennon in 1968, when he and Paul McCartney were in New York to announce the formation of their own record label, Apple Corps., Ltd. Porterfield, who had written a TIME cover story on the group the year before, was again struck by Lennon's patience and courtesy. Three years later, Porterfield sat in Apple's London headquarters listening to Lennon speak with bitterness about the breakup of the Beatles. Says he: "John was thinner than the last time I had seen him and his appearance gave an extra intensity to the harshness of what he was saying. He was understandably preoccupied with pain and frustration, but there was also a great deal of determination and optimism."

Senior Editor Martha Duffy, who edited this week's cover stories on Lennon's tragic death and rich musical legacy, first met him in 1969. Duffy was in Toronto interviewing Novelist Jacqueline Susann, who was there to promote her book *The Love Machine*. When Susann found out that Lennon and Yoko Ono were staging their memorable "Lie-in for Peace" in her hotel, she insisted on paying her respects. Recalls Duffy: "I was surprised that they were so friendly and welcoming. John was very gentle but not in a soft way. He had a strong sense of himself."

Jay Cocks, who wrote the main story, first met Lennon in 1976 through mutual friends. Over the years Cocks found him to be "extraordinarily smart, witty, angry and basically unknowable." Sums up Porterfield: "Of all the Beatles, Lennon was the one who showed the greatest depth and complexity. His was the growth I expected the most from, and now that growth has been cut short."

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Painting by Daniel Maffia.

18
Cover: The Beatles orchestrated a generation's highest hopes, and with John Lennon's tragic death at 40, the dream fades. Americans confront and ponder the latest killing in a wave of violent crime. *See* NATION.

8
Nation: Ronald Reagan names eight Cabinet-level appointees, most of them better known as skilled managers than as ideologues or innovative thinkers. ▶ The 52 American hostages pass their 400th day in Iranian captivity.

36
Poland: With Soviet forces on alert near by, Western analysts fear that Moscow plans a Czechoslovakia-style intervention. The U.S. and NATO have warned that the costs will be high, and the Poles will resist. *See* WORLD.

5
American Scene
In Jimmy Carter's home town, Novelist Reynolds Price finds indifference to the President—and a dip in the tourist trade.

39
World
Brezhnev calls for a neutral Indian Ocean. ▶ A struggle within Israel's Labor Party. ▶ El Salvador stonewalls a U.S. inquiry.

54
Energy
Seven years of runaway fuel prices cause an Everything Crisis. ▶ Sheik Yamani talks tough. ▶ Conservation in Portland.

64
Science
Lockheed's famed "Skunk Works" presses ahead on a new high-flying spy plane. ▶ Sex and the single gorilla.

69
Art
Chicago's loss is New York City's gain as a matron leaves the Met her $12 million of Klines, Pollocks and De Koonings.

72
Cinema
Flash Gordon and *Popeye* bring comic strips to life. ▶ *Nine to Five* plays office politics for laughs. ▶ *Tess* is fool Hardy.

74
Law
A high court ruling on double jeopardy raises hopes for more uniform sentences. ▶ Is once-a-week sex grounds for divorce?

75
Education
In Michigan a long-term school study suggests that Head Start can work, contrary to what critics have long insisted.

79
Sport
At their annual reunion, baseball's bosses meet, greet and trade flesh. That may mean trouble for free agents.

80
Press
French President Giscard, up for re-election, stirs a storm of protest as he tries to curb the press. ▶ Leaks, leaks, leaks.

92
Essay
Talk is the great human tool and toy, but as just about everyone with ears must know, it is far too often a bit yak-prone.

2 Letters
69 Milestones
71 People
76 Theater
84 Books
88 Music

TIME (ISSN 0040-781X) is published weekly at the subscription price of $35 per year, by Time Inc., 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. J. Richard Munro, President; J. Winston Fowlkes, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 116 No. 25. © 1980 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. TIME and the Red Border Design are protected through trademark registration in the United States and in the foreign countries where TIME magazine circulates. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TIME, Time/Life Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. □ □ □ □ □

Letters

Morning Shows

To the Editors:

The so-called family atmosphere of TV's morning shows [Dec. 1] seems to be right out of *Dallas*, with staff members throwing darts at a picture of Rona Barrett, describing Jane Pauley's work as erratic and Tom Brokaw as frosty, and delighting when Muhammad Ali calls Hartman "the Great White Dope."

J. Fred Muggs would appreciate that there is still plenty of monkey business on the sets in the morning.

Richard J. Williams
San Diego

How dare someone say that the darling of *Good Morning America*, Joan Lunden, is an "empty head." It takes brains to get along and have patience with people. What an insult to one of the nicest females on TV.

Rosalie Fredericks
Spring Hill, Fla.

I disagree with your assessment of the *Today* staff. Jane Pauley is an excellent news reader and an adept interviewer who asks questions I like answered. Tom Brokaw is far from frosty. He's competent and likable.

Eleanor Bukowsky
New York City

Willard Scott is the saving grace of *Today*? His effect is more like pouring corn syrup over a previously digestible bacon-and-eggs breakfast. The freshest moment I've heard on the show occurred when Mariette Hartley told Willard to go and eat his flower.

Martha Bedlington
Lawrence, Kans.

Rona Barrett, who is about to join the *Today* team, gives the news. Get over the idea that anything coming out of Hollywood is gossip, while anything out of Washington is hard news.

Ann Honkomp
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Those Wayward Polls

I am surprised you devoted so much space to the anguish of the inept fraternity of pollsters [Dec. 1]. When will these snoopers wise up to the fact that it is nobody's business how a person intends to vote? Many of us delight in never giving a pollster a straight answer.

Hank Maxwell
Claremont, Calif.

So the pollsters are still making excuses. The answer to the Reagan landslide is simple: this was the first time lifelong Democrats could bring themselves to vote for a Republican. Undecided? They were just ashamed to admit it.

Wallace D. Miller
Chestertown, Md.

A Question of Style

Already we are being told about the "style" of the new First Family. Hugh Sidey informs us that "class" will return to the White House [Dec. 1]. Spare us from four years of bombardment concerning the "elegance" of Nancy Reagan. Most of us cannot identify with it.

Charlotte Swatek
Greendale, Wis.

My husband considers many things I do costly and silly. Mrs. Reagan is not the First Lady yet, but she is already riding in a presidential jet to Monsieur Marc's in New York City to get her hair done. Well, there is one good thing about it: Mrs. Reagan will help take the heat off me here at home for four years.

Carol S. Dillard
Tyler, Texas

The Hottest Goddess

Mae West [Dec. 1] was a very talented, funny, sexy lady. I am sure she is now the hottest goddess in heaven.

Cyril Kolocotronis
Fort Steilacoom, Wash.

With Mae West, coquettish dissemblance was out; womanly seductiveness was in. Her wisdom to us was that sex is both fun and funny. Her gift to us was the goodness of honesty.

Virginia Haradon
San Antonio

Cornell's Patron

I was pleased that the Museum of Modern Art has finally given Joseph Cornell [Dec. 1] recognition. Surely a little credit should be given to my late mother, Peggy Guggenheim, who first encouraged Cornell and bought his works, and in 1942 gave him a one-man show in her Manhattan gallery. Several Cornells are in her collection in Venice.

Sinbad Vail
Boulogne, France

Hemingway's Best

Thanks for the People item on my book *The White Tower* [Dec. 1], but it is not true that I recognized myself as Ernest Hemingway's elusive fish in *The Old Man and the Sea*. I was only the girl he promised to write his best book for, and he did.

Adriana Ivancich
Venice

Dentist's Disgust

Your article "Drilling for New Business" [Dec. 1] has left a bad taste in my mouth. When I received my D.D.S. degree, I was proud to become a member of a respected profession. It seems that now clowns are getting into the act wearing funny costumes, calling themselves "plaque invaders." Can anyone imagine a physician jumping around his office dressed like a little green man from Mars with a sign on his outfit saying "Body Repairman"? Disgusting.

William Carl
Buffalo

Mustang Mania

Your story on classic Ford Mustangs [Dec. 1] just legitimized my husband's affair with his mistress: a 1966 Mustang convertible with a sleek yellow body. He will never come in out of the garage now.

Ann Hellman
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

More Nominations

For your Man of the Year for 1980, I nominate the eight who died trying to rescue our hostages in Iran. Their deaths should be laid at the door of your 1979 choice, Ayatullah Khomeini.

Michael J. Wood
Grand Ledge, Mich.

I nominate the boat people of both hemispheres, and all those who have worked to aid them.

Dan G. Kent
Plainview, Texas

Voyager 1, for reminding us of how insignificant this planet earth truly is in the wonderful vastness of the universe.

Robert L. Riley
Kings Park, N.Y.

The U.S. Olympic hockey team.

Mrs. Edward J. Polidan
Grand Blanc, Mich.

J.R. Ewing of TV's *Dallas*. He has made us hate him so much we love him.

Jerry O'Grady
Albuquerque

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

TIME

Founders: BRITON HADDEN 1898-1929 HENRY R. LUCE 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald
President: J. Richard Munro
Chairman of the Board: Ralph P. Davidson
Executive Vice President: Clifford J. Grum
Chairman, Executive Committee: James R. Shepley
Editorial Director: Ralph Graves
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylor
Vice Chairman: Arthur Temple

MANAGING EDITOR: Ray Cave

EXECUTIVE EDITORS: Edward L. Jamieson, Jason McManus

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS: Richard L. Duncan, Ronald P. Kriss

SENIOR EDITORS: James D. Atwater, Martha M. Duffy, John T. Elson, Timothy Foote, Timothy M. James, Stefan Kanfer, Donald Morrison, Christopher Porterfield, George M. Taber
International Editor: Karsten Prager
Chief of Research: Leah Shanks Gordon

ART DIRECTOR: Rudolph Hoglund

OPERATIONS DIRECTOR: Gérard C. Lelièvre

SENIOR WRITERS: George J. Church, Michael Demarest, Otto Friedrich, Robert Hughes, T.E. Kalem, Ed Magnuson, Lance Morrow, R.Z. Sheppard, Frank Trippett

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Patricia Blake, Jordan Bonfante, Christopher Byron, Gerald Clarke, Richard Corliss, Spencer Davidson, Frederic Golden, Paul Gray, Dorothy Haystead, Marguerite Johnson, John Leo, Frank B. Merrick, Mayo Mohs, John Nielsen, Richard N. Ostling, Frederick Painton, B.J. Phillips, Burton Pines, Roger Rosenblatt, William E. Smith, Marylou Purdy Vega, Edwin G. Warner

STAFF WRITERS: Bennett H. Beach, E. Graydon Carter, Julie Connelly, John S. DeMott, James Kelly, Ellie McGrath, Jay D. Palmer, Kenneth M. Pierce, Allan Ripp, Thomas A. Sancton, Edward E. Scharff, Stephen Smith, Alexander L. Taylor III, Anastasia Toufexis, Claudia Wallis

CONTRIBUTORS: A.T. Baker, Jay Cocks, Thomas Griffith, Melvin Maddocks, Jane O'Reilly, Richard Schickel, John Skow

REPORTER-RESEARCHERS: Ursula Nadasdy de Gallo, Sue Raffety, Betty Satterwhite Sutter (Department Heads); Charles P. Alexander, Audrey Ball, Peggy T. Berman, Janice Castro, Nancy McD. Chase, Eileen Chiu, Barbara B. Dolan, Georgia Harbison, Anne Hopkins, John Kohan, Sara C. Medina, Nancy Newman, Susan M. Reed, Victoria Sales, Zona Sparks, Susanne Washburn, Genevieve A. Wilson-Smith, Rosemarie T. Zadikov (Senior Staff)

Peter Ainslie, Bernard Baumohl, Richard Bruns, Robert I. Burger, Rosemary Byrnes, Oscar Chiang, Rosamond Draper, Elaine Dutka, Philip Faflick, Cassie T. Furgurson, Tam Martinides Gray, Robert T. Grieves, Adrianne Jucius, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Denise Li, Melissa Ludtke Lincoln, Jamie Murphy, Jeanne-Marie North, Brigid O'Hara-Forster, Judith B. Prowda, Barry Rehfeld, Elizabeth Rudolph, Alain L. Sanders, Marion H. Sanders, Jane Van Tassel, Joan D. Walsh, Nancy Pierce Williamson, Denise M. Worrell, Linda Young

CORRESPONDENTS: Richard L. Duncan (Chief); William R. Doerner (Deputy); R. Edward Jackson (News Services Editor)
Washington Contributing Editor: Hugh Sidey
Diplomatic Correspondent: Strobe Talbott
National Political Correspondent: John F. Stacks
Senior Correspondents: Laurence I. Barrett, Ruth Mehrtens Galvin, Sandy Smith
Washington: Robert Ajemian, Dean Fischer, Jonathan Beaty, William Blaylock, Gisela Bolte, Douglas Brew, Simmons Fentress, Jerry Hannifin, Richard Hornik, Walter Isaacson, Gary Lee, Neil MacNeil, Johanna McGeary, Christopher Ogden, Jeanne Saddler, Eileen Shields, Don Sider, Roberto Suro, Evan Thomas, Gregory H. Wierzynski **Chicago:** Benjamin W. Cate, Patricia Delaney, Barry Hillenbrand, Steven Holmes, David S. Jackson, J. Madeleine Nash **Los Angeles:** William Rademaekers, Diane Coutu, Robert L. Goldstein, Joseph J. Kane, Michael Moritz, Martha Smilgis **New York:** Peter Stoler, Dean Brelis, Mary Cronin, Dorothy Ferenbaugh, Robert Geline, Janice C. Simpson, John Tompkins, Frederick Ungeheuer, James Wilde **Atlanta:** Joseph N. Boyce, Anne Constable **Boston:** Hays Gorey, Joelle Attinger, James Bell, Jeff Melvoin **Detroit:** Barrett Seaman, Christopher Redman **San Francisco:** Gavin Scott, Paul A. Witteman **Denver:** Richard Woodbury **Houston:** Robert C. Wurmstedt **Miami:** William McWhirter
Europe: Lawrence Malkin **London:** Bonnie Angelo, Erik Amfitheatrof, James Shepherd, Arthur White **Paris:** Henry Muller, Sandra Burton **Bonn:** B. William Mader, Lee Griggs **Eastern Europe:** Barry Kalb **Brussels:** Bruce van Voorst **Rome:** Wilton Wynn, Roland Flamini **Jerusalem:** David Aikman, David Halevy, Marlin Levin **Cairo:** William Drozdiak **Beirut:** William Stewart, Adam Zagorin **Moscow:** Bruce W. Nelan **Hong Kong:** Ross H. Munro, Bing W. Wong **Bangkok:** David DeVoss **Peking:** Richard Bernstein **Nairobi:** Jack E. White **Johannesburg:** Marsh Clark **New Delhi:** Marcia Gauger **Tokyo:** Edwin M. Reingold, S. Chang, Frank Iwama **Melbourne:** John Dunn **Canada:** John M. Scott (Ottawa), Ed Ogle (Vancouver) **Buenos Aires:** George Russell **Mexico City:** Bernard Diederich, James Wilhelm
News Desk: Suzanne Davis, Margaret G. Boeth, Al Buist, Susan Lynd, Blanche Holley, David Richardson, Jean R. White, Arturo Yáñez **Administration:** Emily Friedrich, Linda D. Vartoogian
ART: Nigel Holmes, Irene Ramp (Deputy Directors); Arturo Cazeneuve, Leonard S. Levine, Anthony J. Libardi, William Spencer (Assistant Directors); Lily Hou (Designer); Rosemary L. Frank (Covers); Nickolas Kalamaras **Layout Staff:** Burjor Nargolwala, Steve Conley, John P. Dowd, Carroll Dunham, John F. Geist, Ralph Landis, Modris Ramans, Kenneth Smith, John White, Barbara Wilhelm **Maps and Charts:** Paul J. Pugliese, Joseph Arnon **Researchers:** E. Noel McCoy, Deborah L. Wells
PHOTOGRAPHY: Arnold H. Drapkin (Picture Editor); Sue Considine, Michele Stephenson (Assistant Picture Editors); Demetra Kosters, Helen Eisenberg (Administration) **Researchers:** Evelyn Merrin, Anne Callahan, Gay Franklin, Martha L. Haymaker, Paula Hornak, Peter J. Kellner, Rose Keyser, Susan Lombardo, Eva Nutt, Julia Richer, Carol Saner, Nancy Smith-Alam, Elizabeth Statler, Mary Themo **Photographers:** Eddie Adams, Walter Bennett, Sahm Doherty, Arthur Grace, Dirck Halstead, Peter Jordan, David Hume Kennerly, Neil Leifer, Ben Martin, Mark Meyer, Roddey E. Mims, Ralph Morse, Stephen Northup, Bill Pierce, David Rubinger, Ted Thai, John Zimmerman
MAKEUP: Charles P. Jackson (Chief); Eugene F. Coyle (International); Leonard Schulman, John M. Cavanagh (Deputies); Peter J. McGuillam
OPERATIONS: Anne R. Davis (Deputy Director), Sue Aitkin (Production Chief), Stephen F. Demeter (Systems Manager), Susan B. Hahn (Copy Chief); Eleanor Edgar, Judith Anne Paul, Joseph J. Scafidi (Deputies), David M. Buskus, L. Rufino-Armstrong (Supervisors) **Copyreaders:** Dolores Alexander, Frances Bander, Minda Bikman, Robert Braine, Madeline Butler, Joan Cleary, Leo Deuel, Lucia Hamet, Evelyn Hannon, Katherine Mihok, Emily Mitchell, Maria Paul, Alma Routsong, Amelia Weiss, Shirley Zimmerman **Production:** Dorothy Coze, Manuel Delgado, Agustin Lamboy, Jeannine Laverty, Marcia L. Love, Lee R. Sparks, Alan Washburn **Computer Layout:** Thomas Abatemarco, Trang Ba Chuong, Gary Deaton, James D. Mountjoy, Bill O'Connor, Walter J. Tate, Linda Tawfik
LETTERS: Maria Luisa Cisneros (Chief)
EDITORIAL SERVICES: Christiana Walford (Director); George Karas, Benjamin Lightman, Carolyn R. Pappas, Elizabeth G. Young

PUBLISHER: John A. Meyers
General Manager: Donald L. Spurdle
Promotion Director: Robert D. Sweeney
Circulation Director: Richard W. Angle Jr.
Business Manager: Arthur G. Sachs
ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR: William M. Kelly Jr.
U.S. Advertising Sales Director: George W. McClellan
Associate U.S. Adv. Sales Director: Charles D. Hogan

Meier's No.44
The other great cream sherry.

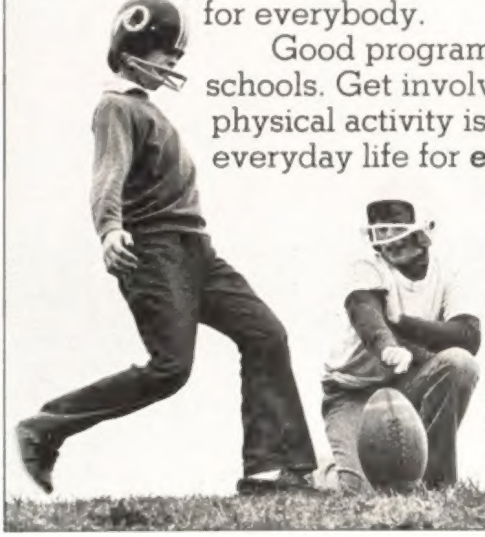
There are two great cream sherries. Both have the same mellow flavor. The same nutty, subtle taste. Both taste imported. But Meier's No.44 is American. And costs several dollars less.

MEIER'S WINE CELLARS, SILVERTON, OHIO

Which child has the handicap?

Although one is deaf, neither child has a handicap. Both are participating in a sport that is built around performance and achievement. A sport where disabilities don't count but abilities do. It's part of the New Physical Education which provides lifetime opportunities for everybody.

Good programs start in our schools. Get involved. Make sure physical activity is a natural part of everyday life for **every** American.



GET MOVING, AMERICA!

AAHPERD
American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Dance
1201—16th Street, NW
Washington, DC 20036
(202) 833-5554

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1980 The Paddington Corp., NY
Give J&B.
It Whispers.
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LTD
St. James's Street, London, England
BY APPOINTMENT TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES
KING GEORGE IV
KING WILLIAM IV
QUEEN VICTORIA
KING GEORGE III
KING EDWARD VII
KING GEORGE V
KING GEORGE VI
J&B

American Scene

In Georgia: Plains Revisited

Jimmy Carter's home town: a sunlit view down Main Street and the President's colonnaded storefront headquarters

When I first visited Plains, Ga., in December 1976, a month after Jimmy Carter's election, the town was buoyed up by various brands of delight—a native son's handmade personal triumph, the daily spectacle of famous TV news faces bolting along the quarter-mile street between Jimmy's house and the heart of downtown, the onset of Christmas.

The victor's formidable mother, Miss Lillian, was freely available at the old railroad depot, dispensing her startling wit and candor. His brother Billy was cheerfully posing for snapshots at the gas pump, permanent beer can ominously poised. Even the President-elect and his wife were visible, making occasional forays to greet childhood friends or to eat at the nearest restaurants—every forkful watched for significance by a merciless post-Watergate press corps. A sizable slice of the citizenry willingly guided the influx of strangers round the sites—Jimmy's birthplace, his country home, his father's simple grave. (The ambitious monuments in the cemetery are not marked CARTER, however, but WISE and FAUST.)

In those few weeks before the Inaugural, the town and its people seemed —from present hindsight, at least—to be the kind of America promised by Ronald Reagan now. Its virtues and vices were personal. Contact was face to face, and the limits on life were human limits: How much do you need? How much can you get? Where do you come from? What color are you? How much will you bear? Can I help any way? Do I want to try?

In the years that followed, Plains made relatively modest changes. A few new tourist enterprises sprouted, stocked to the ceilings with souvenir assaults on the two archetypes of the Carter presidency—peanuts and teeth, neither of which lends itself to much variety of treatment. On the outskirts of town, the state built a welcome center, with vast parking lot and artificial pond. Public restrooms appeared near the depot. There were two shops dedicated to selling good local crafts, and—miraculously and surrealistically —there was a new, genuine French restaurant in an old chicken house outside town that served one-star meals at half the New York price. Larry Flynt began publishing a weekly newspaper, the *Monitor*, with a crusading editor imported from Kentucky and a G rating; a few other out-of-staters, widely viewed locally as carpetbaggers, set up various tourist scams. But the supply of post-election tourists dwindled fast, roughly as fast as two facts dawned on the populace—that Plains wasn't going to be the Little White House (presidential visits were scarce as summer rains) and that Plains and Jimmy Carter might not be as intimately connected as they'd seemed at first.

Under the onslaught of its fame, the town behaved with mostly unruffled dignity and hospitality. But after a few patently successful attempts at informal mass communication—the telephone call-ins, the fireside chat in cardigan sweater—Jimmy retreated into his "nuclear" engineer's privacy, screened by a Georgia Mafia who lacked even the abrasive charm of basic good ole boys or the Kennedys' strident boyos. Nobody in Plains was exactly sure why Jimmy stayed away, but there were theories: possible embarrassment at Billy's high jinks, displeasure at the crude local commercialism, or maybe even advice from his pollsters to down-play the small-town Southern roots in favor of a homogenized national image. Certainly a home visit was a summons to pushing crowds, at least half newsmen; and resident family members found it increasingly impossible to appear downtown. (Miss Lillian: "They all wanted to *touch* me, and if there's anything I hate, it's being hugged and kissed by a woman.") But the peculiarly economical and decorous motions of a farming community, miles from any city, continued. And the splendid flat landscape of fields, thickets and wildlife was intact on all sides—briefly tolerant of the occasional trailer or other frail platform of human hope. Jimmy flew here election dawn to cast his own ballot, already informed of imminent failure; and in a greeting to his home-town supporters at the depot, the break in his voice seemed an understandable response to their continued loyalty in the face of so much bafflement, so many craven defections—"I've tried to honor my commitment to you."

What had that local commitment been? Was it different from his repeated blanket commitment never to lie to the country and to do his own best? If you had lived a great part of your life in so intimate a place, one where sustained deceit is impossible, wouldn't you have promised to make them proud of their share in you, their contribution to the shaping of your faculties? That was surely implicit.

And now, little more than a month after Jimmy's defeat, do townspeople feel the pride of four years ago, the fervent ex-

Illustrations for TIME by Burt Silverman

pectancy encouraged in his always fragile Irish tenor at his swearing-in: "That when my time as your President has ended, people might say this about our nation—that we had remembered the words of [the prophet] Micah and renewed our search for humility, mercy and justice . . . that we had enabled our people to be proud of their own government once again"?

As I drive out from the Albany, Ga., airport in a rented car, 40 miles north toward Plains, the first clear fact is that the country hasn't changed—not the physical country, not hereabouts. The meticulously tended pecan groves stand on in the clean light; the well-grazed cows are still marching barnward in neatly spaced lines as if in rehearsal for their next state fair. The two crossroad towns, Leesburg and Smithville, show a little new paint on the old stores. But otherwise the stretch looks much as it must have all Jimmy Carter's life—no billboards alluding to his existence, no huckstering.

Signs of recent prosperity: a souvenir store and Peanut Gallery gift and antiques shop

That begins on the road from Americus to Plains, though with nothing like the quantity or hideousness that is standard issue now for the edges of almost any town. I note the chaste welcome center on my left with only three cars in the lot, then the silos and water tank, and finally the nice row of brick stores that have easily endured their freight of souvenirs and the acid marinade of countless photographs to remain as anyone's icon of small-town America. They are not exactly an architecturally distinguished row, but their variety and fantasy of ornament and color make pictures of Reagan's home street in Tampico, Ill., look dour.

A stop for coffee in the Main Street Café indicates that fantasy was not exhausted on the buildings. The menu still offers such sandwiches as "Amy's All American" (peanut butter with optional jelly), "Billy's Road to Recovery" (cold turkey), and a green salad called "Rosalynn's Remedy." Except for the silent caricatures on souvenirs and the now touching postcard photographs of a younger, happier Jimmy and an unharried Billy, that might well be all I'd have seen or heard of the Carters, unless I'd asked.

That's the first surprise, how the subject of Jimmy has vanished like dew. It is literally true that in four days of engaging random citizens and family relations in casual conversation, I never heard the President mentioned until I brought him up. The silence didn't seem a result of gloom, and certainly not of shame or humiliation. Billy's breakfast hangout, the Best Western Inn of Americus, did list crow on the menu of Nov. 5; but that's only consistent with the air of amused and stoic relief that greeted all my inquiries.

Any close observer has seen from the start that Jimmy Carter was from Plains but not of it. His qualities, especially his pride and hunger, propelled him away; and no doubt he realized long ago that no overachiever is ever thanked at home. Not while he's achieving. Of the registered voters in his home district, 505 voted for Carter, 174 voted for Reagan, Clark or Anderson, and 282 didn't bother to vote at all.

But ask about him and the answer will almost always take the circuitous form of speculation about his future relation to Plains. Will he or won't he live here? Will the Carter Library be here or in Atlanta? Rosalynn, they tell me, has said in a recent interview that they'll keep a place in Atlanta but will mostly be here where Jimmy will be writing; and that Amy will go to public school in the county. It's frequently mentioned that the abandoned Plains high school might make a good site for the presidential library (one look at the tired old building indicates its inadequacy, however nice the thought). Speculations resolve into two camps. The most enthusiastic are from businessmen, who hope for Jimmy's return as a new charge on the tourist magnet (even in the Reagan rout, more than 35 million potential visitors did vote for Jimmy, including a good number of oldtimers who can stop off on their way to winter in Florida).

Others, among them old friends and family, are ambivalent. They're ready for a long dose of Plains' former peace, where the only prying eyes belonged to one's neighbors; and they rather dread the attractions of a former Chief Executive, whatever their feelings for the man they've always known. Steady throughout is the question of Rosalynn. "Rosalynn really loved that job; don't count on her staying home cooking dinner." "Rosalynn's liable to run for something—maybe Vice President to Fritz Mondale."

So they wait to see how much they'll get from their famous son—or how much they'll have to bear. Some of the burdens are already lifting. The carpetbaggers are leaving, Larry Flynt has closed his paper, the junk shops are starving. Jimmy Carter will be the youngest man since Calvin Coolidge to return from the White House; and surely neither he nor his equally impelled wife can predict their own movements or calculate their effects. They have not really lived in Plains for ten years. But though the townsmen are curious, they're not postponing normal life—not even his kin, who though still cautious, seem 50 lbs. lighter in the duty department and more candid than ever (but off the record).

The whole last day of my visit coincides with the annual Peanut Jamboree, all outdoors on Main Street with maybe 300 souls in attendance, very few of them tourists—a flea market, old-fashioned cakewalks (for homemade cakes, each cook's name revealed so you know your source), bingo, food stands (one white, one black—with integrated patrons), puppets, a pleasantly inept bluegrass trio, somber teen-age gospel singers ("Praising the Lord the best way we can"), an integrated high school song-and-dance team (good enough for the Donny and Marie show), and the best clog dancing I've ever seen from the Muckalee Mudstompers, a local troupe with a world-class clogger in Jeff Moss, a 16-year-old native of Plains. Talk to him and he only talks of dancing—how he loves it, how he practices every minute he can but means to study agriculture in college. Jimmy? "Well, everybody's guessing what he'll do. I guess he won't rest." With that he is called off for a second fling on the cold asphalt.

The skies that have lowered all afternoon are threatening to pour. One young farmer near me points toward the cloggers and says, "They may not get to finish this." His partner looks heavenward, grinning in the drizzle, and says, "I need a good rain a lot more'n I need to watch a dance."

Whatever he's forgotten about his native heath in all the years away, all the wins and losses, Jimmy Carter—a watchful and canny man—won't have misplaced the point of that. Most things come and go, however good to watch; a few things stay and matter to the end. Rain, for instance, a few hundred people having harmless fun on a fall afternoon to honor their harvest and to brace against winter. Let him come on back and watch this a long time before he writes a line.

—By Reynolds Price

Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:

10 packs of Carlton have less tar than 1 pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	11	0.9
Kool	16	1.3
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Virginia Slims	16	1.0

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Benson & Hedges Lights 100's	11	0.8
Pall Mall Light 100's	10	0.8
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1

Carlton Box—lowest of all brands.

Less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic. Carlton Menthol—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

TIME/DECEMBER 22, 1980

Eight for the Cabinet

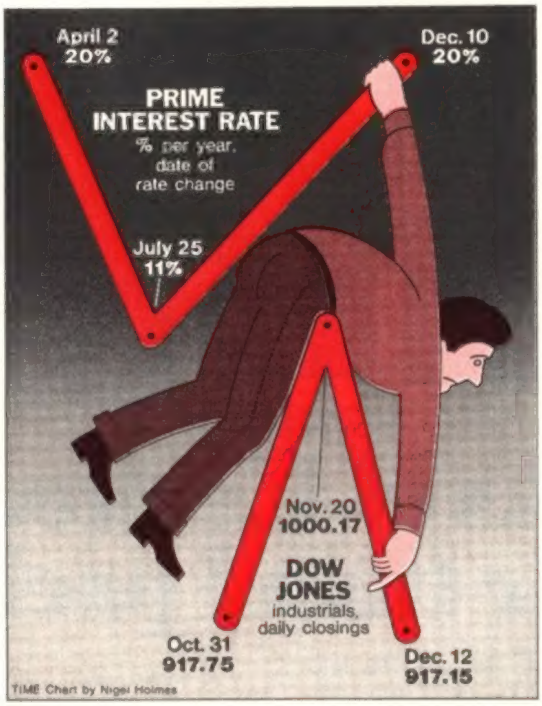
As the economy nosedives, Reagan's men have their work cut out for them

It was not exactly a halcyon time for Cabinet making, as the Soviet shadow grew longer over Poland and the U.S. economy once again lurched out of control. But Washington can be a parochial town where people and power are concerned, and week after week the anticipation had been building. Résumés flowed into the drab transition headquarters. FBI agents conducted background checks. There was feverish speculation in the corridors of the bureaucracy, as well as in the daily accounts of newspapers and TV news broadcasts. But when the moment came for Ronald Reagan to announce his first eight selections for Cabinet-level jobs, it was an understated affair. The President-elect, true to his low-key posture since Election Day, stayed holed up in Blair House, the capital's elegant residence for VIP guests. It was left to transition Press Spokesman James Brady to introduce the nominees to the 350 reporters gathered in the Mayflower Hotel ballroom.

Brady read off eight names with rather less emotion than a railroad conductor calling out station stops, as a line of men, all in blue or gray suits, stepped before the TV cameras. For half an hour, they took turns answering questions or, more accurately, politely not answering them, explaining that they would have to become more familiar with their new jobs before they could say anything specific about their own views or the new Administration's policies. Said Secretary of Commerce-designate Malcolm Baldrige, in the only semblance of lively comment: "I haven't even found the front door to the Department of Commerce yet."

Still, the very lack of color—in the ceremony and in the group—said something important about the Administration that Reagan is putting together against a background of threatened economic and international crisis. Only one of the eight, Michigan Congressman David Stockman, stands out—for youth (he is 34) and for passionately held views. He is a self-described fanatic in his devotion to minimal Government and supply-side economics (which basically means stimulating the economy by cutting personal income taxes and prompting more business investment). As director of the Office of Management and Budget, he should put some ginger into Cabinet debates. In a memo to Reagan that became public just before his selection for OMB was announced, Stockman and a close friend, New York Congressman Jack Kemp, urged the President-elect to declare a "national economic emergency" immediately after Inauguration.

The other seven are moderate conservatives, most of whom are better known as skilled managers than as innovative thinkers. Five can be considered members of the Eastern Republican Establishment. They are Pennsylvania Senator Richard Schweiker, who will be Secretary of Health and Human Services, and four businessmen: Baldrige; Treasury Secretary-designate Donald Regan; William Casey, who will head the CIA; and Transportation Secretary-designate Drew Lewis. Two longtime California friends of Reagan's fill out the group: Caspar Weinberger, chosen as Secretary of Defense, and William French Smith, Attorney General-designate. Even they are not typical Sunbelt hard-liners; in fact, their selections reinforce a surprisingly strong Ivy League cast in Reagan's official family. Both studied at Harvard, as did Regan, Lewis and Stockman; Baldrige graduated from Yale.



The makeup of the Cabinet could well change sharply this week, when Reagan is expected to name most or all of his remaining seven selections. He is considering a black woman, Jewel Lafontant, a Chicago lawyer, for Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. Moreover, for the most senior post in the Cabinet, Secretary of State, Reagan seemed to be settling on the highly controversial nomination of former NATO Commander Alexander Haig.

Unlike Reagan's choices so far, Haig might face a confirmation fight because of his role as a top aide to Henry Kissinger and then, during the last months of the Watergate crisis, as Richard Nixon's Chief of Staff. Democrats are expected to question Haig closely about whether he was involved in bombing decisions during the Viet Nam War, wiretapping of Nixon Administration officials suspected of leaking secrets, and the Watergate cover-up. But Republicans rallied to their President-elect's apparent choice. Tennessee Senator Howard Baker, who will be majority leader in the new Senate, felt confident that he could find the 51 votes needed for confirmation.

The Republican New Right is not happy with Reagan's Cabinet carpentry. Except for Stockman, the ultraconservatives have been completely shut out so far. Collectively, Reagan's choices announce louder than anything he has said that he intends to run a pragmatic Administration, one not bound by ideology, and the right wing is vocally dismayed. Said Richard Viguerie, a leading hard-liner, accurately enough: "It's the kind of Cabinet Jerry Ford or George Bush would have assembled. I'm sick to my stomach. Reagan gave all the winks and signals that he was going to be a true conservative, and he turns his back on us."

Besides lacking New Rightists, with the exception of Stockman, the Cabinet also has no political figures with strong followings of their own. Paradoxically, that might be an advantage in the style of collegial leadership Reagan intends to bring to Washington: the Cabinet members will not feel themselves impelled to

Appointees to the Cabinet Casey, Stockman, Lewis, Schweiker, Baldrige, Smith, Weinberger and Regan

push the interests of outside constituencies. But even some moderate Republicans fear that the Cabinet might be short on imagination and bold strategy. The success of the Administration, therefore, may depend heavily on Reagan's sub-Cabinet selections, which are not expected to be announced before January.

A willingness to consider innovative approaches may be sorely needed. In their memo to Reagan, Stockman and Kemp raised the threat of "an economic Dunkirk during the first 24 months of the Reagan Administration." The Congressmen foresaw a multisided crisis: a new recession and rising unemployment brought on by skyrocketing interest rates; "hemorrhaging" federal deficits that would fan an already raging inflation; a "credit crunch" caused by excessive Government borrowing to cover the deficits, leaving little loanable money for businessmen and consumers. They also prophesied that unless the Iran-Iraq war ends speedily, world oil inventories will disappear by February or March, leading to "panic" price boosts—perhaps to as much as $50 per bbl. from $32 now—and a return of the shortages and gasoline lines of 1979.

The Congressmen urged Reagan to devote "exclusive" attention in his first 100 days to an economic package that would be shaped in "fevered consultation" with Congress. Its main elements: deep tax cuts to revive business expansion and consumer spending; "stern" reductions in federal spending to contain deficits; immediate deferment or cancellation of federal environmental and safety regulations thought to hinder business expansion and raise costs; "cold turkey" elimination of all remaining oil price controls on Feb. 1 (that would magnify the inflationary impact of rises in imported crude prices, but enable the Government to scrap the cumbersome allocation system that has worsened the bite of past shortages).

Reagan, said the Congressmen, would have only a short period during which to establish himself as a forceful and effective economic manager. If he does not, the financial markets will fall apart in expectation of a continuing "Reagan inflation" and "Washington will quickly become engulfed in political disorder commensurate with the surrounding economic disarray."

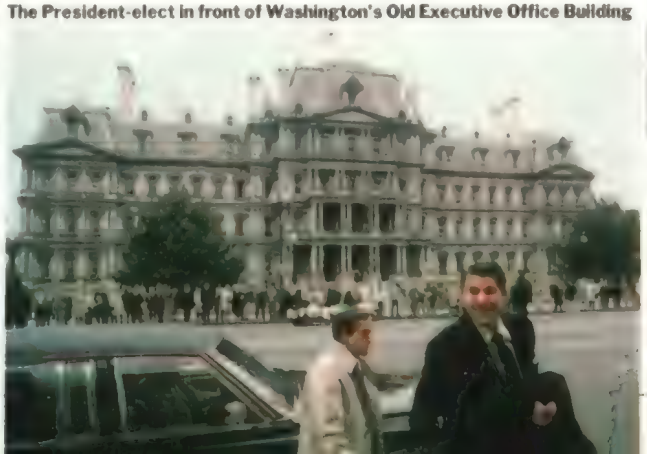
Hardly anyone else in either Washington or Wall Street would use such pyrotechnic language, but the Stockman-Kemp analysis of economic trends is close enough to the facts to be worrisome. Indeed, in one respect their memo had not even caught up with the latest bad news. The Congressmen predicted that "by year-end, bank [interest] rates are likely to hit the 15%-17% range." Actually, the bank prime rate on business loans jumped a point last week, to 20%. That matches the historic high of last April, when strangling interest rates touched off a sharp though short recession.

Even those rates have been insufficient to restrain an inflationary expansion in the U.S. money supply, so Wall Streeters expect the prime to go higher still, perhaps to 22% or 23%. The possible consequences might include a wave of bankruptcies among businesses unable to pay such towering interest costs, and a new recession that is now almost universally expected by economists in both the capital and the financial community.

Meanwhile, inflation hit a 12.6% annual rate in October, and there is no sign of any slowdown. Predictions of continued double-digit rates throughout 1981 are now common. Indeed, Alan Greenspan, a Reagan economic adviser, disapprovingly reported to a business audience last week a widespread view that double-digit inflation would continue through the entire decade. The gloom has shattered the euphoria with which the stock market initially greeted Reagan's election. The Dow-Jones industrial average plummeted 62 points in five trading days through last Thursday. A Friday rally brought it up to 917.15, but that is still 83 points below its high of 1000.17 on Nov. 20.

Internationally, the skies are darkening too. The outgoing Carter Administration beat the publicity drums hard last week to warn of an impending Soviet invasion of Poland, in the somewhat frail hope that simply sounding alarms might help stay the Soviets' hand (*see* WORLD). If that policy of verbal deterrence fails, Reagan and his new Cabinet will not even get their feet under their desks before they are severely tested abroad as well as at home. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett with Reagan*

The President-elect in front of Washington's Old Executive Office Building



A Team Player for the Pentagon

Whose adaptability makes him Reagan's man for all reasons

In a West Wing office of Richard Nixon's White House there was an audacious wall decoration: a large photograph of a broadly smiling Ronald Reagan, who had challenged Nixon for the 1968 G.O.P. nomination. Moreover, the occupant of the office, Nixon's director of the Office of Management and Budget, often proudly pointed to both Reagan's grin and the handwritten inscription under it: "The smile is for real, thanks to you. In friendship and warm regards, Ron." Said the OMB boss to one visitor: "Now, there is a man who *really* knows how to cut budgets."

That longstanding mutual admiration is a prime reason why the President-elect last week named Caspar Willard Weinberger, 63, to be Secretary of Defense. To some officials in Washington, "Cap the Knife" seemed an odd choice. The expenditure-cutting ax he wielded so zestfully first for Reagan in California and then for Nixon in Washington may gather some dust at the Pentagon, where Reagan plans a huge military buildup. Moreover, Weinberger's first-hand knowledge of weapons and military strategy apparently is confined to whatever he picked up poring over Defense Department budgets eight to ten years ago; his current views on those subjects will remain among Washington's best-kept secrets until his confirmation hearings begin next month.

For Secretary of Defense: Caspar Willard ("Cap the Knife") Weinberger

Weinberger is a team player and loyalist who through long association has won Reagan's absolute trust. Those qualities are important in any President's Cabinet; in Reagan's they loom as vital. In addition, Weinberger will probably be the only Cabinet member who was part of Reagan's cabinet in California, where Reagan governed largely through an executive committee of senior officers, just as he intends to do in Washington.

Weinberger, in a Washington *Post* article two weeks ago, argued vehemently that the management technique would work in the White House. Past Administrations ran into difficulties, he wrote, largely because Presidents "in effect did not trust the people they appointed" to their Cabinets, and therefore relied on a large presidential staff to "keep the Cabinet in line." In contrast, he asserted, Reagan's Cabinet officers would be "advocates of the Administration's policies to their departments," rather than vice versa. According to Weinberger, the officers would give uninhibited advice to the President. But once a decision had been reached, they would carry it out "regardless of the blandishments of special interests or the threats of congressional committee staffs or the desire for individual prominence or the fun of being referred to as an 'independent maverick.' "

The Defense Secretary–designate might have been writing a description of himself. His long service to Reagan made it inevitable that he would wind up in the Cabinet, and he was considered for several jobs, including Treasury and State. He got Defense primarily because, said an adviser, "the President-elect has plenty of strategists. What he needs at Defense is someone who will run the place."

Weinberger, a San Francisco–born, Harvard-trained lawyer, started out in public life as a Rockefeller Republican, serving in the California legislature and as Republican state chairman. Once Reagan tapped him to become California's director of finance in 1968, he displayed another side of his nature: what he has called a "puritan" insistence on balanced budgets and less government spending.

In his first job in Washington, as Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, he carried out a reorganization that pointed the FTC toward serving consumer interests so effectively that he won praise from a man little disposed toward lauding bureaucrats, and especially not Republicans: Ralph Nader. Later, after moving from OMB to HEW Secretary, Weinberger sold Nixon, though not Congress, on a national health insurance plan.

But Weinberger left Washington with a rather Hooverish reputation: he regularly bewailed boosts in Government social spending, unsuccessfully urged Nixon to veto a bill increasing federal aid to the blind and disabled, and counseled spending reductions in all manner of programs, from school aid to medical research.

In both Sacramento and Washington, Weinberger loyally served his chiefs, accepting and ably defending spending programs much higher than he would have liked. He is remembered in Washington as a modest and unassuming man with a wide range of interests (he has been both a newspaper columnist and TV talk-show host in California) and something of an irreverent raconteur. He and his wife of 38 years, Jane, enjoy theater, opera and ballet; they have a son and a daughter. After leaving the Administration in 1975, Weinberger became a vice president and director of the Bechtel Group, an international construction and engineering firm based in San Francisco.

Weinberger's adaptability causes some Washingtonians to worry about how he will fare at the Pentagon. Says one official who worked under him in the Nixon Administration: "Those generals and admirals will chew him up and spit him out in 15 minutes." That, however, is not the prevailing view; most old hands think Weinberger will make sure that the extra dollars Reagan intends to lavish on the military are spent on muscle rather than frills and fat. Says Helmut Sonnenfeldt, who as an assistant to Henry Kissinger was an Administration colleague of Weinberger's: "I'd expect him to be very jaundiced on Defense spending without limit, to bring an air of realism and reason to the Defense budget process." Whichever opinion is correct, there is no doubt which client Lawyer Weinberger will be serving to the best of his ability: Ronald Reagan. ■

For Secretary of the Treasury: Merrill Lynch Chairman Donald Thomas Regan

A Broker for Treasury

Whose economic views are mostly unknown

The ad for the nation's largest brokerage house reads MERRILL LYNCH IS BULLISH ON AMERICA. In naming a Treasury Secretary, Ronald Reagan wanted to send a similar message of confidence to the nation, especially its business community. Who better to carry it than Merrill Lynch's own chairman, Donald Thomas Regan?

The choice came at the eleventh hour, after former Treasury Secretary William Simon and Citicorp Chairman Walter Wriston had been counted out. Some members of Reagan's transition team were surprised and soured by the decision. They felt that the post should have gone to former Treasury Undersecretary Charls Walker or Reagan Economic Adviser Alan Greenspan. The selection of Regan, 61, seems to have been the handiwork of Reagan's campaign chairman, CIA Director-designate William Casey, who got to know the Merrill Lynch chief when Casey was chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission in the early 1970s.

An English major at Harvard ('40) and avid golfer (he shoots in the low 90s), Regan learned his hard-driving management style as a Marine lieutenant colonel during combat in the Pacific. Says Regan, whose Irish temper flares quickly at subordinates who do not meet his expectations: "I don't like laziness or sloppiness or slovenliness." After World War II, he joined Merrill Lynch, became its president in 1968 and chairman in 1971. Under his leadership, the firm, already biggest in the U.S. securities industry, became a financial supermarket with thriving new lines of business in insurance, real estate and consumer lending. Having accomplished what he set out to do, Regan had begun to think of stepping down. Two years ago he and his wife Ann, who have four grown children, bought a house in Mount Vernon, Va., for their retirement.

Businessmen regard Regan as sensitive to their need to raise new capital to spur investment, industrial growth and productivity—all the things that the "Reaganauts" claim must be done if inflation is to be stemmed and the economy steered along a path of robust recovery. There are, however, some reservations about Regan among career officials at Treasury. As Merrill Lynch's chairman, he rarely expressed thoughts about economic policies beyond stating their impact on the securities industry. For instance, in a speech last month to the senior staff of the New York Stock Exchange, he declared, "Most of us feel that we are moving into the most encouraging environment for a free-enterprise economy in a generation or more. It should spur investment and productivity and growth, all of which should be reflected in vigorous stock markets." Says a private economist in Washington: "None of us has any notion of what his economic philosophy is. He's a conservative Republican and believes in lower taxes, but what else?"

Regan's experience before congressional committees has been largely limited to discussing such Wall Street esoterica as negotiated commissions in the buying and selling of stock. He has publicly favored a proposal to lower capital gains taxes from 28% to 21%, which would chiefly benefit the nation's nearly 30 million shareholders. He also backs tax incentives, such as more rapid depreciation schedules for businessmen, broadening individual tax brackets to offset inflationary bracket creep and individual tax cuts, but only if a statutory limit is put on the growth of federal spending. However, friends are confident that at his confirmation hearing he will amply demonstrate that his views are broader than the special interests of Wall Street and the "thundering herd" of Merrill Lynch. ■

A Missionary For OMB

Who promises to cut and slash

When David Alan Stockman was asked to become Reagan's director of the Office of Management and Budget, he accepted with alacrity. It was, after all, a chance to put into practice the budget gospel that he had been preaching during his two terms as a Congressman from southern Michigan: cut, cut and slash, slash. His boss has promised to slice 2% from the $640 billion budget for 1981; Stockman may push for more radical surgery. Earlier this year, he advocated abolishing federal revenue sharing with cities and states, paring back federal job programs, freezing Medicaid payments, and reducing appropriations for foreign aid, social science research and mass transit. In addition, he said he would cut the budgets of all regulatory agencies by 20%.

A friend says that Stockman, as Reagan's chief budget cutter, is resigned to being the "most unpopular man in Washington for the next few years." His manner is sometimes aloof and abrasive, but even critics admire his ability to marshal facts quickly and wield them to deadly effect during debates.

At 34, Stockman is the youngest Cabinet member named so far. The son of a Michigan farmer, he was an anti-war activist as an undergraduate at Michigan State University, and studied at Harvard Divinity School. A bachelor, he is a workaholic who shuns receptions and cocktail parties.

A born-again conservative, he tends to hold fervent and dogmatic views. He once told an interviewer: "At 20, it sounds great to say that self-interest is the most destructive force in society. Now I believe that self-interest is an inherent part of the human condition and what we need to do is harness it, not abolish it." He boasts of paying little attention to pressure groups, even among his own constituents. Says he: "I'm not much of a horse trader or a head counter. I'm more interested in ideas than votes because we can't make rational policy in a country this complex unless we're guided by ideas. Time and time again we get into trouble because we're guided by pure expediency and political pragmatism." True to that precept, he was the only Michigan Congressman to vote against federal loan guarantees for Chrysler Corp. ■

David Alan Stockman

A Brahmin for Justice

With a sense of noblesse oblige

In a startling analogy for a Republican, Attorney General–designate William French Smith, 63, said last week that he would like to enjoy the same relationship with Ronald Reagan that Bobby Kennedy had with his brother John. Indeed, Smith, who has been Reagan's attorney for 15 years and handles his business affairs, is almost as close as a brother to the President-elect. Claiming that the post-Watergate barriers erected between the President and the Attorney General are too restrictive, Smith wants an "easier" relationship. Says he: "J.F.K. and R.F.K. didn't have any crises, and I would hope that we wouldn't have any crises either."

Does that mean the relationship will revert to the cozy intimacy of former years, when the Attorney General sometimes too readily did the bidding of his boss? Replies Smith: "Obviously, the Justice Department has to be independent, but it is part of the Executive Branch. Independence relates only to certain kinds of activities; for instance, those involving the White House itself." People who know both Reagan and Smith are convinced that there is no cause for concern. Smith, one of three managing partners of Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, the second largest law firm in Los Angeles, has a solid reputation for being nobody's man but his own. Los Angeles Attorney Seth Hufstedler, husband of Jimmy Carter's Secretary of Education Shirley Hufstedler and a Democrat, feels that Smith's views will certainly coincide with Reagan's. But Hufstedler adds: "If you ask 100 lawyers in Los Angeles—make that 100 Democratic lawyers—I don't believe that you will find one who would doubt Smith's integrity."

Born to a Boston Brahmin family, Smith learned to love California while wintering there as a boy. After graduating from U.C.L.A. and Harvard Law School ('42) and a stint in the Navy, he decided to practice law in California. "I wasn't going to be dictated to by my ancestors," he says. "I came to Los Angeles principally because that was the place where things were going to happen." He specialized in handling labor matters for corporate clients. Though a forceful negotiator, he won the respect of his adversaries. Says William Robertson, executive secretary of the Los Angeles County AFL-CIO: "He is really an objective and brilliant attorney. And, unlike a lot of labor lawyers, he is not a union buster." Smith met Reagan in 1963 and became a kitchen cabinet adviser when his friend was elected Governor of California.

For Justice: William French Smith

Though a lifelong conservative, Smith is no ideologue. Says a colleague in Los Angeles: "He's not going over any cliffs with all flags flying. He wants to be a team player, and that tempers his conservatism." Still, Smith is likely to come down on the conservative side of several divisive issues now before the Justice Department. Conservatives hope that he will go slow on prosecution of sex and racial discrimination cases, emphasize street crime over white-collar offenses and relax some of the department's trust-busting zeal. But he tends to wield a scalpel rather than an ax, and zealous conservatives may be disappointed at his deliberate pace. Says Los Angeles Lawyer Leonard Janofsky, a former American Bar Association president: "He will analyze the pros and cons. He won't do anything precipitously. And when he does something, it will be carefully thought out."

While Smith belongs to Los Angeles' best and, in some cases, most restrictive social clubs, he has a wide range of friends. He was an early supporter of Los Angeles' mayor Tom Bradley, a Democrat and a black. Says Smith's law partner Paul Ziffren, a Democrat active in civil libertarian causes: "Smith has a strong and pure sense of *noblesse oblige*." Smith's second wife Jean is also heavily engaged in civic affairs; the attorney has four grown children from his first marriage, which ended in divorce. Smith is a fastidiously groomed, buttoned-down Establishment figure, but his establishment is open to practically anyone with ability and motivation. That attitude should serve him well in Washington. ■

An Idea Man For CIA

Who has no time for detail

As a young spymaster for the U.S. in World War II, he wore Navy blues that were usually spotted with crumbs, peanut butter and cigarette ashes. But behind that disheveled appearance lay a keen and free-wheeling mind that, by war's end, enabled him to put together a network of 150 agents in Nazi Germany. Now, after a highly successful career as tax lawyer, businessman and Government official, William Joseph Casey, 67, still looking rumpled in the best-quality dark blue suit, is returning to his first profession, as director of Central Intelligence.

Casey displayed so much energy as a child in New York City's Borough of Queens that playmates nicknamed him Cyclone. A 1934 graduate of Fordham University, he studied law at St. John's University at night while working as a city home-relief investigator during the day. After the war, he set out to make his fortune by practicing law for a New York firm and by writing a series of how-to books for fellow strivers (sample title: *How to Raise Money to Make Money*).

Though he refers to himself in his still pronounced New York accent as a "card-carrying Republican," Casey counts among his friends Liberal Democratic Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who says of the CIA nominee, "He has firm views and judgments, but his mind is not closed."

Casey ran for Congress from Long Island in 1966, but he lost in the primary.

For Intelligence: William Joseph Casey

He ended up in Washington anyway, in 1969, when Richard Nixon appointed him to the advisory council of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. In 1971 Casey became chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. During his 21-month tenure, Casey won high marks for simplifying the regulations on issuing and trading stocks; at the same time, he developed a reputation for being a blunt-talking, decisive manager. Friends recall that when Casey arrived in Washington with his wife Sophia and daughter Bernadette, he offered to buy a Massachusetts Avenue mansion from the widow of Chicago Tribune Publisher Robert McCormick. Upon learning that the Japanese embassy had offered more money, he quickly made a yet higher bid and sealed the deal. When the flustered Mrs. McCormick asked what she should tell the Japanese, Casey tersely replied: "Tell them to remember Pearl Harbor."

Casey became Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs in 1973 and then served as president of the Export-Import Bank from 1974 to 1976, when he joined former Secretary of State William Rogers' New York law firm, Rogers & Wells. Casey barely knew Reagan when he was hired last February to straighten out the campaign organization.

Though some staffers criticized Casey for being disorganized and poorly versed in modern political techniques, such as television advertising and polling, admirers credit him with tightening the campaign's budget and making up for his shortcomings by surrounding himself with seasoned political professionals. As even his friends admit, Casey is not very good on specifics. "He's a great idea man," says one of them. "He can get people started, but then he loses interest. He's no man for detail."

Casey has so far declined to talk about what he plans to do as CIA director except to say: "The U.S. has had the finest information-gathering, analytical and scholarly organizations in the world of this kind. I would hope to maintain it and strengthen it." But he has refused to talk about what CIA weak spots he might attack and has not yet read the Reagan transition task force's report that recommends an increase in covert CIA operations and the creation of a central records system shared by the CIA and domestic law-enforcement agencies.

Most career-agency officials welcome the appointment of the OSS veteran—as long as he selects a capable deputy to take care of the details that he prefers to shun. But first Casey must survive a tough grilling by Senators on accusations of misconduct as SEC chief, including an old charge that he tried to thwart an SEC inquiry of Fugitive Financier Robert Vesco in 1972. Casey, with typical bluntness, professes no concern. Says the CIA nominee: "I've been confirmed by the U.S. Senate four times. I don't think there's any question I'll be confirmed again." ■

A Trio for Tough Departments

Composed of a businessman, a political pro and a Senator

To run three of the Federal Government's sprawling, complicated and unglamorous departments, Reagan picked a steer-roping businessman, a party operative and a Senator who was once his vice-presidential choice. The nuts-and-bolts trio:

A Cowboy at Commerce

On the professional rodeo circuit he is known as Mac Baldrige, a steer roper who finishes in the money about a third of the time (for $1,605 in prizes last year). To the uninitiated he is Malcolm Baldrige, chairman of Scovill Inc., a power in Connecticut Republican affairs and a close friend of Vice President-elect George Bush's. As Ronald Reagan's choice for Secretary of Commerce, Baldrige will bring to Washington a proven capacity for managing, along with the practice lasso he keeps by his desk.

Despite his slow Western drawl, Baldrige, 58, son of a Nebraska Congressman, embodies the Eastern Establishment that many Reagan backers distrust. He is a graduate of Hotchkiss and Yale (class of 1943) and the brother of Author Letitia Baldrige, who was Jacqueline Kennedy's White House social secretary.

After 3½ years in the Army, where he rose to the rank of captain, Baldrige went to work as a shop foreman in an ironworks, rising through the ranks to become president. He joined Scovill in 1962, and is credited with changing the company from a stodgy brass manufacturer with sales of $164 million to a conglomerate that now has sales of about $1 billion in goods ranging from appliances and building products to locks and zippers.

Lean (6 ft. 1 in., 175 lbs.) and handsome as a cigarette-ad cowboy, Baldrige lives with his wife Margaret, the first woman member of the local volunteer fire department, on a rambling estate in Woodbury. The couple have two grown daughters. Baldrige first began riding at age seven in Nebraska. He took up steer roping in the 1950s, turned professional in the late '60s, and now competes in an average of eight rodeos a year. "I just plain like it," he once said. "I like the timing, the coordination, the partnership with a good horse, the excitement of it."

At Commerce, a collection of trade and technology agencies, with 48,170 employees and a 1981 fiscal budget of $2.8 billion, Baldrige's major excitement may be the challenge of bettering foreign trade. Said the Secretary-designate last week: "We are going to put a lot of emphasis on exports, productivity and getting rid of some unnecessary regulations that are smothering our job growth."

Malcolm Baldrige

Richard Schultz Schweiker

Andrew Lindsay Lewis Jr.

An Ex-Liberal for HHS

So impressed was Richard Schultz Schweiker when Ronald Reagan asked him to be his vice-presidential running mate in 1976 that the Pennsylvania Senator saved and later framed the airline ticket that brought him to California for their momentous meeting. Reagan's attempt to wrest the party's presidential nomination from Gerald Ford by prematurely naming the liberal Schweiker to his ticket failed, of course, but it left an indelible mark on Schweiker. Since then he has grown steadily more conservative. Now Reagan has given Schweiker, 54, a chance to turn philosophy into policy by naming him Secretary of Health and Human Services.

The son of a Philadelphia-area bricklayer who later founded and ran a flourishing tile company, Schweiker graduated from Pennsylvania State University in 1950 and joined the family business. In 1960 he succeeded in his first try for public office by unseating the conservative Republican incumbent in his Main Line

congressional district. Schweiker upset Democrat Joseph S. Clark for a Senate seat in 1968. Though he hewed mostly to the liberal line, Schweiker occasionally displayed streaks of conservatism by voting for prayer in public schools and against busing. Schweiker announced that he would not seek a third term in 1980, partly because he wanted to spend more time with his wife Claire and their five children.

While in the Senate, Schweiker served on various health and welfare subcommittees. "I have spent ten years in the health field," says Schweiker, "and I am delighted to go from one side of the Government to the other." Yet, as head of a department that employs 160,000 and spends over $200 billion annually, he will surely be visited by Reagan's budget trimmers. Says Schweiker: "We will be cracking down on fraud and abuse. I see these as ways of saving money without hurting people."

A Pol for Transportation

Shortly before noon on July 26, 1976, Andrew Lindsay ("Drew") Lewis Jr. received a phone call. It was from Pennsylvania Senator Richard S. Schweiker, his longtime neighbor and staunchest political ally. Would Lewis, state campaign manager for Gerald Ford, jump ship and join the campaign of Ronald Reagan? No, said Lewis. "I'm a loyalist," he says now. "I had made a commitment to Ford and I kept it." Lewis' loyalty so impressed Reagan that he recruited the pol to work for him this year, and last week named him Secretary of Transportation.

A graduate of Haverford College and Harvard Business School, Lewis, 49, headed Snelling & Snelling, an employment agency, from 1970 to 1974. Since 1975 he has run his own financial and management consulting firm. In 1971 Lewis was appointed a trustee of the bankrupt Reading Co., whose 1,200 miles of track were taken over by Conrail in 1976, which makes Lewis feel he now has the one job in Washington "where I have the most to give."

Lewis managed seven of Schweiker's eight campaigns, missing only the 1974 race when he himself ran against Milton Schapp for Governor and lost with 47% of the vote. Besides the political and social ties that bind Lewis and Schweiker, both are members of an obscure German Protestant sect, the Schwenkfelders.

At Transportation, with 115,000 employees and a 1981 fiscal budget of $21 billion, Lewis faces issues like deteriorating highways and deficit-plagued mass transit systems. Still, with his three children now grown, he plans to spend as much time as possible in his home state, partly because he enjoys relaxing at his 130-acre Lilliput Farms near Philadelphia and partly for an outright political reason: his wife Marilyn just won her second term to the Pennsylvania legislature. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Reading the Portents

Presidential transitions never run the way the people involved want them to run, or the way the nation expects. Politics and Government simply cannot be programmed like an IBM training course for junior executives. Which is to say the Reagan transition, with its arguments, leaks, hesitations, minor embarrassments, excessive personnel and plethora of reports, is doing pretty well.

The Cabinet is forming, and so is the White House staff. The Administration-to-be has established a beachhead in Washington, gathered a talent pool, decreed that ceremony will be upgraded and the Inaugural Parade shortened.

In this environment of presence without power almost everything gets exaggerated—hopes, doubts, people, events. More telling portents are those subtle rituals of deliberation, delegation, explaining and announcing that Reagan and his people are now conducting.

Almost every normal transition has provided a preview of the tone and method of the new Administration. Kennedy formed his Government in the sagging elegance of his Georgetown home and made casual announcements about his appointees from the frigid front stoop. Nixon installed himself on the 39th floor of New York City's majestic Hotel Pierre, and, as he chose the members of his Administration, the world waited far below.

Ronald Reagan really is behaving like a chairman of the board. He is remarkably removed from the daily hubbub of the transition. He is plainly not aware of many of the details about the process and just as plainly uninterested in knowing about them. But it is he who decides—from instinct, from experience and from his trust in his advisers who make the recommendations.

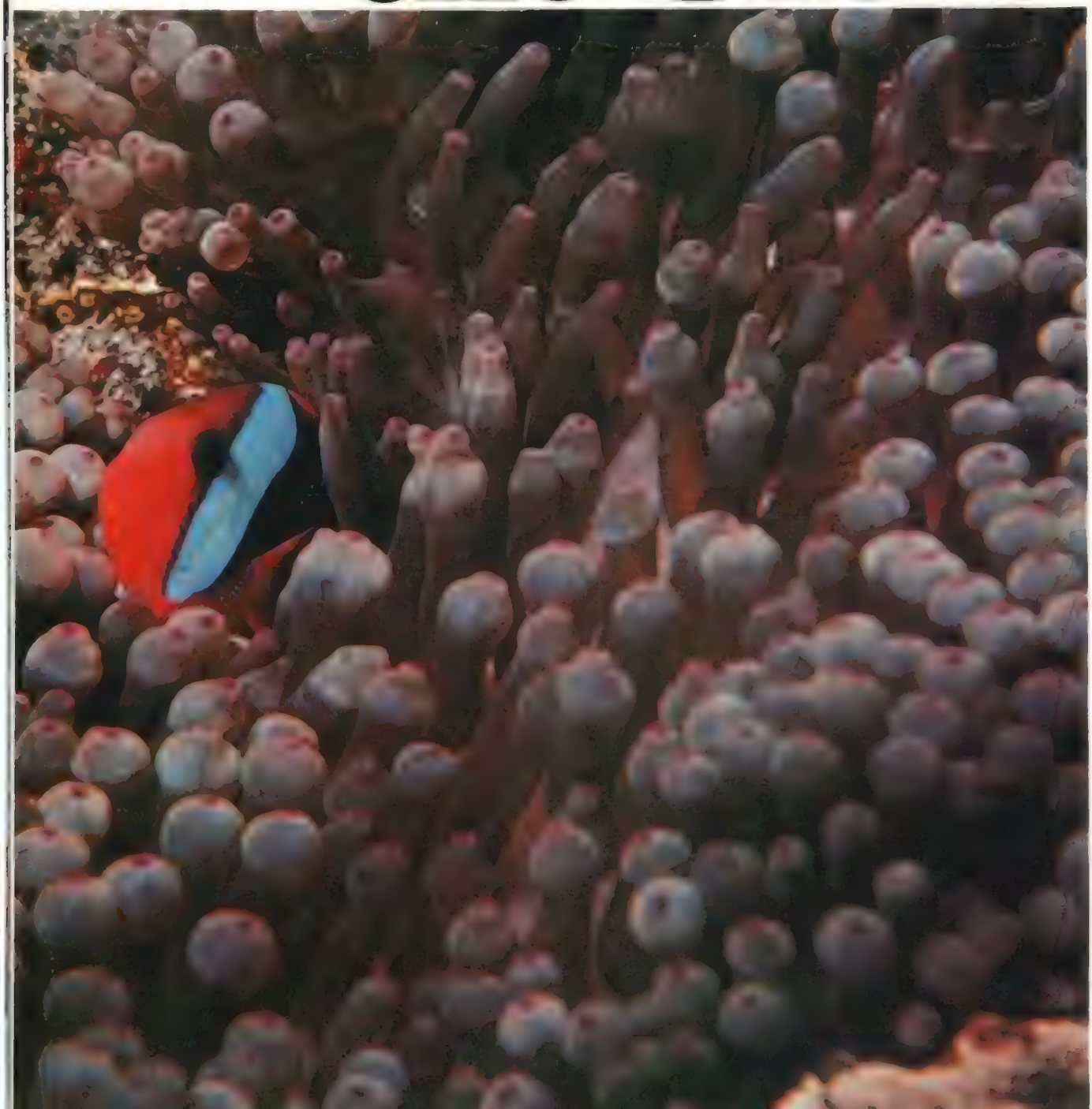
While Reagan made two forays out of his Pacific redoubt to remind the world of his smile and desire to work with Congress and other powerful people, he has talked very little. The flow of commentary on appointees, world events and national issues that Presidents-elect in other times have been lured into has been avoided. His image is compressed and contained, drawn deliberately and somewhat vaguely as the power that is felt behind the stage, emerging only for the big bows. That protected position also helps reduce wear and tear on a President who truly intends to change directions.

Preliminary recommendations from the Reagan transition task forces have sent a minor shock wave through the capital. For most of the past 40 years this city has been used to new Presidents' promising dramatic departures but actually only reassembling existing ideas and programs under new slogans. Already Reagan has been urged by his advance scouts to reconsider the proposed new MX missile system and seek a cheaper and more imaginative modification of our current missile arsenal. It has been recommended that upon taking office he declare a national economic emergency; that he seek congressional authority for a series of radical steps to bolster the private sector.

Nobody is yet very sure if many—or any—such suggestions will actually be translated into Government action. But in addition to its conservative direction, there is the first faint hint that Ronald Reagan's Administration is willing to take risks in the hope of getting results. This is an approach that has not been tried very much in Washington in recent years.

Can you look this man straight in the eye
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?
Crown Royal
Crown Royal

Qantas the Great



introduces Barrier Reef.

Fly the only direct service from Los Angeles to Brisbane and Townsville: from $499 round trip.*

Only $499! That's our special introductory fare from L.A. to Townsville, gateway to the Great Barrier Reef.

The same low fare is good from San Francisco. Honolulu is even less.

Our fare is good only through February, March and April 1981. Seats are limited. And you must make your reservations and pay for your tickets at least 30 days in advance.

The Great Barrier Reef. It's a 1200 mile scimitar of coral slicing through incredible blue water. More than 600 tropic isles. And more kinds of fish in the sea than anywhere on earth.

What's more, you'll meet some of the friendliest people under the sun.

"Don't expect me to go overboard about it, Qantas."

Free! Our Great Barrier Reef brochure, it's packed with things to see and do and tours to take you there. Among them: Fly/Drive Tours, Fly/Coach, Fly/Cruise, Fly/Tour.

Read the book. Then see it live, in natural color, with Qantas.

Mail to: Qantas, Dept. TN, Box 476, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____

Travel Agent_____

QANTAS
The Australian Airline.

*Subject to government approval

ULTRA LOW TAR

Cambridge 100's

Satisfying taste
at only 4 mg tar.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1980

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Final Payments

Congress girds for a new era

With adjournment looming, the 96th Congress moved last week to set itself up for the 97th and Ronald Reagan's White House. Among House Republicans, the preparation took the form of electing Illinois' Robert Michel as minority leader over Michigan's Guy Vander Jagt; obviously, the feeling was that the new President's legislative program stood a better chance against the Democratic majority under Michel's brand of amicable persuasion. Republicans also elected New York's Jack Kemp as chairman of the party's conference, or caucus, and Mississippi's Trent Lott as party whip.

In selecting their new leadership, House Republicans were trying to downplay their traditional image as the party of reaction and obstruction. Thanking his colleagues for electing him, Michel said: "We've got to be affirmative, forward looking. The bottom line is enacting the Reagan program." He warned Democrats against trying to "gut" Reagan's proposals. If that happens, said he, "we will have confrontation."

If Michel has his way, confrontation will be kept to a minimum. Stinging in partisan debate on the floor, he is conciliatory in the cloakroom, putting together packages and deals. Michel and Tennessee's Howard Baker, the new Senate majority leader, will have unaccustomed Republican muscle. In the next Congress, the G.O.P. can claim 192 of the House's 435 members, as well as 53 of 100 Senators.

Meanwhile, House Democrats voted to keep the Rules Committee, which determines access to the floor for almost all legislation, overwhelmingly Democratic. They also nominated Thomas (Tip) O'Neill of Massachusetts for re-election as Speaker, as expected.

Before ending its session and heading for adjournment, the 96th Congress dealt with a flurry of bills. The legislators dumped an auto safety measure and dropped a fair housing enforcement bill; they dithered over whether to approve a $10,000-a-year pay raise for themselves (to $70,000) and pay hikes for the top 34,000 employees of the Federal Government. Senate Republicans gave up trying to ram through an anti–school busing measure, but the matter is not settled. Said Busing Foe Jesse Helms of North Carolina: "Forty days from now we'll have a new President." And a new and markedly different Congress. ■

Robert Michel

Hermening, hoisting flag in Hermitage, Pa., marking the 400th day of captivity in Iran

Gambits in the Hostage Game

New hopes, and old frustrations, as negotiations drag on

On the 400th day of captivity for the 52 Americans in Iran, the father of Hostage Kevin Hermening raised the 400th U.S. flag at Hillcrest cemetery in Hermitage, Pa. The flag had once flown over the U.S.S. *Arizona*, which 39 years ago fell under attack from the Japanese at Pearl Harbor. The 404th day, however, brought new hopes for the hostages' imminent return—hopes that were lowered almost as soon as the 404th flag was raised.

As-Safir, a leftist Beirut newspaper reported to be close to the Tehran regime, quoted an informed Iranian source as saying, "Agreement has been completed between the U.S. and Iran to resolve the hostage issue. They are expected to be freed on the 25th of this month." Within hours, however, it became evident that the report was false. Behzad Nabavi, head of the Iranian committee that is negotiating with the U.S., flatly denied the report. He also asserted that Washington's proposal in response to one of the Iranian demands, that of allowing U.S. courts to decide the fate of the late Shah's fortune, "is absolutely not acceptable."

U.S. officials had hoped that the proposal would be a breakthrough in the negotiations, since they had reportedly already agreed to two other demands, namely a U.S. pledge of noninterference in Iranian affairs and the unfreezing of $13 billion in U.S.-held Iranian assets. In its response to Iran's remaining demand, that all American claims against the Tehran government be canceled, the White House tried to explain that complex legal obstacles might make this difficult.

Both the upbeat *As-Safir* report and the hasty Iranian denial were received stoically in Washington. Said one senior White House official: "The real problem is that this issue still requires a political decision in Tehran. The political will to end it all simply has not jelled."

Still, there were indications that at least some answer to the U.S. proposals might be forthcoming. In an interview published at week's end in a Tehran newspaper, Nabavi said he is now readying new suggestions on how the U.S. might meet his country's demands. In recent weeks Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini has eased his obdurate attitude on the hostage question. Moderate President Abolhassan Banisadr, who is in favor of the hostages' release, seems to be gaining in visibility because of his handling of the war with Iraq. Indeed, as the valiant defense of the refinery city of Abadan went into its ninth week, Banisadr's influence with the military continued to grow.

Despite the frequently contradicted news of the hostages' fate, there were signs of encouragement. A source within the Palestine Liberation Organization, which has been assuming a greater role in the hostage discussions, told TIME: "We can probably look forward to seeing the hostages released as soon as possible. I would not be surprised if they were let go before Reagan became President." In New York, Paul O'Dwyer, the lawyer who represents Iran in its claims against the Shah's wealth, noted that the Iranians have not asked him to arrange for clergymen to visit the hostages this Christmas, as they did last year. Though State Department officials consider such comments overly optimistic, they do not rule out a timely resolution to the hostage problem. Cautioned one Administration aide: "The process isn't stymied, but it's certainly in slow motion." ■

COVER STORY

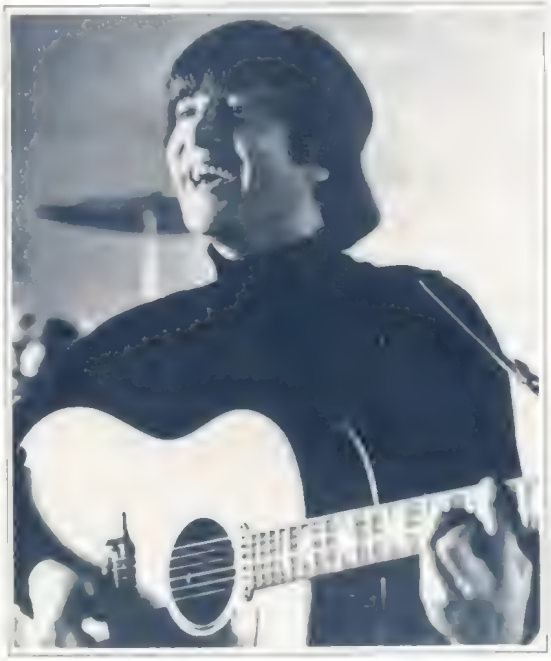
The Last Day in the Life

John Lennon is shot to death at 40, and a bright dream fades

Just a voice out of the American night. "Mr. Lennon." He started to turn around. There is no knowing whether John Lennon saw, for what would have been the second time that day, the young man in the black raincoat stepping out of the shadows. The first shot hit him that fast, through the chest. There were at least three others.

Not that night, or the next day, but a little later, after the terror ebbed and the grief could be managed, Lennon's wife, Yoko Ono, took their five-year-old son Sean to the spot in the apartment courtyard where she had seen his father murdered. She had already shown Sean a newspaper with his father's picture on the front page. She tried to do what everyone else has done since that Monday night. She tried to explain.

Like everyone else, too, the boy asked simple questions to which there would never be simple or satisfactory answers. If, as was being said, the man liked his father so much, why did he shoot him? His mother explained: "He was probably a confused person." Not good enough. Better to know, Sean Lennon said, if he was confused or really meant to kill. His mother said that was up to the courts to decide, and Sean wanted to know which courts she was talking about: tennis or basketball? Then Sean cried, and he also said, "Now Daddy is part of God. I guess when you die you become much more bigger because you're part of everything."



Sean did not really know or understand about the Beatles, or what his father was to the world. But Sean will surely know, soon enough, that his father did not have to die to become part of everything. Given the special burden and grace of his great gift, he already was. Not just for his wife or son but for more people than anyone could ever begin to number, the killing of John Lennon was a death in the family.

For all the official records, the death would be called murder. For everyone who cherished the sustaining myth of the Beatles—which is to say, for much of an entire generation that is passing, as Lennon was, at age 40, into middle age, and coming suddenly up against its own mortality—the murder was something else. It was an assassination, a ritual slaying of something that could hardly be named. Hope, perhaps; or idealism. Or time. Not only lost, but suddenly dislocated, fractured.

The outpouring of grief, wonder and shared devastation that followed Lennon's death had the same breadth and intensity as the reaction to the killing of a world figure: some bold and popular politician, like John or Robert Kennedy, or a spiritual leader, like Martin Luther King Jr. But Lennon was a creature of poetic political metaphor, and his spiritual consciousness was directed inward, as a way of nurturing and widening his creative force. That was what made the impact, and the difference—the shock of his imagination, the penetrating and pervasive traces of his genius—and it was the loss of all that, in so abrupt and awful a way, that was mourned last week, all over the world. The last *Day in the Life*, "I read the news today, oh boy . . ."

Sorrow was expressed, sympathies extended by everyone from Presidents and Presidents-elect, Prime Ministers and Governors and mayors to hundreds of fans who gathered at the arched entryway to the Lennons' Manhattan apartment building, the Dakota, crying and praying, singing and decorating the tall iron gates with wreaths and single flowers and memorial banners. CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN, read one. Another recalled the magical invocation of a childhood memory that became one of his finest songs: *Strawberry Fields Forever*.

Ringo Starr flew to New York to see Yoko. George Harrison, "shattered and stunned," went into retreat at his home in Oxfordshire, England. Paul McCartney, whom Lennon plainly loved and just as plainly hated like the brother he never had, said, "I can't tell you how much it hurts to lose him. His death is a bitter, cruel blow—I really loved the guy." Having no wish to contribute to the hysteria that always follows the grief at such public mournings, McCartney, who has hired two bodyguards to protect himself and his family, said he would stay home in Sussex, England, even if there was a funeral. There was not. Lennon's body was cremated in a suburban New York cemetery, and Ono issued a statement inviting everyone "to participate from wherever you are" in a ten-minute silent vigil on Sunday afternoon.

Before that, it had been a week of tributes. Radio stations from New Orleans to Boston cleared the air waves for Lennon and Beatles retrospectives. In Los Angeles, more than 2,000 people joined in a candlelight vigil at Century City; in Washington, D.C., several hundred crowded the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in a "silent tribute" that recalled the sit-ins of the '60s. Record stores all over the country reported sellouts on the new Lennon-Ono album, *Double Fantasy*, their first record in five years, as well as the back stock of Lennon's previous records.

Some reaction was tragic. A teen-age girl in Florida and a man of 30 in Utah killed themselves, leaving notes that spoke of depression over Lennon's death. On Thursday, Ono said, "This is not the end of an era. The '80s are still going to be a beautiful time, and John believed in it."

All the brutal and finally confounding facts of the killing were examined like runes and held up to the light like talismans, small shards of some awful psychic puzzle. A pudgy Georgia-born ex-security guard from Hawaii named Mark David Chapman fired his shots at Lennon from what the police call "combat stance": in a stiff crouch, one hand wrapped around the butt of his newly purchased revolver, the other around his wrist to steady it. As Lennon took six staggering steps, Chapman, 25, simply stood still, and then went with the arresting officers like a model citizen who had been unfairly rousted on a traffic bust. Chapman's personal history showed, in retrospect,

John Lennon, signing his life away, stops to give an autograph to Accused Killer Mark David Chapman

PAUL GORESH © 1980 NEW YORK NEWS INC.

many ominous byways *(see following story)*, but immediately after the shooting, he offered no explanations. And no regrets.

Chapman arrived in New York three days before the killing, checked into a Y.M.C.A. nine blocks from Lennon's apartment, and started hanging out in front of the building, waiting for Lennon like any other fan. There were usually fans at the gates of the Dakota, a grand, gloomy, high-maintenance Gothic fortress overlooking the west side of Central Park, because the building houses several celebrities: Lauren Bacall, Roberta Flack, Leonard Bernstein. Fans of the Beatles and Lennon lovers accounted for the largest portion of the curious. Two unidentified women told an ABC television reporter that they had fallen into conversation with Chapman outside the Dakota. Said one, "He just seemed like a really nice, genuine, honest person who was there because he admired John." Others, like WPLJ Disc Jockey Carol Miller, who lives near the Dakota, had noticed Chapman and thought "he looked strange. He was older than the kids who hung around there." When Miller first heard that Lennon had been shot, Chapman's face flashed in her mind.

On Saturday night, Chapman hailed a cab and told Driver Mark Snyder to take him to Greenwich Village. On the way he boasted that he had just dropped off the tapes of an album John Lennon and Paul McCartney made that day. He said that he was the recording engineer and that they had played for three hours.

On Monday afternoon Chapman spotted Lennon and asked him to autograph an album. Lennon hastily scribbled his name and climbed into a waiting car to take him to a recording studio. Did Chapman feel slighted by Lennon? Possibly. But the night before he had suddenly checked out of the Y and moved into the cushier Sheraton Center hotel and bought himself a big meal. It was as if he were rewarding himself in advance for some proud accomplishment. Now on Monday, only hours after getting Lennon's autograph, Chapman was waiting again, this time in the shadows of the entryway, with a gun. When the police grabbed him after the shooting, they found he still had the autographed album with him. He also had a paperback copy of J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*.

Mourning outside the Lennons' New York apartment

Lennon was no stranger to threats on his life. As early as 1964, at the first Beatles concert in France, Lennon got a note backstage that read, "I am going to shoot you at 9 tonight." He had only lately become accustomed to the free-wheeling anarchy of New York street life: "I can go out this door now and go into a restaurant ... Do you want to know how great that is?" he told the BBC. But friends remember him as being guarded both in public and around the few people he and Ono met during the long years of self-willed isolation that were only ending with the completion of the new album. "John was always wary," says his friend, Actor Peter Boyle. "Maybe partly because he was ex-

Perceived innocence: the Beatles in early gear, 1963

Orchestrated dreams: the lads in mid-flight, 1966

traordinarily tuned in. He'd pick up on people, and they'd pick up on him."

Lennon also shared with many other rockers a kind of operational fatalism, a sense that doing your best, whether on record or in concert, required laying yourself open, making yourself vulnerable. It was not only the pressures and excesses of the rock-'n'-roll life that moved the Who's Pete Townshend to remark, "Rock is going to kill me somehow." And it was not just the death of Elvis Presley that Lennon had in mind when he said to friends in 1978, "If you stay in this business long enough, it'll get you."

Rock, Lennon knew as well as anyone, is the applied art of big risk and big feelings. The songs he and Paul McCartney wrote for the Beatles, separately and together, brought more people up against the joy and boldness of rock music than anything else ever has. It wasn't just that Aaron Copland and Leonard Bernstein were taking the Beatles as seriously—and a good deal more affectionately—than Stockhausen. The worldwide appeal of the Beatles had to do with their perceived innocence, their restless idealism that stayed a step or two ahead of the times and once in a while turned, bowed low, gave the times a razz and dared them to catch up. The slow songs were heart stoppers, the fast ones adrenaline rushes of wit, low-down love and high, fabulous adventure. The songs became, all together, an orchestration of a generation's best hopes and fondest dreams.

A group portrait from the psychedelic '60s

Witty songs of high adventure

The songs Lennon wrote later on his own—*Imagine* and *Whatever Gets You Thru the Night*, *Instant Karma* and *Give Peace a Chance* and the gentle and unapologetic *Watching the Wheels* from the new album, or the gorgeous seasonal anthem, *Happy Xmas (War Is Over)*, which he recorded with Ono in 1972—kept the standard high and his conscience fine-tuned. The political songs were all personal, the intimate songs all singular in their fierce insistence on making public all issues of the heart, on working some common moral out of private pain. Rock music is still benefitting from lessons that Lennon fought hard for, then passed along. All his music seemed to be torn from that small, stormy interior where, as Robert Frost once wrote, "work is play for mortal stakes."

Despite the universality of interest in his death, Lennon remained chiefly the property—one might even be tempted to say prisoner—of his own generation. Some those who regarded the Beatles as a benign cultural curiosity, and Lennon as some overmoneyed songwriter with a penchant for political pronouncements and personal excess—wondered what all the fuss was about and could not quite understand why some of the junior staff at the office would suddenly break into tears in the middle of the day. "A garden-variety Nobel prizewinner would not get this kind of treatment," said a teacher in Oxford, England. Across the Atlantic, in schools and on college campuses, those from other generations showed almost as great a sense of puzzlement, even distance, as of loss. Gretchen Steininger, 16, a junior at Evergreen Park High School in suburban Chicago, said, "I recognize the end of an era—my mom's."

***All You Need Is Love:* John and Yoko Ono in the studio last month**

A Lennon gallery of changes: "He was extraordinarily tuned in. He'd pick

So a little reminder was in order, a small history lesson, and there was no one better to lead the class than Bruce Springsteen. Lennon had lately become warmly admiring of Springsteen, especially his hit single *Hungry Heart*. Springsteen could probably have let Lennon's death pass unremarked, and few in the audience at his Philadelphia concert last Tuesday would have been troubled. But instead of ripping right into the first song, Springsteen simply said, "If it wasn't for John Lennon, a lot of us would be some place much different tonight. It's a hard world that asks you to live with a lot of things that are unlivable. And it's hard to come out here and play tonight, but there's nothing else to do."

Four cartoon heroes embark on the *Yellow Submarine*

Then Bruce and the E Street Band tore into Springsteen's own anthem, *Born to Run*, making it clear that playing was the best thing to do. Guitarist Steve Van Zandt let the tears roll down his face, and Organist Danny Federici hit the board so hard he broke a key. By the second verse, the song turned into a challenge the audience was happy to accept: "I wanna know love is wild, I wanna know love is real," Springsteen yelled, and they yelled back. By the end, it sounded like redemption. John Lennon knew that sound too. He could use it like a chord change because he had been chasing it most of his life

John Lennon grew up on Penny Lane, and after a time he moved to a house outside Liverpool, hard by a boys' reformatory. There was another house in the neighborhood where John and his pals would go to a party and sell lemonade bottles for a penny. The house was called Strawberry Fields. His boyhood was neither as roughly working-class as early Beatles p.r. indicated, nor quite as benign as the magical association of those place names might suggest. But John's adolescence in the suburbs, the garden outside the back door and the warm ministrations of his Auntie Mimi did not diminish either the pain or the sense of separateness that was already stirring

His father, a seaman named Alfred, left home shortly after John was born, and his mother Julia sent him to her sister Mimi because, it was said, she could not support her child. John was 4½ when he was farmed out to the suburbs. All the sorrow, rage and confusion of this early boyhood were taken up again and again in songs like *Julia* and *Mother*. These early years were not an unhealed wound for Lennon, but more nearly a root, a deep psychic wellspring from which he could draw reserves of hard truth

Reserves of another sort gave him trouble even early on. "In one way, I was always hip," Lennon remarked recently in *Playboy*, during an interview that could stand as lively proof that some of the best Lennon/Ono art was their life. "I was hip in kindergarten. I was different from the others ... There was something wrong with me, I thought, because I seemed to see things other people didn't see. I was always seeing things in a hallucinatory way." Lennon's songs made peace with those hallucinations and expanded them —whether with psychedelics, psychiatry or a sort of domestic mysticism—while keeping them always within reach, as a man might keep a flashlight on a nightstand in case he had to get up in the dark.

Lennon was already well into his teens, living 15 minutes away from his mother but seldom seeing her, when rock 'n' roll grabbed hold of him and never let loose. All the raw glories of Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis shook him to his shoes. He responded with the rowdiness of spirit and emotional restlessness that already set him apart from his peers and caused their parents concern. Paul McCartney's father warned his son to steer clear of John, which amounted to an open if inadvertent invitation to friendship

By his 16th year, John had formed his first band, the Quarrymen, and Paul McCartney had enlisted as guitar player. John and Paul began to write songs together almost as soon as they had finished tuning up, and they played any gig the band could get. By the end of 1956, though he had his first group and a best friend, Lennon suffered a lasting wound. His mother was killed in an accident while she stood waiting for a bus. As he said, "I lost her twice."

Two years later, George Harrison had joined the Quarrymen, and the band was actually earning some money. They had their own fans, and a growing reputation that took them to club dates in the gritty seaport of Hamburg, West Germany, where they eventually changed their name to the Beatles and got a double dose of the seamier side of rock life. Lennon, who like the rest of the boys favored black leather jackets, pegged pants and stomper boots, was sending long and passionate mash notes back home to Cynthia Powell. "Sexiest letters this side of Henry Miller," he observed.

He was also a student at the Liverpool College of Art

Yoko's selection for this year's Christmas card

up on people, and they'd pick up on him"

A candlelight celebration of Lennon's spirit in Los Angeles

Mourners sing *Give Peace a Chance* at Lincoln Memorial

while the Quarrymen were still gigging around. "I knew John would always be a bohemian," Aunt Mimi recalled. "But I wanted him to have some sort of job. Here he was nearly 21 years old, touting round stupid halls for £3 a night. Where was the point in that?"

Well, the point was the music, a peak-velocity transplant of American rock, with its original blistering spirit not only restored but exalted. There was some concern for the future, however. A Liverpool record-store owner named Brian Epstein thought he might be able to lend a hand there. He signed on as the group's manager in 1961. By the end of the following year, the boys got their first record contract and their first producer, George Martin, who remained aboard for the crazy cruise that came to be called Beatlemania. There was one final change of personnel. Drummer Pete Best was replaced by a gentleman named Richard Starkey, who favored quantities of heavy jewelry, most of it worn on the digits, and who went by the name of Ringo Starr.

It took just a month for the second Beatles single, *Please Please Me*, to reach the top of the English charts. That was in January of 1963. By the end of that year, they had released *She Loves You* and appeared live on a BBC variety show in front of thousands of screaming fans in the audience and unverifiable millions of new converts and dazed parents sitting at home in front of the telly. *I Want to Hold Your Hand* came out in the U.S. in the first week of 1964, and it seemed then for a while that both sides of the Atlantic were up for grabs. Beatles forever.

Some history becomes myth, some myth goes down in history, some statistics boggle the mind. The Beatles have sold, all over the world, upwards of 200 million records. They made history so quickly, and so seismically, that their chronology can be given like a code, or an association game in which words, phrases, snatches of lyrics, names, can stand for whole years. Even the skeptical on either side of the Beatles generation will be startled to see how easily they can play along. Start off with an easy one: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Now you're off . . . Ed Sullivan. Jelly babies. Plaza Hotel. Moptops. Arthur and *A Hard Day's Night*. The Maharishi and M.B.E.s. *Sergeant Pepper*. LSD. Apple. "More popular than Jesus." Shea Stadium. White Album. *Yesterday*. "I'd love to turn you on." Jane, Patti, Cynthia, Linda, Yoko. "Paul is dead." Abbey Road. *Let It Be*.

A vigil at the Dakota entrance where Lennon was shot

The history and the resonance of those fragments are so strong that even out of chronological sequence they form their own associations, like a Joseph Cornell collage. Some of the colors may be psychedelic, but the shadings are the pastel of memory, the patina made of remembered melody. Lennon, the only wedded Beatle —he had married Cynthia in 1962 and had a son, Julian—had early been typed as the most restless, outspoken and creative of the group, even though he led, outwardly, the most settled life. There was paradox in this popular portrait, just as there was considerable tension in Lennon's belief that the well-noted contradictions were true. There were both beauty and ambition in his music, and a full measure of turmoil too. He was experimenting with drugs and working up some of the material that would eventually find its way into *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, when he walked into a London gallery in 1966 and there, among ladders, spyglasses, nail boards, banners and other props of her art, met Yoko Ono.

The daughter of a well-to-do Japanese banker, Ono, now 47, was born in Tokyo. She had lived in San Francisco before World

War II, foraged for food back home during it, and afterward returned to the States, where she attended Sarah Lawrence College and became interested in the far-flung reaches of the avant-garde. Her first husband was a Japanese musician. The marriage so offended Ono's mother that she never reconciled with her daughter. She worked on concerts for John Cage, became associated with other artists such as La Monte Young and Charlotte Moorman, the topless cellist whose staging of and participation in art "events" came a little later to be called happenings. Ono married again, a conceptual artist named Tony Cox, and they had a daughter, Kyoko. Ono once brought the baby onstage during a concert as "an uncontrollable instrument." Eventually, Cox and Kyoko went to Japan, and Ono to England. Her artworks, or happenings, began to show a sense of humor that was both self-mocking and affirmative, and when John Lennon climbed a ladder to look through a telescope at that London gallery, what he saw was no distant landscape but a simple YES.

The other Beatles were not delighted to have Ono around. Besides whatever personal antagonisms or random jealousies might have existed, one suspects now, Paul, George and Ringo may have considered her dedicated avant-gardism somewhat inimical to the best popular instincts of their music. For her part, she felt she was under heavy surveillance. "I sort of went to bed with this guy that I liked and suddenly the next morning I see these three in-laws standing there," she recalled recently. John, separated from Cynthia, fell in love with Yoko and her ideas. Some of her conceptual art had the same intellectual playfulness as his lyrics, and Lennon became a collaborator in many of her projects. They made films—of flies crawling, of dozens of bare bums. They made records, including the notorious *Two Virgins*, for which they posed naked, front and back. Shock! Scandal! Grim predictions for the future!

In fact, there was already a fair amount of dissension among the members of the band: McCartney wanted to get out more and play for the folks, Lennon wanted to work in the recording studio, like an artist with a canvas. The ideological pressures and upheavals of the decade made the four Beatles stand out in even sharper contrast to each other. John became much more political, George more spiritual, Paul seemingly more larky, and Ringo more social. In the more than two years between *Sergeant Pepper* and *Abbey Road*, Lennon and McCartney wrote, separately and still (but more tenuously) together, some of their greatest songs (*Penny Lane, All You Need Is Love*, and *Strawberry Fields Forever*). But if the turmoil had an immediate, productive side, it also took an inevitable toll. In 1969, after the

Always a Pun up His Sleeve

Lennon loved language, the sounds and rhymes and elastic elusiveness of words, and, like a dandy with a lace handkerchief, he liked to keep a pun up his sleeve. The early songs, all written in collaboration with Paul McCartney, were playful, ebullient, rich in imagination. On his own, Lennon planed down the richness of the words into a sparseness that matched the immediacy of the music.

Since you left me, I'm so alone.
Now you're coming, you're
coming home . . .
It won't be long, yeh, yeh.
—It Won't Be Long

There are places I'll remember
All my life, though some have
changed,
Some forever, not for better,
Some have gone and some
remain.
—In My Life

He's a real Nowhere Man,
Sitting in his Nowhere Land,
Making all his Nowhere plans for
nobody.
—Nowhere Man

And though the holes were rather
small,
They had to count them all.
Now they know how many holes
it takes to fill the Albert Hall.
I'd love to turn you on.
—A Day in the Life

Nothing is real
And nothing to get hungabout.
Strawberry Fields forever.
—Strawberry Fields Forever

Elementary penguin singing
Hare
Krishna man you should have
seen them
Kicking Edgar Allan Poe.
I am the eggman, oh, they are
the eggmen—
Oh, I am the walrus GOO GOO
GOO JOOB.
—I Am the Walrus

Picture yourself on a train in a
station,
With plasticine porters with
looking-glass ties,
Suddenly someone is there at the
turnstile,
The girl with kaleidoscope eyes.
—Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds

Half of what I say is meaningless,
But I say it just to reach you,
Julia.
—Julia

Keep you doped with religion and
sex and TV
And you think you're so clever
and classless and free.
But you're still f——ing peasants
as far as I can see.
A working-class hero is
something to be.
—Working-Class Hero

God is a concept
By which we measure
Our pain . . .
You just have to carry on
The dream is over.
—God

Imagine there's no heaven.
It's easy if you try.
No hell below us
And above us only sky.
—Imagine

All we are saying is give peace a
chance.
—Give Peace a Chance

People asking questions lost in
confusion
Well I tell them there's no
problem, only solutions . . .
I'm just sitting here watching the
wheels go round and round.
I really love to watch them roll.
No longer riding on the merry-go-
round.
I just had to let it go.
—Watching the Wheels

completion of *Abbey Road*, John told the boys he was leaving.

Next year, McCartney went his own way and that, one would have thought, was that. End of Beatles, end of era. But the Beatles would never go away because their music endured; it became part of a common heritage, a shared gift. No matter how many times they were played in elevators or gas stations, Beatles songs were too vibrant ever to qualify as "standards." That these were *Beatles* songs, not the single expression of an individual, needs to be remembered amid all the Lennon eulogies, which call him the strong creative force of the group.

In the process of riding out all the massive changes of the '60s and bringing about a few on their own, the Beatles also trashed an elementary law of geometry: this was one whole that was greater than the sum of its parts. Lennon was unfairly used as a means to put McCartney in his place, although Lennon had taken pains lately to redefine details of his collaboration with Paul, and to make sure credit was distributed accurately. The melodic range of the music ran from marching band to rhythm and blues, from tonal stunt flying to atonal acrobatics, once in a while all in the same song. The Beatles sang ballads that could almost be Elizabethan, rockers that still sound as if they come from the distant future, and it was hard to peg all that invention to any single source. Lennon joked about walking into a restaurant and being saluted by the band with a rendition of *Yesterday*, a pure McCartney effort. Many radio and video memorials to Lennon included *Let It Be*, another Beatles tune that was all McCartney.

If it was hard to keep the credits straight with all the Beatles, it was harder still for them to keep their friendly equilibrium. McCartney, married to Linda Eastman and staying close to the hearthside, released a series of albums that were roundly drubbed as corny, until he broke through splendidly in 1973 with *Band on the Run*. Lennon, married to Ono and living in New York, released a great solo record, *Plastic Ono Band*, then threw himself headlong into uncertainty. He and Ono lived in a series of elaborate post-hippie crash pads, became obsessed not only with artistic experimentation but with radical political flamboyance. Lennon's subsequent albums remained achingly personal, but turned increasingly random, unfocused. They were indignant and assaultive, adrift.

ROBERT FREEMAN

When he and Ono separated for a time in the early '70s, Lennon went on an 18-month bender of drink, drugs and general looniness. "We were all drinking too much and tearing up houses," recalls one of his cronies at the time, Drummer Jim Keltner. "No one drank like he did. He had broken up with Ono and was with another woman at the time. Suddenly, he just started screaming out Ono's name. That separation from her almost killed him." Being treated as some sort of witchy parasite was no treat for the estranged Mrs. Lennon either, and when they both finally reconciled, they changed their lives in unexpected ways.

Lennon released one more record—a collection of rock oldies—then settled back with Ono in the Dakota to raise their son Sean, who was born on Oct. 9, 1975, the day of his father's birthday. Said Lennon: "We're like twins." Occasionally, John and Ono would go public, often to fight the ultimately unsuccessful attempts of the Nixon Justice Department to deport Lennon on an old marijuana conviction in England. Mostly, however, they stayed at home, rearing Sean, redecorating the 25 rooms in their four Dakota apartments (art deco and artifacts of ancient Egypt, including a sarcophagus in the living room; blue clouds painted on the ceiling of a downstairs office), expanding their financial holdings (Lennon left an estate estimated at $235 million), buying property and Holstein cows.

The Holsteins were selected because they were meant to yield nourishment, not be slaughtered for it. Ono took care of all the details, and Lennon did not know about the sale of one of the cows until he read an item in the paper. He was even more pleased than surprised. "Only Yoko," he said admiringly, "could sell a cow for $250,000."

Ono could do a lot more than that. The banker's daughter set herself to mastering the mysteries of commercial law and deal making just as, earlier, she had wrestled with the exotic exigencies of John Cage. She met the attorneys and the accountants; she supervised the buying up of property in Palm Beach, Fla., Cold Spring Harbor, an exclusive enclave on Long Island, and in upstate New York. When the Lennons decided to make another album earlier this year, it was Ono who called Record Executive David Geffen and worked out the deal.

The Lennons may have been taking a step or two aside from art, living quietly, but they were not hermits. They were collecting themselves, looking for a center, a core. It seemed hard to understand, but shouldn't have been. Ono sat behind the desk and John stayed home with the little boy. Julian, Lennon's other, older son, was now a teen-ager who lived in Britain with his mother, but wore leather jackets and jeans, like his Dad back in the days of the Quarrymen, and talked of becoming a rocker. John did not see Julian often, and said recently, "I don't remember seeing him as a child." But Lennon suggested that he had lately wanted to know Julian better, and one of the most haunted faces in last week's gallery of grief was Julian's, enduring the same pain that had afflicted his father at almost the same age some 25 years before. He, like John, had lost a parent twice.

John gloried in playing parent to Sean, and liked to call himself a househusband. What upset traditionalists was the fact that he obviously reveled in his domestic role. This role reversal was seen by the man raised by an aunt and three of her sisters as no threat at all. He insisted—indeed, proved—that he was putting nothing at risk, not his manhood and not his artistry.

Double Fantasy, the new record, demonstrated that. Ono's contributions are especially accessible and congenial after years of punk and New Wave conditioning. John's songs, simple, direct and melodic, were celebrations of love and domesticity that asked for, and required, no apology. It was not a great record, like *Plastic Ono Band*, but it might have been the start of another time of greatness.

The subjects of *Double Fantasy*, released last month, were supposedly not the stuff of rock, but John Lennon never bound himself to tradition. "My life revolves around Sean," he told some radio interviewers from San Francisco on the afternoon of the day he was killed. "Now I have more reason to stay healthy and bright . . . And I want to be with my best friend. My best friend's me wife. If I couldn't have worked with her, I wouldn't have bothered . . . I consider that my work won't be finished until I'm dead and buried, and I hope that's a long, long time." As he spoke those words, Mark David Chapman waited for him out on the street.

Lennon's death was not like Elvis Presley's. Presley seemed, at the end, trapped, defeated and hopeless. Lennon could have gone that way too, could have destroyed himself. But he did something harder. He lived. And, for all the fame and finance, that seemed to be what he took the most pride in.

"He beat the rock-'n'-roll life," Steve Van Zandt said the day after Lennon died. "Beat the drugs, beat the fame, beat the damage. He was the only guy who beat it all." That was the victory Mark Chapman took from John Lennon, who had an abundance of what everyone wants and wanted only what so many others have, and take for granted. A home and family. Some still center of love. A life. One minute more.

—By Jay Cocks

More people enjoy V.O.'s taste than any other import.
That fact alone should solve your gift-giving problems.

V.O. is always welcomed.
Because V.O. is preferred more than any other imported distilled spirit in America.
More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka, Tequila. You name it.
It's just a matter of taste.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

CAMEL
Where a man belongs.
Camel lights
9 mg tar.
Camel Lights. Low tar. Camel taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

Gold on the body: the ancient urge that became a tradition.

Gold jewelry by M & J Savitt

A woman emerges from her bath, towels herself dry and begins her dressing ritual. In the next few minutes she reaches for a golden object —a necklace, a bracelet or a ring— and places it on her body.

It is a simple, unceremonious act yet in one aspect it is utterly remarkable, for it is an act both as ancient as recorded history and as modern as tomorrow. The wearing of gold on the body, beginning as it must have, as a primitive urge, has not only accompanied man through much of his evolution, it may even be his oldest surviving tradition.

One would think that a behavior so universal would have a universally accepted explanation, but this does not exist. The famous psychiatrists Freud and Jung disagreed. Others, too, have studied the phenomenon and the theories range from the almost incomprehensibly profound to the almost ludicrously superficial. More serious suppositions have included sexual enhancement, social or tribal status, an inner quest for immortality, self-deception, self-esteem, superstition, religion and, as in the case of Freud, a carnal hypothesis. What is generally agreed to at this point is only that gold's attraction *is* deeply psychological and that it has touched both male and female and in every culture that has ever known the metal.

But it is a world unseeking of theories that has dedicated itself to gold adornment and today it does so on an extraordinary scale. In 1977, it swallowed up almost two-thirds of that year's new gold supply. It also helped support industries of considerable proportions—mining, refining, manufacturing—all the way down to hundreds of thousands of retailers, over 30,000 in the U.S. alone.

It should be noted that although much of the world wears gold, it wears it in different shades—some Europeans, for example, prefer slightly redder golds while in America the choice is often yellower. Karatage, or degree of real gold content, varies, too, from country to country in a variety too extensive to list here.

It seems worth adding, however, that much jewelry manufactured everywhere in the world today uses classic techniques that date back centuries, and the gold ring you wear was probably formed using a "lost wax" method known at least 1,000 years.

Gold, of course, is not the only viable ornamentation for the body. But it is the *only* material known to man that contains in combination the four characteristics of lustrous beauty, virtual indestructibility, extreme rarity, and ease of workability. And somehow this seems to be the magic combination that satisfies the inner calling of the human psyche more than anything else.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to: The Gold Information Center, Department T88, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

© The Gold Information Center

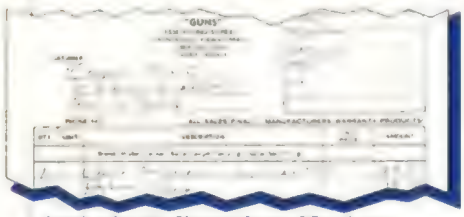
The Gold Information Center.

A Lethal Delusion

The twisted man who wanted to be Lennon

"The presidential assassin establishes with his victim a deadly intimacy, follows his movements, attaches himself to his rising star." Historian Christopher Lasch was writing about political assassins, but he might have been describing Mark David Chapman, 25, the accused murderer of John Lennon. Since he was a child, Chapman had attached himself to his hero's star, first as fan, then as imitator, finally as killer. Indeed, it is possible that in some distorted, Dostoyevskian mirror within his mind, he saw himself as Lennon—and the real Lennon as a threatening impostor.

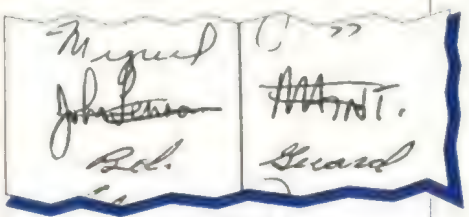
In Atlanta, where Chapman spent most of his childhood, he joined a high school rock band and, like millions of others, worshiped the Beatles. He wore his hair long, in the distinctive Beatles cut, with strands flopping like a sheepdog's over his forehead. He experimented with drugs, which his idols condoned, and dropped acid when he was only 15. His parents strongly disapproved of the drugs, as well as of the Beatles, and would not let him play their records in the house. They searched his room, and once, when his mother warned him not to lock his bedroom door, he pried it off its hinges, took it downstairs and leaned it against the kitchen wall. He resisted authority, fought with his younger sister, and ran away from home several times. All the while he identified closely with Lennon, the most rebellious of the Beatles.



Invoice for the Charter Arms .38-cal. gun

Chapman in his Fort Chaffee days (1975)

"I've got a good side and a bad side."



Logbook with his victim's faked signature

Still, he was not a delinquent. Most people appeared to like him, and he became a counselor at an Atlanta Y.M.C.A. "He seemed to really want to find a way to serve," says Tony Adams, who was the Y's executive director. "If ever there was a person who had the potential for doing good, it was Mark."

After he shot Lennon, Chapman said, "I've got a good side and a bad side. The bad side is very small, but sometimes it takes over the good side and I do bad things." For most of the '70s, the good side seemed to be in control. After graduating from high school in 1973, he got a full-time job at the Y, going so far as to sign up in 1975 as a missionary in Lebanon. The trip was his dream, but civil war broke out shortly after he arrived in Beirut, and he was forced to return home. Aware of his dedication as well as his disappointment, the organization sent him to help Vietnamese refugees who were awaiting resettlement at Fort Chaffee, Ark. "He was especially drawn to small children," says Gregg Lyman, one of his co-workers. Adds Y.M.C.A. Executive David Moore: "The problems of the people really got into his gut. He cared."

Chapman's other side appears to have begun its ascendancy a year later, after a college romance fizzled. He dropped out of Covenant College, a small Presbyterian school in Tennessee, after one semester, worked as a security guard in Atlanta, then moved to Hawaii. Depressed, however, by the unhappy love affair and the impending divorce of his parents, he tried to kill himself with a car exhaust. Treated at Castle Memorial Hospital outside Honolulu, he stayed on to do odd jobs.

For a time he seemed more stable. His father, a loan collector in an Atlanta bank, gave him money for a round-the-world trip. In June 1979, the stocky (5 ft. 11 in., 195 lbs.) Chapman married Gloria Abe, the attractive Japanese American who planned the itinerary. Though Chapman earned only $4 an hour as a security guard, money seems not to have been a problem: the couple lived in a $400-a-month apartment in a downtown Honolulu high-rise, and Chapman was able to indulge his newest passion, art. He bought expensive works and last year purchased a $7,500 lithograph by Norman Rockwell. Like his earlier love of music, art became an obsession, and he would spend hours in Honolulu galleries and contact dealers all over the country for information on works in which he was interested.

Some time in October, Chapman's bad side took over completely. On Oct. 23 he quit his job, signing out in the logbook, *John Lennon*. Four days later he walked into J and S Sales, a gun shop just a block from the main Honolulu police station. Because he had no arrest record, a salesman sold him a Charter Arms .38-cal. revolver (price: $169). "It's the type used by detectives and plainclothes police because it is easy to conceal," explains Steve Grahovac, the store's owner.

It is also the type Arthur Bremer used to gun down George Wallace in 1972—a grotesque coincidence that prompted Chicago *Sun-Times* Columnist Mike Royko to write, with biting effect: "Now that Charter Arms Corp. has the unique distinction of having two famous people shot by one of their products, I wonder if they have considered using it in their advertising. Something simple and tasteful like: 'The .38 that got George Wallace and John Lennon. See it at your gun dealer now.' "

Chapman flew to the mainland in November and spent two days in Atlanta before returning to Honolulu. Earlier this month he came back to Manhattan with at least 2,000 borrowed dollars for his fateful rendezvous outside the Dakota.

Psychiatrists believe that the best clue to what went wrong in Chapman's head is his signing of Lennon's name in the logbook last October. That act, they say, may indicate that he was losing what little remained of an obviously fragile sense of identity. "He had a superidentification with Lennon, but he was also in competition with him," says Manhattan Psychiatrist David Abrahamsen, who examined David Berkowitz, the "Son of Sam" killer. "His murder of Lennon was a substitution for his own suicide."

To be sure, the parallels that Chapman established between his own life and Lennon's were startling: both loved music as adolescents, both were in rock groups, both loved children, both were devoted to helping others, and both married Asian women who were older than themselves (Lennon's wife by seven years, Chapman's by four). "There's very strong evidence that Chapman very much wanted to be Lennon," says Stuart Berger, a New York forensic psychiatrist. "He slowly became delusional and incorporated Lennon into his sense of self. The only obstacle that stood in the way of his becoming Lennon was Lennon." Now, as he sits in detention at Rikers Island prison complex in the East River, he must face the awful reality of being Mark David Chapman.

—By Gerald Clarke

The Menace of Any Shadow

Americans are worried and frightened as violent crime increases sharply

▸ Coming home early from a cocktail party, Dr. Michael Halberstam, 48, a prominent Washington cardiologist, journalist and novelist, walked through his front door and found a burglar ransacking his house. When Halberstam grappled with the man, the intruder squeezed off five shots with a handgun, then fled. With two grave wounds in his chest, Halberstam staggered to his car, shouted "Get in!" to his stunned wife and drove off toward the nearest hospital. Along the way, he caught sight of the man who had shot him, swerved his steering wheel, leaped the curb and struck the man. But Halberstam, bleeding profusely, soon afterward lost consciousness and his car hit a tree. Rushed to Sibley Memorial Hospital, he died on the operating table. The burglar, disabled but not seriously hurt, was picked up by police.

▸ Sarai Ribicoff, 23, an editorial writer for the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner *and niece of retiring Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff, was leaving a Venice, Calif., restaurant with a male friend when two robbers appeared and demanded money. The friend quickly handed over his wallet, but the robbers opened fire anyway. The friend miraculously was unhurt. Ribicoff was shot dead.*

▸ Newark Policeman John Gottfried, 58, happened to be off duty and was making a visit to a local bank when three robbers staged a holdup. Gottfried tried to intercede, but was felled with a gunshot wound. As he lay bleeding, one of the robbers walked over, pumped more shots into him and repeatedly kicked him. Newark police called the savagery "a kind of execution."

▸ The day after Thanksgiving, two young women hikers were found murdered in the woodlands of California's Point Reyes National Seashore, on the Pacific bluffs northwest of San Francisco. Both were nude and had been shot in the head. In the same area, the decomposed bodies of a teenage couple were also found. They too had been shot in the head. In all, police now attribute seven victims in 15 months to the mysterious killer who haunts Point Reyes

Every 27 seconds, a violent crime—murder, assault, rape or robbery—occurs in the U.S. Every 24 minutes, one of those crimes is lethal: a murder. And the killings are no longer perceived as remote, taking place out there somewhere among abstract, nameless antagonists. More and more, violence is breaking into the lives of the secure and comfortable. More and more, it attacks peaceable citizens, shatters quiet neighborhoods, invades idyllic wilderness areas. "Death is so unpredictable," says Patrolman Jim Starr, a ten-year veteran of the Los Angeles police department. "We used to be able to pinpoint the trouble spots in L.A. Now there's nowhere you can escape violent crime."

Nor can anybody be sure where the violence may come from. While most murders are still private affairs—between half and two-thirds of those slain are acquainted with or related to their killers—"stranger" violence is substantial and growing. About 35% of homicides in New York City are estimated to fit into this category. Some of these are burglaries or holdups that turn deadly, like the ones that killed Michael Halberstam and Sarai Ribicoff. But what can account for the excessive, gratuitous brutality with which victims like John Gottfried are killed? For many people, this is the most terrifying element of crime in America: the rise in unprovoked, random violence —the menace of any shadow at the street corner, any rustling in the shrubbery along a hiking trail, any squeak in the floorboard of a home. And always, the threat of the murderous psychopath.

Some states report the appearance of a new kind of murderer: a driver who pulls alongside another moving auto and simply blasts away at the other driver, seemingly unmotivated. In a St. Louis suburb, early morning robbers at a cafeteria lined up employees into a "shooting gallery" and, according to police, shot them all—for sport, apparently. At a Detroit shopping center, a 16-year-old boy demanded cash first from a department store cashier and then from a driver in the parking lot. He shot both before they could even hand over the money. In New York City, a man walked around the Bellevue Hospital area, slashing people at random, killing one and wounding four others. Says New York Police Commissioner Robert McGuire: "The random, senseless violence has shocked me more than anything. It's like the torturing of butterflies and pussycats, only it's human beings that are being tortured."

Last September the Figgie Report on Fear of Crime, a nationwide survey conducted by Research and Forecasts Inc., concluded that "fear of crime is slowly paralyzing American society." Is the paralysis to some extent hysterical, the result of the confluence of a relatively

Michael Halberstam (top); his alleged murderer, Bernard Welch; the covered body of Sarai Ribicoff in Venice, Calif.

few isolated but widely publicized cases? In the aftermath of a shocking tragedy like the shooting of John Lennon, it may be all too easy to give in to apocalyptic emotions about violence in the streets.

Crime waves, wrote the late journalist A.J. Liebling, take place mostly in the pages of big-city dailies, usually in the dog days of August when there is little else to write about, and almost always turn out to be strong stimulants to the circulation of the newspapers that invent them. Many social critics agree, arguing that crime is not nearly so significant as the attention paid to it. One researcher for the Vera Institute of Justice maintains that random or "stranger" killing is so rare as to be statistically meaningless.

But for all the chirpy cynicism of a Liebling or the bloodless rationalizations of sociologists, the inexorably mounting statistics give ample reason for concern. Rates of violent crime, after climbing slowly from the Great Depression to the postwar era, rose sharply during the 1960s. According to the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, violent crime rose 47.3% during the 1970s. Over the same period the murder rate rose 24%, to 9.7 per 100,000 people, a figure nearly double that of France and six times those of Japan and England. The year 1979, second only to 1974 (9.8 per 100,000) for statistical murder and mayhem, is about to give way to a new record: 1980 overall crime rates are expected to come in about 10% higher. For many municipalities, the rise in the murder rate is now as regular as the rise in the cost of living. "The week of the Watts riot [in August 1965], we had 33 killed and we thought that was extraordinary," says an official of the Los Angeles County coroner's office. "Now we average 45 a week, and one week last August we had 67."

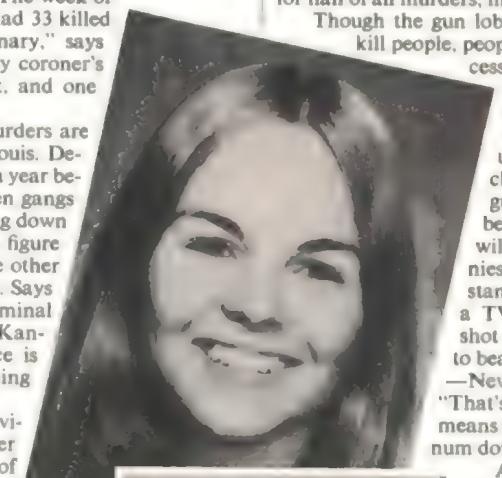
Some areas buck the pattern. Murders are down this year in Chicago and St. Louis. Detroit, which had about 100 homicides a year before 1967, soared to 714 in 1974, when gangs roamed the freeways, casually gunning down stranded motorists. But in 1979, the figure was down to 451. Rural areas, on the other hand, now report more violent crime. Says Ronald Iacovetta, professor of Criminal Justice at Wichita State University in Kansas: "Out in Podunk the police force is small, the mood lax, the odds of getting caught nearly nil."

Blacks are the primary victims of violence. According to Demographer Reynolds Farley of the University of Michigan's Population Studies Center, black men are eight times as likely to be murdered as white men, and six times more likely to die by gunfire. Overall, homicide is the fourth most common cause of death for black men. In the age 25-to-34 category, it is the leading cause of death for both black men and black women.

Painfully, persistently, the question keeps coming back: Why?

The easy availability of handguns is certainly a key factor. The U.S. is "the laughingstock of the world" for its easy access to guns, says Harvard Professor of Criminal Justice Alan Dershowitz, who frequently attends international conferences on crime. There are now approximately 100 million guns in the hands of the civilian population. Handguns account for half of all murders, firearms in general for 63%.

Suspect in Newark killing; city officials with suspects' guns; Point Reyes Victim Diana O'Connell and composite sketch of assailant



Though the gun lobby is fond of arguing that "guns don't kill people, people kill people," the fact is that ready access to guns in a community will raise the murder rate. "Firearm deaths are the mathematical function of the number of firearms in circulation," says Emanuel Tanay, a Detroit-based forensic psychiatrist. "Given a certain number of guns in circulation, a predictable number of accidents, suicides and homicides will result." In one of the many aching ironies surrounding his case, Michael Halberstam deplored America's lax gun laws on a TV talk show only days before he was shot down. As for the constitutional right to bear arms—also oft-cited by the gun lobby—New York's Commissioner McGuire says "That's been perverted. I don't think that means you have a right to carry a .357 magnum down Fifth Avenue."

Another consideration is the lack of a strong deterrent from America's clanking criminal justice system. All authorities agree that if the threat of punishment is to be credible, it must be sure and quick. Mostly due to overload, the U.S. system is neither. An extraordinary proportion of violent crimes are carried out by repeat offenders—professionals, in effect, who commit one offense after another with virtual impunity, knowing full well that their chances of being put away are exceedingly slight. Only one-third of those arrested for serious crimes ever go to jail. In New York, the average interval between indictment and trial is ten months, by which time witnesses may have died, be-

come worried about retaliation or developed fuzzy memories. Worse, many offenders come to see trials as a kind of game in which defense lawyers frustrate the system by ploys that set them free, no matter what the charge.

Drugs, too, contribute to the crisis. Street addicts are no longer merely burglars who shy away from robbery and mayhem. The compelling need for money to support their habits drives them to violence, and often the effects of the drugs themelves lead to dangerous encounters as well. Says one Los Angeles policeman: "We've got so many nuts around—loonies, PCP dusters, people who are walking around with the illusion of superhuman strength and aren't afraid of a policeman with a gun."

Drugs, guns and the absence of a deterrent are a potently explosive mixture, especially in crowded, high-pressure urban areas where many people feel trapped and dehumanized. Says Denver County Court Judge Karen Metzger: "Many of the people I'm seeing feel lost. They have no ties, no skills, they're locked into menial jobs with no future, and suddenly they break out and end up in court."

Many cities large and small are now prowled by cold-eyed youths who mug and kill without emotion or remorse. "I call them sidewalk psychopaths," says Jack Wright Jr., a criminologist at Loyola University in New Orleans. "They grow up without a conscience." Wright and his wife, both victims of muggings, plan to move to northern Louisiana. "If you live in New Orleans," he says, "sooner or later you're going to be a victim of a crime."

Not all violent criminals, of course, are driven by feelings of impotence and resentment. Michael Halberstam's alleged murderer was known as a polite, quiet man who lived in a house worth $1 million in a fashionable Virginia suburb. Yet his basement was filled with an estimated $4 million worth of stolen goods. He owned a number of cars, including a $39,000 steel-blue 1980 Mercedes Benz, which was found parked near the Halberstam home. A convicted burglar who escaped in 1974 from New York State's Clinton Correctional Facility, he stands accused of hundreds of crimes in the Washington area over the past five years, including rapes, burglaries and assaults.

Frustration is rising among victims as well as criminals. Like Halberstam, many are enraged enough to pursue their attackers, even at risk to themselves. Private citizens in Atlanta have shot and killed seven felons this year. After a rape in New York City, the victim jumped into her car and gave chase, ramming the rapist against a wall, severing the man's legs and killing him.

Beyond all this, a number of lesser factors play a part in the rise of violent crime. Among them:

The Economy. The rise in all crime since the early '60s has paralleled the rise in teen-age unemployment, particularly among blacks. So have the rates of violent crimes. Murder rates rose during the 1974 Nixon recession, then subsided, then rose again during the Carter recession of 1980. Most sociologists think that crime is a byproduct of a given social system: a static, tightly controlled society has little, a dynamic and open society has much more. Emile Durkheim, a founder of sociology, wrote that rapid change and technological development unleash "overweening ambition" that can produce crime sprees: those who cannot realize their ambitions legally either steal or burst into violent crime.

Changing Policy on Mental Patients. Framers of the 1963 Community Mental Health Centers Act envisioned a system of neighborhood centers that would provide humane outpatient care to nondangerous patients then in institutions. Because of that law and other factors—cost, better drugs and a strong patients' rights movement—the number of patients in those institutions has dropped from a high of 650,000 to some 150,000. Now an estimated 21,000 former patients are living in New York State, most in New York City, and of those only 5,000 live in supervised housing. The vast majority of these ex-patients are harmless. Yet a few critics still think that the emptying of the hospitals has put too many violent people on the streets. Says Emanuel Tanay: "On the one hand, having abolished civil commitment, we allow psychotics to wander the streets. On the other hand, thanks to the free availability of guns, we allow them to arm themselves. No wonder we have senseless murders."

Fallout from the '60s. The decade spread many ideas more complex than peace and love. Among them: the notion that requiring young people to conform to certain social norms is a violation of their individual liberty, and the notion that much crime is a justifiable reaction to a repressive culture. Urbanologist Edward Banfield says the '60s produced the idea that disadvantaged groups "have a kind of quasi right to have their offenses against the law extenuated, or even to have them regarded as political acts reflecting a morality 'higher' than obedience to the law." Perhaps most lamentably, the decade made drugs widely acceptable, and it soon seemed to be taken for granted that a large segment of the populace would be permanently spaced out.

Violent Entertainment. In the new pornography of gore, sadistic movies routinely fill the screen with mangled and severed bodies. TV violence, though less graphic, is even more pervasive. One study says that the average American youth will witness 11,000 TV murders by the time he is 14. Worse, scripts are customarily structured to make violence seem the logical solution to human problems.

The withdrawal from social concern that characterized the 1970s may have been both a symptom and a cause. According to a new report on the attitudes of college youth by the Carnegie Council of Policy Studies in Higher Education, "there is a sense among today's undergraduates that they are passengers on a sinking ship." The report's conclusion: students are fatalistic about the decline of America but are determined to go first class—they want, in effect, to win the best cabins on the *Titanic*. The Figgie report also picked up a general fatalism: "American optimism seems dampened, American ability to act rendered ineffective." If so, rising violence, and the fear it generates, may be signs of a wider malaise.

Few doubt that Americans are under substantial stress. Says Shervert Frazier, psychiatrist in chief of McLean Hospital: "People have a short fuse these days. There's a lot of aggression and hostility." Adds the Carnegie report: "When people are denied rest they become irritable, anxious, apathetic and disoriented. So do nations." And when they do —as history, statistics and the events of last week show—both have a tragic tendency to reach for a weapon. *—By John Leo.*

Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus

INTRODUCING THE NEW WORLD CAR FORD ESCORT

ENGINEERING TEAMS FROM AMERICA AND OVERSEAS JOIN FORCES TO CREATE A NEW CAR WITH BETTER IDEAS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Top engineers drawn from the worldwide resources of Ford Motor Company teamed up to create Escort. They pooled their expertise...compared, tested, evaluated, experimented—to come up with better ideas.

The result: a high-mileage car built in America to take on the world. Escort will be made in America for American drivers...with other models built and sold overseas.

HIGH MILEAGE THROUGH ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY

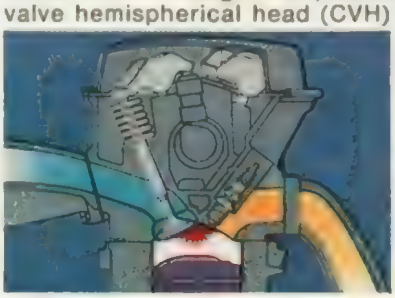
Escort has higher gas mileage ratings than subcompacts such as VW Rabbit, Honda Accord, Toyota Corolla hatchback—yet Escort has more room—in fact, Escort has the room of a compact (based on EPA Volume Index).

30 EPA EST MPG* **44** EST HWY.*

*Applicable only to sedans without power steering or A/C. For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual hwy mileage and Calif. ratings lower. Excludes diesels

ONE OF THE MOST POWER-EFFICIENT ENGINES AVAILABLE IN AMERICA

Escort's new-design compound valve hemispherical head (CVH)



engine gives you high mileage plus power for freeway driving.

FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE AND FOUR-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION

Escort comes with front-wheel drive...four-wheel fully independent suspension...rack-and-pinion steering...stabilizer bar...new all-season steel-belted radials, and other road-control features.

DRIVE A WORLD CAR

Whether you buy or lease, see your Ford Dealer now to order your Escort...3-door Hatchback, 4-door Liftgate...or even a Squire wagon option. And remember to ask about Ford's Extended Service Plan.

Escort Liftgate...4-doors and wagon room when you need it.

BUILT TO TAKE ON THE WORLD

FORD ESCORT

FORD DIVISION Ford

Brandy from The Christian Brothers of California

WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTORS: HOMM AND SICHEL, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. BRANDY: 80 PROOF

Artur Rubinstein

Irving Berlin

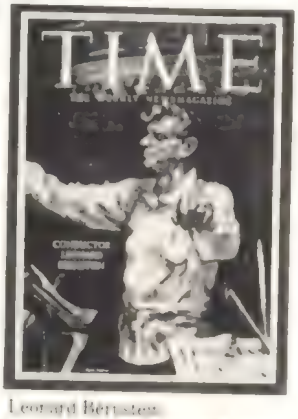
Zubin Mehta

Yehudi Menuhin

Mstislav Rostropovich

Beverly Sills

Johann Sebastian Bach



Leonard Bernstein

Louis Armstrong

Sarah Caldwell

Elton John

Luciano Pavarotti

The world of music. Brio, brilliance, tumult and triumph. Soaring symphonies and pounding rock...counterpoint and controversy...maestros, divas, conductors and composers. The news of music, the new faces and grand old names, the pulse of it, the power of it—all this has been part of TIME for more than half a century. In Cover stories, in our weekly Music section that listens to what is new and noteworthy, in color portfolios of the men and women who take the curtain calls. Music. Week in, week out, it creates rewarding reading in the pages of TIME.

TIME-for people who care about knowing.

Bacardi light tastes good mixed because it tastes good unmixed.

The next time you're ready to mix your favorite Bacardi rum drink, discover this new one. Just splash Bacardi light rum over ice. Swirl it a bit. Then sip it before you mix it. That way, you'll taste Bacardi light as it really is. Very, very smooth. Very, very light tasting. And it may surprise you to discover that it's dry, not sweet. The new drink? Bacardi and Ice. Cheers!

BACARDI, rum. The super sip.

Sally Struthers' Christmas Wish.

"Somewhere in the world there is a child who will spend Christmas Day the same way she spends every other day.

"Hungry. Poor. Helpless.

"I know, because I found such a child six years ago. I became a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"I wish you could know the joy and love I have known these past six Christmases I've shared with Marites.

"Since I became her sponsor, I know Marites has daily meals, medical help and a chance to go to school. And the kind of love that every child needs.

"But all that I have given seems like nothing when I think of the new meaning she has given to my life.

"You can know the richness, the joy of giving to a child who needs your help.

"You can know it in time for Christmas.

"You can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"All it costs is $15 a month, but you help give a child so very much.

"Regular meals, medical attention, the chance to go to school, or whatever that child needs most to live a healthy, productive life.

"You needn't send any money now.

"First learn about the child who needs you.

"Just send the coupon.

"We'll send you a child's photograph and tell you about her way of life—her age, health, interests and family background.

"We'll also tell you how this child can be helped, and give you details on how you can exchange letters and share a very special part of her life.

"After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

"Simply send in your check or money order for $15 within 10 days. Or return the photo and background materials so we can ask someone else to help.

"Get to know a child who needs your help. Somewhere there is a child who wishes she could share something special with you this Christmas.

Love."

Send Your Love Around The World.

Dr. Verent J. Mills NTIMD4
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261
I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl. ☐ Choose any child who needs help.
Please send my information package today.
☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.
☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Member of American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc. Gifts are tax deductible. **In Calif.: Write Worldway Postal Center, P.O. Box 92800, Los Angeles, CA 90009.** Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario M4T 1Y8. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

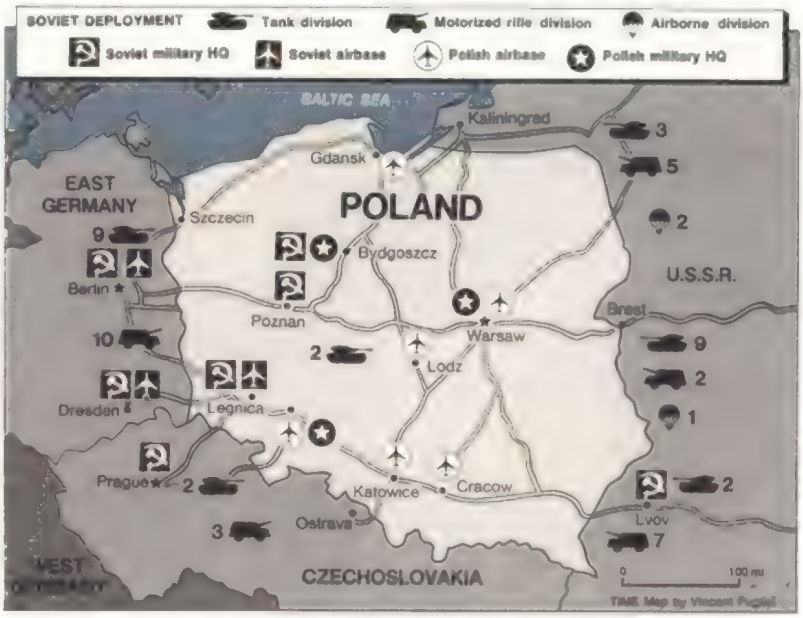
POLAND

Poised for a Showdown

With Soviet troops near by, the unions walk the tightrope

The choices were more sharply drawn than ever. Poland last week stood poised between what Warsaw Journalist Stefan Bratkowski called "a revolution of good sense," and a perilous showdown with its Soviet master. Everyone in Poland, after months of denying the obvious, finally acknowledged that Soviet intervention was a real possibility. Indeed, both the government and Solidarity, the federation of Poland's new independent unions, issued calls for moderation. But at the same time, the workers continued to test Moscow's patience with provocative moves. Solidarity brazenly announced the establishment of a special commission to defend jailed dissidents—just the sort of political gesture that the Kremlin has warned against. Meanwhile, farmers clamored for a union of their own. A huge ceremony marking the tenth anniversary of the bloody 1970 riots on the Baltic coast was planned for this week, and officials worried lest it get out of hand. If it did, Soviet troops stood on alert at Poland's borders. "The Poles," said a concerned analyst in Bonn, "seem to have a particular talent for courting national suicide." But the workers were not contemplating retreat. Said Union Leader Lech Walesa: "We are not cowards. We are not going back, ever."

U.S. intelligence experts in Washington believe that the Kremlin will sooner or later have to use force in Poland. The likelihood of intervention will remain high, they say, even if the recent Soviet military buildup turns out to be a bluff. With no sign of easing tensions, Western analysts revised their initially optimistic estimates of an earlier East bloc summit in Moscow. At that meeting Party Boss Stanislaw Kania may not have got a reprieve, as first thought. Instead, he was apparently read the riot act: either revive the party and get the country moving again—or else. "These talks were very difficult," a well-informed Polish journalist told TIME last week. "From our side there were no guarantees, and from our partners there was a notable lack of confidence."



Perhaps to soothe Moscow, Polish newspapers blamed the crisis atmosphere on the Western press. Reported *Zycie Warszawy:* "All the drama is to be found in news wires, newspaper columns, television and radio. None of it is in our country." Nevertheless, there was a sense that one misstep could bring tragedy. Poland's Roman Catholic bishops released a pastoral letter calling for calm and cooperation. It ended with a prayer: "Give us the spirit of peace and responsibility that there be no bloodshed or war. Defend us so that we may not lose the freedom won by our fathers at so large a cost."

The Western view that Soviet intervention is inevitable was rooted in a cold-blooded diagnosis of the Polish disease. Not only is it critical, it is chronic, degenerative and infectious. With nasty irony, Poland is proving that Marx was right: political crisis does sprout from economic difficulty. And in Poland's case, the economy is on the brink of collapse.

National income, the rough equivalent of gross national product, is expected to drop by 3% in 1980, making Poland the first East bloc country to suffer two consecutive declines. Its hard-currency debt to the West has risen to $23 billion; servicing it requires about 80% of its export revenues. Exports are down, largely because coal production is running more than 5% behind projections. Poor weather and absurdly low government price ceilings—a major disincentive to farmers—have contributed to a 12% decline in agricultural output. "Queues existed before, but now we have no food at all," complained a worker at the Ursus tractor factory outside Warsaw last week. Food exports, which earned $1.4 billion last year, have dwindled to a trickle.

Perhaps even more disturbing to the Kremlin, the Polish Communist Party is in disarray; it is seemingly unable to restrain the workers. Its discipline is poor and its morale worse. According to one report, local party groups have been attempting to reorganize without the blessing of the central committee. Astonishingly, an estimated 700,000 Communists, about a fourth of the party membership, have joined Solidarity.

Finally, Moscow is increasingly concerned that Poland's heresy will take hold in other East bloc countries, possibly in the Soviet Union itself. Says Marshall Goldman, associate director of Harvard's Russian Research Center: "If the Poles get away with it, the Russians know it will spread." Already, reports are multiplying that tiny free trade union movements may be cropping up in other Soviet satellites. The first explicit confirmation came in a speech, published only last week but delivered a month earlier by Jan Fojtík, a Czechoslovak party ideologist. "In connection with the events in Poland," he said, "people in many places in Czechoslovakia had begun to discuss the status of the unions

and their tasks in a socialist society."

Even though the Soviets are faced with all these compelling factors, intelligence experts believe that invasion represents an absolute last resort. A Western ambassador in Moscow asks rhetorically: "What would the tanks do after they got to Warsaw? They can't make the workers work." Indeed, it is more likely that Poland would become a giant welfare case leeching billions from the Soviet Union every year.

The prospect of bloody skirmishes with the highly nationalistic and traditionally anti-Russian Poles must also daunt Moscow. Although outmanned by Soviet forces on its border and hindered by outdated arms and equipment, the 210,000-man Polish army might put up some resistance. Says a Western diplomat in Warsaw: "I don't look for divisions to fight. But at the battalion and company level, they would." Last week Soviet officers in civilian clothes were reported to have moved into the Polish Defense Ministry; presumably their mission was to limit the potential for mutiny if intervention is called for.

Polish police and security forces are considered more responsive to party control than the conscript-laden army. If these internal forces could not control workers' strikes and uprisings, the Soviets could be "invited" into Poland by the Warsaw government. The Soviets could strike with upwards of 40 divisions, each consisting of 7,000 to 13,000 troops, according to an expert at the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London. The Soviets have 31 divisions in the western Soviet Union, 19 in East Germany, five in Czechoslovakia, two in Poland; they could also draw on troops affiliated with other Warsaw Pact nations. One Western observer estimates the Soviets "could be within effective control of large portions of the country within 24 hours after deciding to invade."

Intervention would ruin whatever chance the Kremlin leaders had of establishing rapport with the new Reagan presidency. The Soviets would also be throwing away what remains of détente not only with Washington but Western Europe as well. Concerted Western action was discussed in Brussels last week at the regular winter meeting of NATO foreign ministers. Quickened by the threat on Europe's own frontiers, they readily agreed to a joint response, with specific steps depending on the harshness of the Soviet action. Arms limitation talks would surely be suspended, and the West would probably withdraw from the Madrid Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. Coordinated economic sanctions could range from a suspension of trade credits to embargoes on food and high technology sales. Defense Secretary Harold Brown told NATO he had no doubt that "the West would also have to react by further building up its military capability." He won support for this even from the French. In a strong communiqué deliberately left unspecific to avoid provoking Moscow, the NATO foreign ministers warned that détente "could not survive if the Soviet Union were again to violate the basic rights of any state to territorial integrity and independence. Poland should be free to decide its own future."

While the NATO leaders did not entertain the possibility of military reponse, they discussed some risks that Alliance members could face in the event of an invasion. One example: the prospect of hundreds of Polish "boat people" escaping across the icy Baltic Sea, which would pose more than a refugee problem. "Do the Danes or the West Germans go to the protection of fleeing Poles with their frigates or patrol boats, and risk exchanging fire with the Russians?" asked a NATO official.

Union Leader Lech Walesa addresses Solidarity meeting in Warsaw; (left) monument to martyrs of 1970 Gdansk riots

As the week began, the Polish crisis was Washington's major foreign policy concern. Alarmed by fresh intelligence reports of Soviet military activity, President Carter summoned key advisers to the White House Sunday morning, and later in the day met with the National Security Council and congressional leaders. After these sessions, the White House said that "preparations for possible Soviet intervention in Poland appear to have been completed," and warned that such a step would have "very adverse consequences for U.S.–Soviet relations."

Administration officials were disturbed that Soviet troops had been brought closer to Poland's eastern border and that Moscow was continuing to call up reservists. Intelligence reports said that command and communication links between the Soviet Union and military facilities in East Germany and Czechoslovakia were also being put in top readiness. Said a senior Administration official: "It is our judgment that they are now ready to move."

Washington had two goals in making the strong statement. It wanted to emphasize to the Poles that the Soviets were poised to strike. It also wanted to arouse world opinion against the Soviets. Before the invasions of Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan, the U.S. did not publicize Soviet movements even though they were apparent. This time, officials reasoned, the U.S. should deny the Soviets the advantage of tactical surprise. As one Administration official put it: "To keep silent would have almost suggested complicity."

The pressure rose again the following day when TASS, the official Soviet news agency, warned that "counterrevolutionary groups" within Solidarity were turning to "open confrontation" with the Polish Communist Party and with factory and office administrators. At the Iskra ball bearing and spark plug factory in Kielce, TASS charged, workers had ousted the management and disarmed security guards. The dispatch, which originated in Warsaw, also said that officials of the pro-party trade unions had been replaced by "persons who openly adhere to antigovernment positions." Both Solidarity and the official Polish press denied the story.

It was the harshest attack yet on the new unions, and implied a dangerous drift toward lawlessness that needed rectifying. Significantly, the TASS report was broadcast by Radio Moscow, but did not appear in Soviet newspapers, suggesting it was intended for Poland and the West rather than domestic consumption.

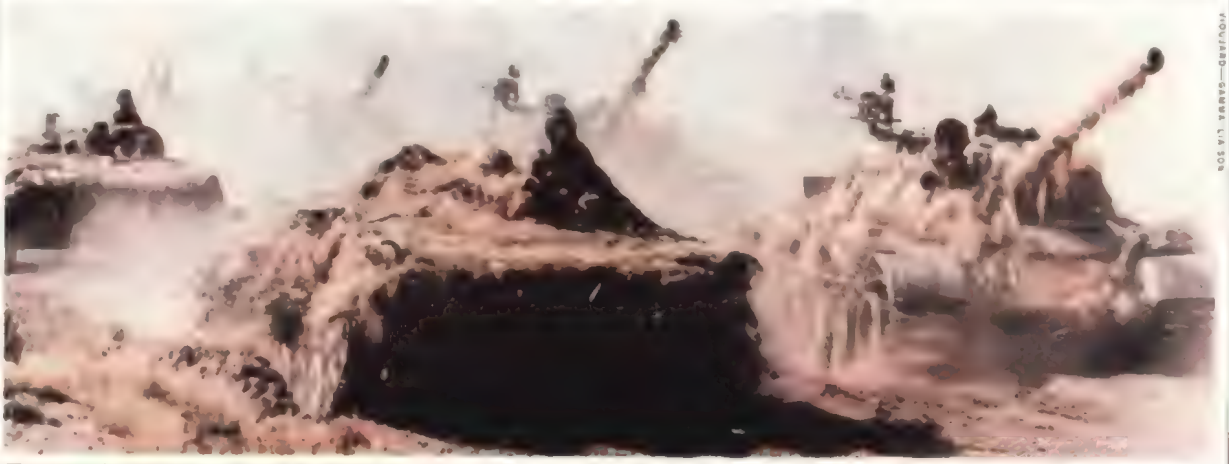
Three days later TASS carried portions of a truculent speech by Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov. Addressing a high-level military group whose proceedings would ordinarily be secret, Ustinov called for "heightened vigilance against the aggressive aspirations of imperialist forces, against the attempts of reaction to damage the positions of socialist countries, specifically of socialist Poland." The implication that pressures on Poland were external rather than internal was similar to charges made against "Western imperialists" and "West German revanchists" before the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

In Poland, the official army newspaper attacked Solidarity for three straight days. The newspaper, *Zolnierz Wolnosci*, lamented Poland's "lack of order," and underlined its strategic importance as a transportation and communications bridge between the Soviet Union and East Germany, the Warsaw Pact's western flank. Cautioned the paper: "Closing one's eyes to the imperialistic plans would mean suicide." In a tough speech on Saturday, Kania himself declared menacingly that his government had "enough justification and strength to curb the action of open foes of socialism."

The two-pronged propaganda assault kept Solidarity on the defensive—just as Moscow had hoped. Union leaders felt compelled to issue a statement denying that Solidarity was trying to spread "chaos and anarchy." Said the union: "We believe that negotiations are the best way to meet understandable worker demands and defend social interests." After months of steadily intensifying demands, Solidarity's leaders late last month declared a moratorium on strikes and urged the impatient rank and file to give the government some breathing space. Not only was the strike moratorium being heeded last week, but two of Solidarity's more militant locals were sounding almost repentant. The Warsaw branch said talk of a general strike had been a "mistake"—despite the fact that the workers' pressure won the release of two imprisoned Solidarity sympathizers. Similarly, leaders of the railway workers said it had been an "error" to shut down commuter lines in Gdansk and Warsaw several weeks ago.

Solidarity Leader Walesa seems torn between his impulse toward restraint and his desire to show that the unions cannot be cowed. In an interview with TIME he was alternately combative and cautious. "The authorities have been trying to provoke strikes, and these provocations are unacceptable," he said at one juncture. "If the government does not stop, we will really have a strike—a very serious one." A moment later, he was appeasing: "We do not want to strike, but our solutions will be adapted to circumstances."

Meanwhile, a new union claiming to represent 500,000 of Poland's 3.2 million private farmers scheduled a meeting this week to discuss ways of protesting the government's refusal to give it legal status. Under consideration are public demonstrations, sit-ins at local government offices and an interruption in food deliveries. Leaders of Rural Solidarity, as the movement is known, say that they will not call strikes unless their industrial counterpart approves, which is highly unlikely. Even so, the farmers have injected yet another substantial element of tension into the crisis. Said a West German Foreign Ministry specialist: "A month ago, even two weeks ago, an argument over the Warsaw court's decision not to register the farmers as an independent union would not have been so risky. But now a hair-trigger situation exists."



The master's might: camouflaged Soviet tanks and armored personnel carriers during this year's Warsaw Pact maneuvers in East Germany

Trust has been the pivotal element throughout Poland's four-month war of nerves. The unions have prevailed so far because they engender it and the regime does not. The government lost what little credibility it had ten years ago, when the army and police opened fire on rioting workers in Baltic seaports, killing at least 49. "It really started here in 1970," says an intellectual in Gdansk. "After 1970, both sides behaved differently." Tuesday is the tenth anniversary of that fateful day, and hundreds of thousands of Poles were expected to gather outside Lenin Shipyard's main gate to honor the fallen workers by dedicating a 138-ft.-high monument with three steel-girder crosses on top. To the old men sitting 730 miles away in the Kremlin, that scene would be a disturbing one indeed. —*By Stephen Smith. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof and Barry Kalb/Warsaw*

DIPLOMACY

Parleys About Peace and Power

Oil for India, but no withdrawal from Afghanistan

While Soviet divisions massed along Poland's borders, President Leonid Brezhnev coolly flew off to New Delhi last week to justify an earlier intervention by Moscow's forces. Addressing the Indian Parliament during a four-day state visit, Brezhnev scoffed at the notion that the invasion of Afghanistan a year ago might constitute a menacing precedent for Poland or any other country. "Opponents of détente," he charged, "are making a noise for all the world to hear about a 'Soviet threat' either to Pakistan or to the countries of the Persian Gulf, or God knows to whomever else. They know very well that there is no trace of such a threat."

Brezhnev's audience did not seem convinced. The Indian legislators sat in silence as the Soviet leader warmed to his subject, accusing the U.S. of "continuing to send armed gangs into Afghanistan," which thereby made it impossible for the Soviets to stop giving the Afghans "military assistance." This was disappointing news for Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who has been critical of the Soviet presence in Afghanistan, though she has maintained a consistently friendly attitude toward Moscow.

According to Brezhnev's principal spokesman on the trip, Leonid Zamyatin, the Soviet President had explicitly told Gandhi that Moscow's troops would remain in Afghanistan "until the end." In a statement written for TIME (Dec. 8), Zamyatin argued that the Soviet army had been dispatched to Afghanistan solely to rescue the country from "interference" by the U.S. and its allies.

Such explanations carried little weight in New Delhi; the Indians share the prevailing world view that the invasion was a blatant act of Soviet aggression. Still, Brezhnev did manage to find a formula that sounded promising to his listeners. He won a brief burst of applause when he proposed to turn the Indian Ocean into a "zone of peace," though he did not explain how this might be accomplished. Nonetheless, the concept was welcome to India, which has been worried by the increased movement of U.S. vessels in the ocean and the rapid buildup of an American military and naval base on the British-owned island of Diego Garcia.

Brezhnev also unveiled what he termed a new Soviet "doctrine for peace and security" in the Persian Gulf. He called on the U.S., its NATO allies, China and Japan to agree not to set up military bases or deploy nuclear weapons in any of the oil-producing countries of the region. This was a direct challenge to the Carter doctrine, enunciated after the Afghan invasion; it pledged the U.S. to protect the gulf and adjacent sea lanes from any Soviet threat. Washington promptly rejected Brezhnev's proposals. A State Department spokesman characterized them as "vague, inequitable and unworkable in practice." The Indian government prudently announced that it needed to study Brezhnev's scheme before venturing an opinion. But the Indian press was outspoken. Said *The Hindu* of Madras: "The plan is little more than the Soviet Union's propaganda points customarily aimed at the U.S. and now dressed up as a 'peace doctrine.' " The *Indian Express* of New Delhi pointed out the obvious: Brezhnev's proposals, if carried out, would undermine the Western military presence in the region but would leave the Soviet position untouched.

Afghan refugees demonstrating in New Delhi

The changed atmosphere in Indian-Soviet relations was reflected in the low-key welcome Brezhnev received. Though he was accorded the obligatory Chief of State reception at New Delhi's Palam Airport, where he was met by the Prime Minister, only a trickle of people turned out to greet him. Missing were the throngs who, during his 1973 visit, bore placards with sentiments like WELCOME BACK COMRADE BREZHNEV—TRUE FRIEND OF INDIA. The ailing 73-year-old Soviet leader, who had difficulty in walking unassisted, also experienced problems in reaching his residence. Instead of a triumphal motorcade, police had to whisk the Soviet leader through the back streets of the capital to avoid demonstrations by Afghan refugees carrying banners that read CRIMINAL BREZHNEV!

Still, India's leaders had no wish to offend their visitor. Afghanistan was never publicly mentioned by Gandhi during Brezhnev's trip, though she expressed hope that the "independence" of India's neighbors would not come "under jeopardy." Afghanistan also went unmentioned in the joint declaration released after Brezhnev's departure. The document blandly stated that both countries "reiterate their opposition to all forms of outside interference in the internal affairs of the countries of the region."

India clearly is determined to remain on good terms with the U.S.S.R.—for compelling economic reasons. New Delhi's trade with Moscow is expected to double in the next five years, reaching $12.9 billion by 1985, making the Soviet Union India's biggest trading partner. The Soviets last May sold arms to India worth $1.6 billion, under financing conditions that were much more favorable than those offered by any other country. Last week Brezhnev agreed to supply India with the 2.5 million tons of crude oil it desperately needs next year to help compensate for the oil that warring Iran and Iraq have failed to deliver. As New Delhi saw it, not mentioning Afghanistan in Brezhnev's presence was little enough to pay for that bonanza.

—By Patricia Blake. Reported by Marcia Gauger/New Delhi

D. P. MEHTA—CONTACT
Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and President Leonid Brezhnev at official reception

Not mentioning Afghanistan was little enough to pay for an oil bonanza.

EL SALVADOR

Aftermath of Four Brutal Murders

The government stonewalls a U.S. investigation

Soldiers wielding automatic rifles patrolled the dusty plaza outside as 14 priests celebrated a requiem Mass in the village church of Chalatenango, El Salvador. Local children, black-veiled peasant women and silver-haired men filled the pews alongside relatives of the deceased. Inside the coffins lay the bodies of two New York nuns, Sisters Ita Ford and Maura Clarke. Along with another U.S. nun, Sister Dorothy Kazel, and a lay worker, Jean Donovan, they had been murdered by right-wing terrorists who regarded their relief activities among the poor as "Communist work."

Even before all the victims had been buried, a three-man U.S. team headed by former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State William D. Rogers arrived in the strife-torn Central American country to investigate charges that government security forces had taken part in the killings. U.S. economic and military aid, totaling $25 million, was suspended until the matter could be clarified.

While the Rogers mission found nothing to implicate the high military command, there was what the State Department called "circumstantial evidence of possible security force involvement." Among other things, TIME has learned, the still secret U.S. report notes that Salvadoran National Police Chief Carlos López Nuila neglected to put out an "all points alert" after the U.S. embassy told him that the four women were missing. Furthermore, Defense Minister José Guillermo García, an influential right-wing member of the government, promised but failed to order an alert even though he was specifically requested to do so by an aide to U.S. Ambassador Robert White.

The day after the murders, according to the report, a priest near the village of Santa Rita Almendros was told by several peasants that they had been ordered by some National Police and local civil guardsmen to bury the bodies of four American women. Informed of this through the office of San Salvador's acting Archbishop Rivera y Damas, Ambassador White drove to the village about 30 miles east of the capital. There the bodies of the victims were found in an unmarked grave.

El Salvador's government seemed curiously unwilling to assist in the investigation. No ballistics tests could be performed, for example, because military doctors refused to recover the bullets or perform autopsies; they claimed not to have the proper surgical face masks. The U.S. team was not allowed to interview potential murder witnesses, including the local justice of the peace, who signed a hasty burial permit and presumably had information about the killings.

Four FBI agents arrived in San Salvador last week to launch a more thorough investigation. After days of stonewalling, the Salvadoran government belatedly named a "high-level civilian and military commission" to "find the guilty people and punish them." But the three military members of the new four-man commission included two close friends of Defense Minister García and a first cousin of Police Chief López Nuila.

Washington's ability to influence the Salvadorans has been hampered by the Carter Administration's lameduck status. Rightists throughout Latin America apparently expect the incoming Reagan government to reverse Carter's human rights policy and aid their fight against leftist rebels. Signals from the Reagan camp have done little to discourage such hopes. A Reagan transition team report, leaked to the press two weeks ago, named White as one of several U.S. envoys who would be replaced because they had acted improperly as "social reformers."

White, 54, a career diplomat, angrily charged the Reagan forces with undercutting his efforts to encourage peaceful reform. Said he: "When civil war breaks out in this country, I hope they get their chance to serve." U.S. Ambassador to Nicaragua Lawrence Pezzulo similarly accused the Reagan team last week of adding to political tensions.

Meanwhile, the most liberal member of El Salvador's five-man ruling junta, Colonel Adolfo Arnoldo Majano, was removed last week after a 300-to-4 no-confidence vote by his own military officers. Majano had led the coup against Dictator Carlos Humberto Romero in October 1979. He was also an architect of the junta's ambitious land-reform and banking-nationalization programs, which made him a bitter enemy of the right.

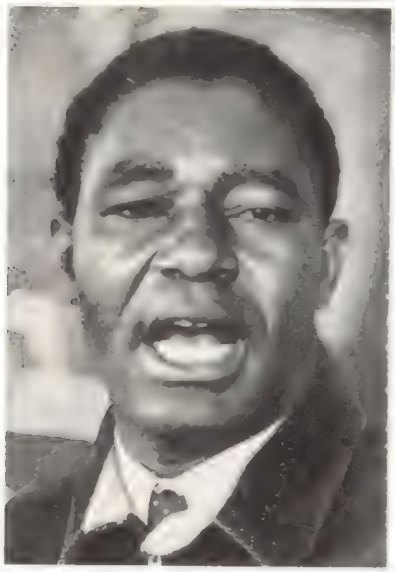
After Majano's sacking, leaders of the military and the Christian Democrat Party held round-the-clock negotiating sessions to reshuffle the government. At week's end Christian Democrat Leader José Napoleón Duarte emerged as a civilian President, while Colonel Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez was made vice president and commander in chief of the armed forces. The existing junta will now act simply as a legislative body. Duarte, a prominent liberal, has been a key moderating force in the junta. Gutiérrez has a reputation as a hard-lining conservative.

Whatever course the new government may take, it stands little chance of ending the political violence that has left nearly 9,000 people dead this year. But the Salvadorans at least made peace last week with neighboring Honduras, eleven years after their brief but bloody "soccer war" (so called because its immediate cause was a riotous football match between the two national teams). In a sort of prelude to the official treaty signing, the two national teams met on the soccer field twice last month and, diplomatically enough, traded 2-1 victories. Most Salvadorans seemed to welcome the games and the treaty as symbols of the peace they crave at home, so far in vain. *—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by James Willwerth/San Salvador*

ALON REININGER—CONTACT

Ambassador White questions local officials near the grave site of slain American women

A chance in the junta, but little chance of ending a spiral of political violence.



Acquitted Minister Edgar Tekere

ZIMBABWE

Ironic Justice

Saved by Ian Smith's law

"The trial was conducted according to the best traditions of our inherited judicial system," said Prime Minister Robert Mugabe. A white patron of a Salisbury pub had another view. "Happy New Year, everybody," he roared, pint in hand. "It's the last one you'll ever have in this place."

The case each referred to involved Zimbabwe's Minister of Manpower, Planning and Development Edgar Tekere, 43, and seven youthful bodyguards, charged with murdering a white farm manager four months ago. Flanked by his lawyer in a Salisbury courtroom last week, Tekere glowered menacingly as white South African–born Justice John Pittman, wearing the traditional red robe and curly wig, began reading the verdict. Pittman's dry voice droned on for 50 minutes, but his final words rang out like a shot: "All the accused are acquitted."

The chamber erupted in pandemonium. Tekere, barely fighting back his own tears, fell into the arms of his weeping wife. His jubilant supporters hustled him out of the courtroom and into a cheering throng of well-wishers, many of whom raised their arms in clenched-fist salutes. From upper-story windows of the courthouse, white civil servants gazed stunned and stony-faced at the impromptu fete.

According to his own testimony during the trial that began Nov. 3, Tekere and several other Cabinet members had attended a party last Aug. 3 at Stamford Farm, a large estate six miles west of Salisbury. During the festivities, the house was hit by a fusillade of rifle fire. Tekere and his bodyguards returned to the farmhouse the next day and attacked a nearby barracks occupied by five black soldiers of the national army, who were suspected of taking part in the previous night's assault. The soldiers fled to safety. The farm's white manager, 68-year-old Gerald ("Bill") Adams, was shot dead by one of Tekere's confederates as he tried to radio for help. The gunman, Joseph Chakanetsa, claimed to have fired in self-defense when Adams threatened him with a pistol.

The case was widely regarded as a crucial test for Mugabe's government. Tekere, a hot-tempered radical, is the third-ranking member of Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) and a popular figure among the 20,000 nationalist guerrillas still under arms. It was feared that his conviction might spark a violent reaction from ZANU militants. On the other hand, his acquittal seemed likely to enrage the country's 190,000 whites, prompting charges of a political fix and accelerating a white exodus that is now running at a rate of more than 1,000 a month. Wary of all these dangers, Mugabe insisted that the law should take its course.

In the end, Tekere and his co-defendants were saved from the noose by the 1975 Indemnity and Compensation Act, which shields government officials from conviction for acts committed "in good faith" to suppress terrorism. The law had been passed by the white minority government of former Prime Minister Ian Smith at the height of the Rhodesian civil war and remained on the books after black nationalists took over the government of newly independent Zimbabwe last April. (The law was repealed only after the Tekere trial began.) At the advice of their Gibraltar-born white lawyer, Nick McNally, the defendants claimed that they were only trying to protect government officials from a "terrorist" plot on their lives.

Judge Pittman rejected that argument and found both Tekere and his triggerman guilty of murder, an offense punishable by hanging. But the judge was outvoted by his two nonwhite assessors —lower court magistrates who fulfill the jury's role of deciding on questions of fact under the judicial system inherited from Rhodesia. The split decision led to acquittal. Tekere, whose prestige among militant nationalists will now surely be enhanced, emerged brash and unrepentant from the trial. He pronounced himself "thoroughly disgusted" by what he considered Pittman's racial bias and called for an "overhauling" of the judiciary. Shrugging off Adams' death as "just an unfortunate incident," he declared, "My fellow comrades and I are still at a loss as to what we did wrong." In parting, he offered this self-justification: "I am my leader's taskman, and to be a taskman, at times you have to be a bit radical and perhaps a bit unconventional." On the evidence, Edgar Tekere is certainly both. ■

Apparent Winner Milton Obote

UGANDA

Unruly Vote

And a muddled result

It was supposed to mark the country's full emergence from the dark epoch of Dictator Idi Amin Dada. But Uganda's unruly general election last week, the first in 18 years, only served to plunge the country deeper into its political muddle.

What one member of the British Commonwealth observer group called "the sheer sweep of maladministration" forced interminable queues of voters to wait for more than twelve hours at many polling booths. As a result, there was a second, unscheduled day of balloting. Even as the votes were counted, the ruling military commission headed by Paulo Muwanga first imposed, and then reversed, a highhanded decision to withhold the election results and even nullify them. Finally, after conflicting victory claims by the rival parties, the first official results showed that the apparent winner was the broadly based United People's Congress (U.P.C.), headed by Milton Obote, 56, the shrewd, sometimes ruthless former President who was deposed by Amin in 1971.

Obote was openly backed by Muwanga as well as by Uganda's watchful patron, President Julius Nyerere of neighboring Tanzania. The U.P.C. appeared to have captured at least 66 seats in the 126-seat Parliament, compared with 44 for the Catholic-oriented Democratic Party (D.P.) of Paul Ssemogerere, 48, a U.S.-educated, longtime Obote adversary. The outcome was immediately contested by the D.P., with accusations that Obote had been steamrolled to victory. In reply, the Ugandan Army unleashed a two-hour barrage of gunfire in Kampala to intimidate Ssemogerere's angry supporters. ■

GUYANA

Magic Majority

More election-day heroics

Industrial production is declining, consumer goods are in short supply, and political repression is mounting. That is not usually the kind of record that keeps incumbents secure in office. Yet in Guyana, President Linden Forbes Burnham, 57, felt more than confident that his 16-year-old regime would be returned to office in this week's national elections. As he boasted to cheering supporters of his People's National Congress party, "We are the only [party] that can produce for ourselves a 75% majority after the votes have been cast."

Indeed. Since coming to power after Guyana gained its independence from Britain in 1966, Burnham, an Oxford-trained lawyer, has often been accused of rigging his own election-day heroics. Critics claim that in 1973 he padded his first post-independence victory with the votes of 70,000 dead or nonexisting people. Guyana's army seized the ballot boxes after initial returns seemed to be turning against Burnham. When the results were announced a day later, he had won a satisfying two-thirds majority.

Under a new constitution that Guyana's rubber-stamp parliament approved in October, Burnham gained virtually limitless authority as President and Commander in Chief. Nonetheless, he called for another show of support—specifically, 75% of the electorate. Opposition candidates were not allowed to see a list of eligible voters, even after the government blithely removed more than 111,000 names, or about 20% of the electorate. There are accusations that other names have been added, including those of victims of the 1978 Jonestown massacre.

President Forbes Burnham

Not the first time that the vote was rigged.

Burnham has engineered substantial flows of Western aid (including $47 million pledged in the past four years from the U.S.) by warning against the perils of a victory by his Communist rival, Dr. Cheddi Jagan, 62, who was Guyana's Premier between 1957 and 1964. Particularly helpful was a $125 million credit line approved by the International Monetary Fund last July. Burnham has also sought favor with African and Communist bloc countries by nationalizing 80% of the Guyanese economy, including bauxite mines once owned by Alcan and Reynolds Metals. Although Guyana still has close relations with Cuba, Burnham promptly dispatched his fraternal greetings to Ronald Reagan after the U.S. election. Says Cheddi Jagan's American-born wife Janet, "Burnham has cards all over the place. He is totally amoral politically."

Burnham may be playing his cards recklessly, however. Production of sugar, rice and bauxite has fallen by nearly 30% this year, while corruption and black marketeering are rampant. Despite campaign harassment, a more broadly based movement called the Working People's Alliance has replaced Jagan's People's Progressive Party as Burnham's main opposition. Three W.P.A. activists have been killed in the past year, including one of the group's leaders, Historian Walter Rodney, 38. W.P.A. members blame the deaths on Burnham sympathizers and have urged Guyanese to boycott this week's vote. Since the government has excluded the new group from the ballot, Burnham's supporters are confident of a landslide victory. "These elections are not really for us," a member of the government told a Western diplomat last week. "They are for you." ■

FRANCE

Not So Funny

The comic is a candidate

The lights go down, the band strikes up, and the pudgy, red-nosed man in striped overalls trots onstage dragging a battered suitcase. France's favorite comedian Michel Colucci—known better as Coluche—is opening his nightly act at Paris' Théâtre du Gymnase. "Hey," Coluche begins in his usual patois, "we've negotiated a fantastic deal with the Soviets: we give them all our wheat, and they let us keep our coal." The son of an Italian immigrant house painter, Coluche, 36, has now become something more than a nightclub satirist puncturing the pretensions of politicians and diplomats in the coarse argot of *la France profonde*—the real France of factory workers, small farmers and shopkeepers. He has announced himself as a candidate in next year's presidential election, and according to one poll, 10% to 12% of Coluche's countrymen say they would vote for him.

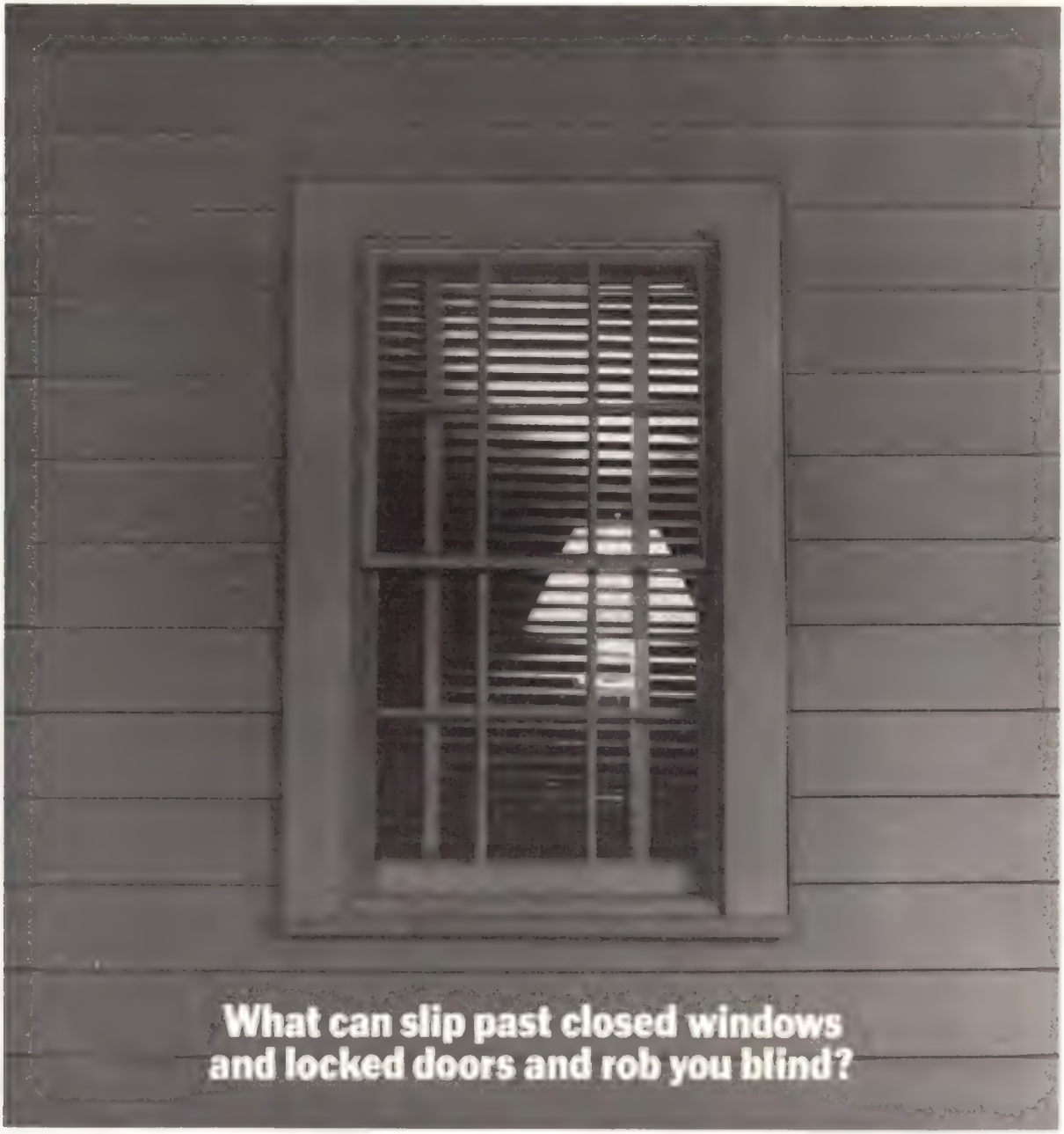
Comedian Coluche giving a familiar salute

A symbol of populist alienation.

All of which means Coluche is no joke to France's political Establishment. No other candidate for the Elysée Palace, left or right, has excited such a public response. In nightly routines that have turned into informal campaign speeches, Coluche presents himself as the champion of voters alienated from politics-as-usual and dissatisfied with predictable contenders. "A vote for me is an idiot vote," says Coluche. "But a vote for any of them is an imbecile vote." Professional politicians fear that Coluche's listeners may agree with his message. Says a Gaullist presidential candidate, Marie-France Garaud: "One should weep over his candidacy. It shows the disintegration of democracy."

What makes Coluche's move into politics viable at all is that the comedian has focused on problems that do disturb ordinary French voters. Unemployment has reached a near record 6.3%; the inflation rate is 13.5%. President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is expected to defeat his most serious opponent, only because his opposition on the left is so divided. Coluche is filling a void. More than 200 Coluche-for-President committees have sprung up across France, and he is confident that he will get the 500 signatures of elected local officials he needs to be placed on the ballot: there are, after all, more than 40,000 such officials to approach.

Coluche has pledged that he will quit the race next April after the first of the two rounds of voting for the presidency. "I don't want or expect to get elected," he insists, "but I want enough votes for all hell to break loose. Ideally, I'd like to create enough of a mess to provoke a crisis. What France really needs is a new constitution that distributes power more evenly instead of making the President a virtual monarch." That point has been seriously argued by some pundits. A few more such remarks and Coluche could begin sounding like a real politician. ■



In winter, it's the cold air that sneaks into the house you're trying to keep warm. In summer, it's cold air slipping out of the house when you want to keep it in. When your house leaks air badly enough, it can make your furnace and air conditioner work overtime, and send your energy bills sky-high.

Shell's popular Answer Book, The Home Energy-Saving Book, can show you easy do-it-yourself ways to fix those air leaks and cut your heating and cooling bills by up to 40%. It also contains many other simple tips to help you cut your overall home energy bills by up to 50%.

The book is absolutely *free*. You can pick one up at any participating Shell station. Or you can write to Shell Answer Books, P. O. Box 61609, Houston, Texas 77208.

Come to Shell for answers

ISRAEL

The "Struggle" of Peres and Rabin

A bitter battle for the Labor Party leadership

Growing popular dissatisfaction with Prime Minister Menachem Begin's government would seem to present the opposition Labor Party with a golden opportunity. Polls show that Labor would win an absolute majority of seats in the Knesset if elections were held today. Nonetheless, there is a possibility that the party, which ruled Israel from 1948 to 1977, may throw away its big chance to return to power. Reason: it is bogged down in a vindictive leadership battle that Israelis refer to simply as "the struggle."

The intensity of the feud has few parallels in other democracies. In one corner is aggressive, right-of-center Shimon Peres, 57, the former Defense Minister who is trying to retain the Labor Party leadership he inherited in 1977. In the other is cautious, centrist, former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, 58, who was discredited by scandal 3½ years ago, but has been battling ever since to regain the leadership. Peres and Rabin have served in Cabinets together, and they even live within two blocks of each other in the same Tel Aviv suburb of Ramat Aviv. Yet the two men are barely on speaking terms. They confine their mutual encounters to essential party business and seem almost to have difficulty uttering each other's names. Rabin accuses Peres of being willing to wreck the Labor Party for his own ambitions. Scoffs Peres about Rabin: "Our party does not have the concept of the messiah!"

The two antagonists were headed for a showdown this week as 3,101 delegates cast secret paper ballots for one or the other at the party's three-day convention in Tel Aviv's huge modern Mann Auditorium. Whoever wins will have a good chance of becoming Prime Minister at the next election, due in the fall of 1981 if not sooner. The loser could be relegated to years of political eclipse.

A tally of potential delegate strength indicated that Peres could win up to 70% of the convention votes. National polls, however, show that Rabin—with an abiding image as an essentially trustworthy leader—is the preferred choice for Prime Minister in the country as a whole (with a 24% approval rating, compared with 22% for Peres and 12% for Begin). If Peres wins decisively in the convention, say with more than 2,100 votes, Rabin may have to abandon any further challenge to his archrival. If the outcome is close, Rabin will have a powerful say in the makeup of any future Labor government.

Part of the bad blood is a basic personality clash. Rabin is a moody, taciturn introvert who is visibly uncomfortable with crowds. Peres is an outgoing gladhander who exudes an easy charm and tosses off aphorisms in at least four languages. Their public antagonism dates back to the aftermath of the 1973 Middle East war, when the two emerged as the most promising of a new generation of Israeli leaders. A career soldier for 27 years, Rabin was a former chief of staff who had made his mark with patient staff planning; he enjoyed the support of the Labor Party's broad, centrist faction. Peres, a political activist since the age of 16, was a precocious, widely traveled administrator who had been named director-general of the Defense Ministry at 29, and soon became a dominant figure in the party's right wing.

After Golda Meir's resignation as Prime Minister in 1974, Rabin defeated Peres for the party leadership, but by only 44 votes. Rabin was compelled to include Peres in his Cabinet as Defense Minister, but only with what he called "a heavy heart." Rabin did his best to keep Peres in his place. When the Defense Minister delivered a briefing, for instance, Rabin would show his impatience by swiveling round in his chair. Rabin also named General Ariel Sharon, the hero of the 1973 war, as his special military adviser, a role that clearly undercut that of the Defense Minister.

The feud turned into something of a national spectator sport, with innumerable tales of shouting matches and table thumpings at staff meetings. Peres was not only guilty of "exaggerated pretensions," Rabin later charged in his memoirs, but also of "trying to disrupt the workings of the government" and even of "lies and untruths." Peres was somewhat more circumspect in his criticism. But after the dramatic Israeli raid on Entebbe in 1976, the Defense Minister let it be known that Rabin had been "forced" by the Cabinet to authorize the raid. Peres privately spread the word that he considered Rabin to be a "weak" Prime Minister who should be replaced.

When the party nomination for Prime Minister came up in February 1977, Rabin scraped through with another narrow victory. He was forced to step down in April, when a scandal exploded over the discovery that he and his wife had held an illegal foreign bank account in Washington, D.C. Peres was quickly chosen as Labor's replacement candidate for Prime Minister, only to be resoundingly upset by Begin in the election five weeks later.

For all the sparks of their personal friction, Rabin and Peres have no significant ideological or policy differences. Both advocate tough budget cutting and tight foreign currency control to fight Israel's punishing triple-digit inflation. On matters of foreign policy, both want to maintain close relations with the U.S. and honor the Camp David agreements. Rabin and Peres subscribe to the "Jordanian" option, under which most of the occupied West Bank would revert to joint Jordanian-Palestinian control.

Unless they settle their feud once and for all, neither man may get a chance to test those policies in office. "By the time the [Rabin-Peres] battle is over," Jerusalem *Post* Columnist Philip Gillon commented recently, the winner "will have as much hope of beating Begin as a celluloid dog would have of catching an asbestos cat in Hades." —*By Jordan Bonfante. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem*

Party Leader Shimon Peres

Challenger Yitzhak Rabin

If the feud continues, a golden opportunity could be thrown away.

"Puerto Rican white rum makes a smoother dry martini than gin or vodka."

"We consider our Puerto Rican white rum martini a classic."

Equestrian trainer Hector Gandia and his wife, artist Janet D'Esopo

The white rum martini is every bit as crisp and dry as the gin or vodka variety. Yet it possesses a smooth refinement the others lack.

White rum also makes decidedly smoother drinks mixed with tonic or soda, or in Bloody Marys.

All because every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year, by law. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Hint: Some bartenders maintain that the crispest white rum martinis are shaken instead of stirred.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. T-16, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

©1980 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

The Seven Lean Years

There is no quick fix for the Everything Crisis caused by energy prices

Once more the stage is set, the actors are in place and the grimly familiar ritual is preparing to play itself out. The price of oil is rising once again. Like a waking nightmare that seems never to end, the energy crisis of leaping prices, dwindling supplies and multiplying miseries goes on and on

In all the sweep of postwar history, no event, no issue, no political or social process has more profoundly shaken the established world order, or brought about more rapid and tumultuous economic change, than the end of the era of cheap oil. This change has been called the energy crisis, but the term is too limiting. Rather than being merely an ongoing trauma over oil, the energy debacle has become a crisis of economics, of politics, of the very balance of power in world affairs. In short, it is an all-embracing, mesmerizing Everything Crisis.

The immediate focus is Bali, Indonesia, where the jet-about oil ministers of the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries are gathering this week. The occasion will be OPEC's 59th ministerial meeting since the cartel was founded in 1960. Looming over all other discussions: whether to push up the cost of oil beyond the $30 Saudi benchmark price and the $37 per bbl. ceiling price set in June.

Seven lean years have passed since OPEC, in a few short weeks of 1973 and 1974, began radically manipulating worldwide petroleum prices by increasing the cost of a barrel of crude from $2.41 to $10.95. Since then, oil-consuming countries have paid the oil producers a staggering $370 billion for the precious black product that is essential to industrial survival. Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani warns that oil could easily rise to as much as $60 per bbl. in the foreseeable future *(see box)*.

Until recently, bulging worldwide inventories in the oil-importing nations acted as a brake on rising prices. But the war between Iran and Iraq, which has cut total OPEC production by about 3.5 million bbl. per day, has created pressure for higher prices. Repeated bombings and shellings have reduced to rubble the refineries and export facilities in the two countries, and experts believe that it would take up to a year after hostilities ended before normal export levels could be resumed.

With the supply outlook clouding over, oil companies have become reluctant to draw down their inventories. As a result, prices have begun to rise for both crude and a variety of refined products like heating and diesel oil and gasoline. The little oil now being sold on the spot market is commanding about $40 per bbl. The price of heating oil on the East Coast is expected to increase from about $1 per gal. to perhaps $1.25 per gal. by early next year. Those rising prices are themselves encouraging cartel members to seek crude oil increases, thus intensifying the vicious circle of spiraling prices

Though OPEC seems invariably to profit from the suffering of its customers, the organization has hardly engineered the crisis from which it is benefiting. Instead, the group has merely been a catalyst, if a particularly jarring one, for economic changes that were bound to come. Petroleum prices have been going up because worldwide demand for oil has been increasing relentlessly while supplies have fallen. The cartel's policies have been designed to exploit the opportunity and earn a higher profit from petroleum sales.

In the U.S. the tumult of soaring prices and unpredictable supplies has played havoc with the economy for years. Since 1973 there have been two recessions, and as energy prices have soared they have helped propel inflation to one of the highest sustained levels in the nation's peacetime history. The U.S. now stares at the possibility of perhaps a decade of 10% or higher an-

nual inflation. The lives of Americans, from the clothes they wear to the cars they drive, have been profoundly altered.

In other developed countries, the damage has been equally severe. The rising cost of crude has flooded international banks with billions upon billions in petrodollars, and strained the world monetary system to the breaking point. Nations everywhere now confront the prospect of a long period of slow growth. France's recently released five-year economic plan for the first time makes no growth predictions at all. Rather, it says darkly, "tomorrow will be worse than today."

In the oil-thirsting nations of the Third World, the skyrocketing price of petroleum has threatened the virtual bankruptcy of whole economies, destabilized political systems, and even toppled governments. At one extreme, the social unrest that led to this year's military coup in Turkey was fueled, to a considerable extent, by the inability of that nation to maintain normal economic growth in the face of ever higher prices for imported oil. The Iranian revolution, on the other, was spurred by precisely the opposite problem: a far too rapid, and socially disruptive, industrial development that was made possible by inflated oil prices.

Diplomatically, the need of Western countries for petroleum imports from Arab suppliers has strained relations with Israel and among members of the NATO alliance. A pessimistic study titled *Energy and Security*, which was published last week, warns that only dramatically strengthened energy security programs can protect oil-importing nations from the shocks and chaos of supply interruptions.

With oil costs soaring, the hunt for alternatives to OPEC petroleum has become a global obsession. To bolster conventional sources of crude, oilmen are drilling more and deeper than ever before. Often they are going to depths of 15,000 ft. or more, and frequently in storm-tossed seas that not even a seasoned mariner would care to navigate. A record 60,000 new oil and natural gas wells are expected to be dug in the U.S. this year, as compared with 27,602 in 1973. Meanwhile, engineers are racing to find new and more effective methods to recover the estimated 75% of oil that remains in the ground after conventional pumping is completed.

As the energy squeeze has tightened, nations have begun returning to the fuels of an earlier age. With the expanded use of nuclear power now stalled in the U.S. by concerns over safety and waste-disposal problems, Washington has instead been pushing a program to boost the nation's use of coal by perhaps as much as 50% within the coming four or five years. Coal is by far the U.S.'s most plentiful fossil fuel, but it is difficult to mine and transport and dirty to burn. According to a study released last week by the 23-member International Energy Agency in Paris, the potential use of coal by the U.S. or other nations during the 1980s might be badly exaggerated.

As oil reserves have been slowly depleted, intensive efforts have begun to develop and exploit solar power, as well as the energy that is contained in the movement of wind and waves, and other even more unusual renewable fuel sources. In New Mexico, Massachusetts and elsewhere around the U.S., homeowners are already receiving electricity generated by large-scale windmills. In the research labs of numerous countries, scientists are struggling to bring down the manufacturing cost, and improve the efficiency, of so-called photovoltaic cells that convert sunlight directly into electrical energy. Research has quickened on the development of everything from alcohol-powered cars to vehicles that run on natural gas and even compressed air. In New England, long-abandoned dams built for the region's early industrial age are being refurbished as small-scale hydroelectric plants.

Meanwhile, energy conservation has become a preoccupation. Climbing fuel prices have forced people to change from energy wastrels to power misers. In New England, a woodstove in the living room has become as fashionable as a Duncan Phyfe table in the dining room. In the Sunbelt states, homeowners are installing ceiling fans and switching off air conditioners. In offices and factories around the country, architects and energy ex-

Natural gas being flared from Mideast oil wells in Qatar

"Give the Olympus OM-10... and never worry about what to give again."

Cheryl Tiegs

The moment you give the Olympus OM-10 you can stop worrying about what to give next birthday, next anniversary, next Christmas, next Chanukah, next anytime

First gift: the camera

Olympus OM-10. The most innovative Single Lens Reflex of its time. Fully automatic. Conveniently compact. Operationally simple. With exclusive Olympus Off-The-Film metering that assures perfect shots even if the light changes *during* exposure. So you can take every single picture with complete confidence

Gifts and more gifts

Next, give the automatic Olympus T-20 flash. It's certain to light up a smile.

Then give an Olympus interchangeable lens. Wide-angle, telephoto, zoom. There are more than 33 Olympus lenses made to fit the OM-10.

A quick gift idea. An Olympus auto winder that accelerates film advance to 2.5 frames per second. Fast enough for professional action shooting.

And before you know it, you'll be ready to give an Olympus camera bag. They're handsome and big enough to handle all those Olympus gifts.

A lifetime of gifts

You can choose from more than 250 precision-designed gift accessories crafted by Olympus to fit the OM-10. A lifetime of gifts you'll be proud to give. Or receive

For information on giving (or owning) the remarkable OM-10 write Olympus, Woodbury, N.Y. 11797. In Canada, contact W. Carsen Co., Ltd., Toronto.

OLYMPUS®

Excellence by design.

perts are retrofitting and redesigning buildings to capture and re-use the waste heat thrown off by everything from human bodies to computers.

The roots of the American energy problem trace back to the earliest days of the postwar era, when unimagined torrents of cheap oil gushed from the oilfields of the U.S. More than anything else, it was the U.S.'s policy of cheap and abundant oil that shaped the nation's destiny. Japan and Western Europe, which lacked domestic petroleum supplies, kept the price high for the precious fuel. But the U.S. went ahead pumping, refining and burning oil as if it were a magic elixir.

Cheap energy provided enormous benefits. The U.S. was able to substitute machine power for manpower, and resulting productivity increases more than doubled the American standard of living during the two decades before the start of the energy crisis. Yet in the process, tens of millions of Americans became prisoners of low-cost crude. Oil-heated homes, gasoline-powered cars, plastic packaging for food, synthetic fibers for the garment industry, and fertilizers used by farmers—all these were silent, and largely ignored, reminders of the nation's addiction to Demon Crude.

The carefree attitude persisted even after overall domestic oil production began to tail off in 1970. Heedlessly, the nation slipped into the bondage of foreign suppliers. By 1972 the U.S. was importing upwards of 4.7 million bbl. daily, or about 25% of its total consumption. Since 1972 the cost of imported oil to the U.S. has leaped from $4.7 billion per year to a projected $79 billion for 1980. The figure for 1981 could well exceed $100 billion, making OPEC now, in effect, the second biggest tax burden on the American people after the U.S. Government itself.

The experience since 1973 proves that there is simply no quick fix to the problem of surging energy prices and unstable supplies. In fact, both conditions are likely to grow worse as the decade progresses. Yet the cumulative effect of hundreds of minisolutions and conservation efforts—from the development of fuel-efficient cars and homes to the accelerated burning of coal by electric utilities and industry—does offer real hope for a long-term easing of the energy squeeze. As the saga of the past seven years shows, the world is not running out of energy per se, but only out of cheap oil. The outlook for years to come is one of continuing turmoil as people everywhere learn to husband precious energy and find new sources of power. In the end, that alone will be the solution to the Everything Crisis. —*By Christopher Byron. Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington and Bruce van Voorst/Brussels*

Some Blunt Talk from OPEC

For 18 years Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani has been Saudi Arabian Oil Minister and Mr. OPEC. *Just before leaving for this week's meeting of the oil cartel in Bali, Indonesia, Yamani sat down in his Riyadh office with* TIME *Correspondent Bruce van Voorst to discuss the energy outlook. Some excerpts from the interview:*

Q. There was an oil shock in 1974 and another in 1979. Does the world now face a third one?

A. It depends on how you behave. Your storage tanks have been overflowing. If your oil companies act responsibly and start drawing down these stocks to head off unnecessary panic, I think you'll get through this winter without price increases like those in 1979. If you keep stocks at present levels, the price will go up to at least $60 per bbl.

Q. Why would companies hoard oil?

A. Either because of a psychological fear of shortages or because it is in their interest to let the price of oil rise and then make more money. They are clever people.

Q. How long is the Persian Gulf war likely to continue?

A. Unless the Iraqis and Iranians can pump and export some oil, the war will end very soon. They need the revenues.

Q. How severe is the oilfield damage?

A. We understand that the damage to the Iraqi installations is not that bad. It appears that Iraq could pump at least 1.6 million bbl. per day early next year. The Iranians probably much less.

Q. Could the U.S. protect Saudi Arabia in a crisis in the Middle East?

A. You are not protecting us. When you send your airplanes, you are defending your own interests. If anything happens to the oilfields of Saudi Arabia, your economy will be in ruins. Our defense should be strengthened, and we expect the U.S. to give us the help we need.

Q. As in 1974, many developing nations are struggling to pay their oil bills. Will the world's banks be able to successfully recycle surplus OPEC money into loans for these countries?

A. We were more worried in 1974 about the recycling problem. The sums of money are bigger now, but we understand the process better. I don't think the banking system has reached its lending capacity. It can expand where necessary.

Q. What role will the big international oil companies play in the future?

A. Gradually they lost their role in oil exploration and production, and now they are losing it in refining and the petrochemical industry. The companies were the buffer element between the producers and the consumers until we took the pricing matter into our own hands. I don't think that you can eliminate companies all of a sudden. They'll be there, but only with their technology and as a service operation.

Q. Did the Carter freeze of Iranian assets have a serious impact on your thinking about investments in the U.S.?

A. If anyone tells you it did not affect our thinking, then he is lying.

Q. What are the prospects that OPEC will index the price of oil to protect it from Western inflation?

A. Good. Not under the present circumstances, but immediately after the Iran-Iraq war is over. Indexation is the cornerstone of our long-term strategy.

Q. Do you have any plans to cut production back to the 8.5 million bbl. per day level that existed prior to the Iranian revolution?

A. If I returned to a ceiling of 8.5 million bbl. per day, that would immediately affect you. It would remove 2.5 million bbl. per day from the market, and the price of oil would be $60 at least. But why should we keep our production at abnormally high levels without a *quid pro quo*?

Q. During the Arab oil embargo in 1973, there was talk of U.S. military intervention in the Middle East. Does that possibility concern you?

A. It sounds like a joke. For anyone who knows the nature of the oilfields and the sensitivity of the area, it cannot be taken seriously.

Oil for the Lamps of Reagan

A new breed of advisers will push for more production

Ronald Reagan has some good energy news to greet him next month when he takes office. Americans are now using less fuel. Each American this year will use up an estimated 350 million B.T.U.s of energy (the equivalent of 60.3 bbl. of oil), as compared with 358 million in 1979. In addition, the U.S. so far this year has been importing 19.4% less foreign oil than in 1979. Domestic drilling activity is also at an alltime high, as wildcatters dig wells in the prairies of Wyoming and off the coast of Alaska.

The President-elect, though, also faces a darker side of the energy situation. Total U.S. crude oil consumption this year is about 16.8 million bbl. per day, and 6.7 million bbl. of that is imported. Despite their heavy drilling, oilmen are finding fewer gushers. By 1990, U.S. oil production will have diminished by about 20% from current levels. Thus, the U.S. will continue for most of the decade to be vulnerable to Middle East petroleum cutoffs and exorbitant OPEC price demands.

The energy philosophy of the outgoing Carter Administration and that of the new Reagan team do not vary greatly. Underlying both approaches is a desire to find and tap more domestic fuel sources. But the programs of the two administrations are likely to be very different in degree and pace. Reagan has already indicated that he will pursue the goal of increasing domestic energy production, especially of oil and gas, much more aggressively than Jimmy Carter.

The President-elect has a long commitment to the concepts that the U.S. will have to produce, rather than conserve, its way to energy sufficiency and that the free market, rather than the Federal Government, should play the main role in developing future energy sources. "I would get the Government out of the energy industry and turn oilmen loose in the marketplace," Reagan told campaign rallies. The new Administration, therefore, expects to emphasize production by decontrolling natural gas prices before 1985, when controls are due to languish anyway, and to maintain the timetable set up by the Carter Administration for phasing out oil price regulations by the fall of 1981. Reagan has also indicated that he would open up federal wilderness areas of Alaska and more offshore land for exploration and drilling.

DIANA H. WALKER

Houston Oilman Michel Halbouty

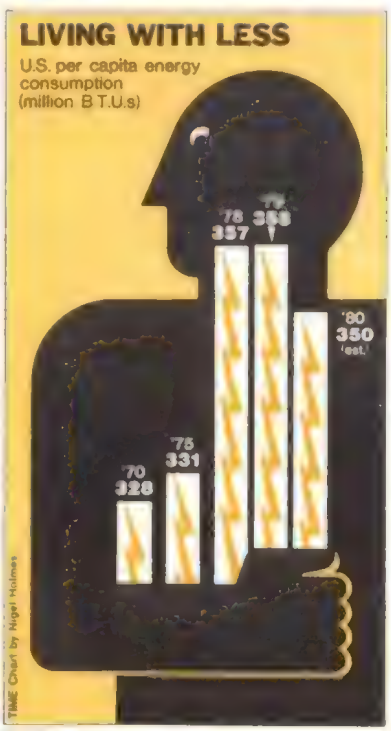
The policy advisers around Reagan are very different from those who surrounded Carter. Environmentalists and consumer advocates have been replaced by oil company executives and geologists. Reagan's main cicerone through the tangled thicket of energy policy is Michel Halbouty, 71, an unpolished and sometimes profane wildcatter who looks like the suave character actor Vincent Price. Reagan last August appointed the feisty critic of government regulation as chairman of his Energy Policy Task Force. Since then, Halbouty has been able to recruit an impressive roster of corporate chieftains from Shell Oil, Standard Oil of California and Du Pont to serve with him.

Halbouty's task force wrote a report on energy that was sent to Reagan the day after the election. It charged that the Carter energy program was designed to impede production and curtail consumption. Said the report: "Instead of unleashing the resources of a wealthy nation, we have, in the name of saving energy for some unspecified future time, tucked energy away like a rare bottle of wine." The Halbouty study contended that the U.S. can produce as much oil and gas in the future as it has in its entire history. The report claimed that there is more oil in one area of potential shale production than has been discovered in all the Middle East. The group, though, failed to say where that bonanza is located. They also pointed out that the U.S. has 60 times more coal than oil, 40 times more coal than natural gas, and is still the world leader in most energy technologies.

Reagan has not yet decided on many key details of his energy program, including how to restructure the Department of Energy and whether to cut back the $20 billion synfuel development program. When he does, he will find a fairly cooperative Congress eager to study his proposals. The Republican-dominated Senate is likely to revise some pollution regulations and to open up more public lands to coal mining and oil exploration. Republicans also have an ideological majority in the House, where 40 Southern Democrats often vote with them on energy issues. Nonetheless, a few of the more controversial aspects of the report, like the speedier licensing of nuclear plants and the rapid construction of nuclear waste dumping facilities, may face strong opposition.

The oil industry, which has some of the most skilled lobbyists in Washington, is not expecting quick legislative changes during a Reagan Administration. But it is looking forward to better relations with the federal energy bureaucracy. Says one oilman: "We will at least be moving away from the days when the participants in Earth Day became assistant secretaries at the Department of the Interior."

Even with a shift in atmosphere, President Reagan is likely to find himself in the same narrow valley of limited options that Carter experienced. Already before the election, the Californian was forced to back off from some of his more controversial energy stands. He stopped insisting that the nation could solve its fuel problems in five years, and he began to talk about disciplining, rather than disbanding the Department of Energy. His criticism of the $227 billion windfall profits tax on oil companies became tempered after aides realized that he would need those tax revenues if he wanted to cut personal income taxes, accelerate business depreciation and increase defense spending. The political and economic trade-offs of presidential policymaking are about to become an important factor in energy policy. *—By Julie Connelly. Reported by Jeanne Sadler/Washington and Jacqueline Schmeal/Houston*

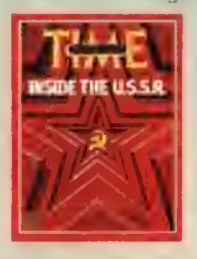


Give TIME for Christmas... and announce your gift with this FREE Pocket Diary and Planner!

This year, why not wrap up your best wishes for the holidays with TIME Magazine. The newsmagazine that invented the newsmagazine. And the name that means news to more people in more places around the world than any other single source.

And right now, you can give a whole year's worth of TIME's colorful coverage (52 weekly issues) at the low holiday gift rate of only $27. That's an $8 savings off the regular subscription price.

Along with your gift of TIME, your friends will also receive a bonus... the handsome 1981 Pocket Diary and Planner. This elegant Diary features a convenient "week-at-a-glance" appointment planner for the entire year... a tabbed index for important names, addresses and phone numbers... a handy inside pocket for currency and credit cards... plus a replaceable note pad.



We'll send you a Diary FREE for <u>each gift</u> of TIME you give... so you'll have something extra to wrap and send or put under the tree to announce your gift subscription.

To give TIME to friends, family, colleagues—anyone, in fact, who enjoys good reading and lively reporting—just fill in and return the accompanying card. Or, for faster service, call toll-free: 800-621-8200 (in Illinois: 800-972-8302).

You'll save with TIME's once-a-year gift rate, and receive a FREE Pocket Diary and Planner to announce your order before the holidays.

there ought to be a law against blah cigarettes!

Well, there is one. It's the KOOL law, whereby every cigarette has to deliver a sensation so refreshing that it goes beyond mere tobacco taste. Every KOOL does, even ultra low 'tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS. So, abandon those dull cigarettes and C'mon up to KOOL. We rest our case.

the coolest taste around C'mon up!

Super Lights Kings, 7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Jan. '80.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Nukes: Not Nice, but Necessary

The crippling legacy of the accident at Three Mile Island

For American nuclear power development, it has been the worst of times. Though the U.S. still draws about 12% of its electricity from 70 atomic plants, 15 other nuclear facilities were canceled after last year's accident at Three Mile Island, and no new reactors have been ordered in two years. Meanwhile, antinuclear lawsuits and Government regulations have pushed the start-up time for a new plant to as long as 15 years. Costs have increased accordingly.

Development of nuclear power has come to a virtual standstill in the U.S., even though energy analysts are generally convinced that the broader use of atomic energy is inevitable. New technologies to harness solar, wind and geothermal energy are not expected to be commercially significant for at least another 20 years. A National Academy of Sciences study this year concluded that, without some more nuclear power in the next few decades, the U.S. will come to rely too heavily on coal, causing possible irreversible damage to the world's environment. Concludes George W. Cunningham, an Assistant Secretary of Energy: "We can survive without nuclear energy, but we cannot have a healthy, growing economy and an improved standard of living for those who need it."

Two major hurdles remain in the path of atomic energy. The first is the disposal of nuclear waste. Spent fuel rods contain radioactive isotopes that remain potentially lethal for thousands of years. The industry believes that there are several ways to handle the problem. The most promising is vitrification, a process that mixes the nuclear waste with glass; the material hardens into a black solid cylinder which is easy to store.

The second, and possibly more difficult hurdle will be convincing the public that nuclear plants can be safely used and turned off in emergencies. An electrical generating plant that is powered by coal, oil or natural gas can be stopped in minutes. But the process can be much more perilous at a nuclear facility. When malfunctions occur, the nuclear reaction that produces the energy cannot be shut down instantly; even afterward, heat and radioactivity remain. Three Mile Island demonstrated that control-room personnel are not always prepared to handle an emergency. In the past year the nuclear industry and the Government spent millions of dollars to improve control-room warning systems and to upgrade training programs. Even among nuclear proponents, though, there is still some concern about the danger of human error.

One remote solution to many of atomic energy's problems may be nuclear fusion. The fission reactors now in use create energy by splitting atoms apart, but in fusion, atoms are smashed together. This method is potentially cheaper and safer. Experts, however, say that the technology is at least 25 years off.

While the U.S. remains traumatized by the Three Mile Island incident, other industrialized nations are moving rapidly in the field of nuclear power. The most aggressive program now belongs to France, which plans to draw 75% of its electricity from the atom by 1990. In 1983 France will complete work on its massive 1,200-megawatt Super Phénix, the country's second fast-breeder reactor. France also leads in developing types of nuclear-waste disposal technology.

The British government has decided to build 20 new reactors, and it hopes that these will provide half of the country's electricity by the year 2001. Sweden, where the public supported the continued development of nuclear energy in a referendum in March, is going ahead with plans to more than double its nuclear capacity by 1988. The Soviet Union, West Germany and Japan expect that by 1990 they will be able to produce about 25% of their electricity from nuclear power.

Many European and Japanese leaders criticize American timidity over atomic power. They hold the U.S. responsible for slowing international research and development on the reprocessing of spent nuclear fuel and new technology for breeder reactors. Says former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt: "Nobody should pretend that mankind can return to nuclear innocence." ■

George C. Scott (left) and Marlon Brando acting synfuelishly in *The Formula*

Hollywood Finds a Plot

Time: the end of World War II. Berlin is burning. The Nazi high command sends one of its generals to negotiate an equitable peace with the Allies. His sole bargaining chip is the top-secret formula that produces synthetic fuel which has powered the German fighting machine throughout the war. On route to his rendezvous, the Nazi is captured by an American patrol. Then, in a classic scene of capitalist connivance, an American major takes the formula from him, shakes the Nazi's hand and says: "General, from now on, the world is going to be one big happy corporation."

That is the beginning of *The Formula*, an MGM film that opens nationally this week and stars George C. Scott and Marlon Brando. The movie panders to the many who believe that the energy crisis is all just a plot by Big Oil. In this case the energy companies have a formula for cheap fuel, but they are keeping it a secret in order to maintain high prices and gouge the public.

Oil companies are naturally unhappy about once again being cast in the role of the heavy. Mobil Oil lawyers have met privately with MGM officials to object. Says a Mobil spokesman: "This is not even a good piece of fiction." The clear winner from the film is Marlon Brando, who received a reported $250,000 a day for ten days' work. That is a real formula for making money.

DAVID FALCONER

A citywide program to cut energy use by one-third has homeowners installing storm windows

The New Conservation Chic

Portland blazes trails in the battle to cut fuel costs

Two years ago, Portland, Ore., Physician Donald Trelstad and his wife Cindy, put a $450 wood-burning stove in the kitchen of their rambling turn-of-the-century home. Last March they spent $2,400 on storm windows. After the installation of a second wood stove this winter, they expect to shut down their old oil furnace for good. Boasts Cindy: "We could afford the oil bills. It's just that we'd rather not give the money to the Arab cartel. We're sort of proud of the fact that we won't burn any oil."

Conservation has become both chic and controversial in Portland, which has perhaps the most far-reaching municipal energy-saving programs in the U.S. The city government has tried to fight fuel waste by discouraging the use of automobiles and by encouraging citizens to weatherize their homes and businesses. The goal is to reduce the city's total energy use by one-third by 1995.

To get cars off the streets, the city has built an efficient new bus system. The centerpiece is the $15 million, twelve-block-long Portland Mall. Every bus route in the city begins and ends on this spacious thoroughfare, where travelers conveniently change from one coach to another. Since the mall's opening, bus ridership has risen 35%. In 1984 the city will complete a $100 million trolley line between Portland and its eastern suburbs.

Weatherization, though, has been highly contested. In August of 1979 the city council decreed that all homes and shops had to be insulated by 1984 or they could not be put up for sale. But many residents claimed that the action violated their property rights. In a special referendum last month, voters shelved the measure for the time being.

For Portland residents who are weatherizing their homes voluntarily, the city has put together an $18 million fund to provide low-interest loans. Local utility companies, which have discovered that it is more economical for them to finance home insulation than to build new power plants to meet higher energy demand, also provide no-interest loans for fuel-saving projects.

Some Portlanders are experimenting with solar energy, despite the city's often rainy climate. Michael Roach, a clothing importer, has installed a sun-powered water-heating system that has cut his natural gas bill in half. The city council has another innovative proposal to encourage the use of solar power: Roach and others will be permitted to buy air rights so that no tall buildings or trees will ever be able to throw a shadow over their place in the sun. ■

Proof It Works

Alcoholic driving in Brazil

The spurting price of oil has prompted both scientists and backyard tinkerers to try tapping alternative forms of energy, ranging from sun power to geyser power. Not waiting for these exotic energies to arrive, Brazil is making an all-out effort to exploit a quite ordinary, but until now underused, power source: alcohol distilled mainly from its bumper crops of sugar cane. Already, 230,000 of the automobiles moving along Brazil's roads are powered by pure alcohol instead of gasoline. By 1982, Brazil hopes to have produced at least 1 million alcomobiles. Except for a few minor engine alterations, the cars look and run like standard models. And instead of putting out the acrid smell of gasoline fumes, the autos give off an odor resembling vanilla.

Filling up an alcomobile

Dependent on foreign suppliers for 85% of its petroleum needs, Brazil fears that an unchecked appetite for oil could stunt the country's growth and worsen its already horrendous 109% inflation rate. Five years ago, the Brazilian government began heavily subsidizing construction of new sugar distilleries to encourage the switch from crude to cane. As production of alcohol increased, new service-station pumps popped up around the country. At first, most of them dispensed gasohol, which was mixed at a ratio of 80% gasoline to 20% alcohol and could be used by regular car engines. But in the past year, some 2,000 stations have begun selling undiluted alcohol.

In October, when the Persian Gulf war cut off shipments from Iraq and Iran, Brazil lost 40% of its petroleum imports. Following that, the government moved even more vigorously to alcohol power. It hiked the price of gasoline to $3.10 per gal., or 86% higher than the cost of alcohol fuel, and increased road taxes on gas-powered cars to 134% more than on alcohol models.

Alcomobile sales in Brazil took off. Says Mario Garnero, president of Brazil's National Automobile Industry Association: "We cannot produce enough alcohol vehicles for the public demand." Volkswagen, Brazil's largest automaker, increased its output of alcohol-consuming cars from 5,000 in July to 26,000 in November. Only one of every five cars coming off the Volkswagen assembly line is now gasoline-powered. Drivers unable to buy new alcohol-consuming cars have besieged mechanics, who, for about $900, will retool a gasoline engine to burn alcohol.

Next year General Motors Brazil will introduce 12-ton alcotrucks and Honda will make alcomotorcycles at its plant in Manaus. Ford alcotractors are being tested. A Brazilian food distributor is using an alcoboat to make deliveries to isolated communities along the banks of the Amazon. The government expects that by 1985 alcohol use will cut Brazilian gasoline consumption in half

The U.S. has also stepped up its use of alcohol as motor fuel. Gasohol is currently being marketed through some 10,000 service stations owned or supplied by Texaco, Mobil, Amoco, Phillips and a few smaller independent petroleum companies. It is unlikely, however, that Americans will turn to pure alcohol in place of gasoline. The U.S. does not have a surplus production of sugar. Corn, the U.S.'s most plentiful crop, contains far less potential energy per ton than sugar. Moreover, any large boost in alcohol production from corn might drive up already surging domestic food prices. ■

Backyard Fuel

Do-it-yourself gas and coal

The nuns of Mount St. Benedict's Priory in Erie, Pa., last year came up with an unusual solution for the common problem of skyrocketing energy prices. After consulting a geologist, they decided to dig their own natural gas well. While the community prayed for divine assistance, the two-man J & L Well Service Co. began drilling for gas on the nuns' 100-acre property. Within four days, natural gas was found; today this private energy source heats the two-story convent that houses 140 Benedictine nuns and a chapel that seats 300 people. The sisters' $105,000 investment—which came from selling stock they owned—has so far saved them $7,000

JANICE LEVY

Sister Maureen Tobin at the wellhead

While the drillers worked, the nuns prayed.

in heating costs, and geologists are busy surveying for a second well. Says Sister Maureen Tobin, the subprioress of the convent: "We anticipated that we could pay back our investment in ten years. But with costs still rising, we now feel we'll do it in less time."

Pockets of natural gas are scattered throughout the country, but many are too small to attract the attention of big oil- and gas-drilling companies. Rising prices and fears of natural gas shortages, however, have pushed companies, and even some families, into looking for fuel in their own backyards. General Motors is one of nearly 200 companies drilling for gas in Ohio, and today the automaker has 200 wells pumping on property adjacent to its Lordstown plant. American Standard supplies its Swissvale, Pa., switch and signal manufacturing factory with gas from four wells located a scant 40 ft. from the building.

Few companies are moving as seriously into energy as Adolph Coors, the beer company. Home-brewed energy now generates 60% of the beermaker's electricity needs. "It is the company's philosophy to be totally energy independent," says Chairman William Coors. This year the company hopes that its own energy sources will trim $1 million from the $9 million annual fuel budget.

Coors started by drilling 96 natural gas wells in eastern Colorado. Early next year it will begin strip-mining 1,500 acres of coal on land that it has been leasing for four years. This will replace 600,000 tons of coal that the company now buys annually on the open market. Last month, with an eye to profits, the beer company created Coors Energy, a subsidiary staffed with some former Exxon employees. The firm may soon become still more active in that field. Says William Coors: "If the energy business is better, we'll be pushing it ahead of the beer business." To swillers of the Golden, Colo., suds, that could be too much of a good thing. ■

Strike It Rich

A gusher for geologists

Next to oil itself, the hottest commodity in the energy business these days is the person who knows where to drill for oil and gas. Small independent firms and major corporations alike are aggressively fighting over geologists, petroleum engineers and geophysicists as though they were free-agent baseball players batting .325. Budding geoscientists with no more than bachelor's degrees can now command starting salaries of $24,000 a year and more. At the Colorado School of Mines, energy firms are booking choice recruiting dates on campus more than a year in advance. Says Joseph Finney, chairman of the school's geological engineering department: "It's a hot market. Everyone's trying to crowd in."

Experienced people are in such heavy demand that the large oil companies have serious difficulty keeping prized employees. Shell Oil is rumored to have lost some 100 geologists and geophysicists since the beginning of the year. McMoRan Oil & Gas Co. of New Orleans, for instance, has lured five scientists away from bigger firms since 1977 by offering them stock options of up to 30,000 shares each. The company's strong Wall Street performance has now made all five of them millionaires

Some energy prospectors set up their own companies and then staff them with geologists and engineers hired away from the majors. M. Raymond Thomasson, 50, once chief geologist at Shell Oil, easily raised the money to start his own exploration firm, Spectrum Oil and Gas. William M. Chappelle, 45, left his job as an assistant manager for offshore drilling at Exxon to set up Chappelle Exploration Co. in Houston. Says he: "At Exxon you find oil for Exxon. On your own, you find it at least partially for yourself." ■

Pinching Power

The leaning tower of Atlanta

Atlanta's new Georgia Power Co. building, which will be opened early next year, may be the shape of things to come in an era of expensive energy. The south wall of the 24-story edifice looks like an upside-down staircase: each floor overhangs the one below, so that the top of the building sticks out 23 ft. farther than the bottom. This unusual construction helps block out sunlight on steamy summer afternoons, thus reducing the need for air conditioning. But during the winter, when the sun is lower in the southern sky, the warming rays will be able to shine into offices and provide natural heating.

The Georgia Power building is an example of the extraordinary efforts being made by American businesses to cut operating costs by conserving fuel. Since the 1973 oil embargo, commercial power consumption per employee has dropped an impressive 11%.

Atlanta's new tower has become a laboratory for energy-saving devices. A computer automatically shuts off all lights at 6 p.m. unless instructed to leave some on. Advanced sodium-vapor light fixtures focus illumination on desks instead of dispersing the glow throughout the room. This alone should cut electricity use for lighting by half. A 300,000-gal. underground tank stores water that is chilled overnight when power costs are lower; the water is then used in the air-conditioning system during the daytime. Jobs that require work at unusual hours will be concentrated in an adjoining three-story building so that the taller structure is not heated or cooled unnecessarily. In all, Georgia Power expects these conservation techniques to cut energy bills for the complex by 60%. ■

Georgia Power's upside-down staircase

A laboratory for energy-saving devices.

Science

LOCKHEED—CALIFORNIA CO.

Advanced version of the U-2 on patrol for the Strategic Air Command

A New Life for a High-Flying Bird

At the "Skunk Works," a successor to the U-2 takes shape

Though it was designed in 1954, it is still the world's highest-flying single-engine aircraft, capable of soaring more than 15 miles above the earth at speeds up to 530 m.p.h. Until one was brought down by a Soviet missile in 1960, causing a dramatic cold war confrontation, U-2s regularly flew over the Soviet Union, looking for signs of military buildup. About 30 U-2s are still in service, but a new version of the old bird, called the TR-1, is about to rise out of a mysterious Lockheed facility that produces supersecret military hardware for the Air Force Logistics Command. Last week TIME Correspondent Jerry Hannifin, the first reporter ever to tour the plant, filed this account

It's officially called Air Force Plant No. 42, and the factory at the edge of the desert in Palmdale, Calif., is a longish way from the old green-painted hangar in Burbank where it all began. But to everyone in military aviation, it is still the "Skunk Works," after the foul-smelling still where one of Al Capp's *Li'l Abner* characters brewed Kickapoo Joy Juice. A fitting nickname. Over the years an incredible string of secret weaponry—including the new breed of nearly "invisible" (to radar) planes—has emerged from the Skunk Works

It was the U-2, though, that made the Skunk Works an air-age legend. When the first U-2s were being built, Chief Designer Clarence ("Kelly") Johnson and his team worked overtime and got whatever they wanted. After he told his old pal Air Force General Jimmy Doolittle, then at the Shell Oil Co., that he needed a fuel that would not boil off at the low pressures of the upper atmosphere, Shell scientists produced a special low-boil, kerosene-type fuel just for Johnson's plane. Inevitably, it became known as Kelly's Lighter Fluid No. 1.

Today the same measure of dedication sparks the Skunk Works assembly line, where much of the work is still done by hand under Johnson's successor Ben Rich. Says Engineer Don Bunce, 62, who came out of retirement to work on the new bird: "Hell, I feel good just seeing all these old tools doing a job again."

For that he can thank Johnson. After the production of dozens of planes, the U-2 assembly line was shut down in 1969. Ordinarily the millions of dollars in tools, dies and jigs for crafting the planes would have been scrapped. But Johnson had a premonition. "I hid 'em away in four different places," he recalls. "Put them in Cosmoline [a greasy preservative] just in case we'd ever get a rainy day."

That day came two years ago, when the Pentagon decided it needed a new version of the old spy plane. It would incorporate the latest "stealth" features as well as updated electronic snooping capability that can peer sideways over borders and transmit data—including TV-type pictures—directly back to military commanders on the ground. Twenty-five TR-1s will be built at a cost of $550 million. Thanks to Johnson's premonition, the bill will be a tidy $10 million less than it might have been had he not squirreled away those old tools. ■

Dwindling Breed

Sex and the single gorilla

Poor Omega. Once the pride of the Brookfield (Ill.) Zoo, he is now an outcast. Rejected by two female companions, the hefty 450-lb. gorilla sits alone in his cage, forlornly munching on alfalfa or taking a lackadaisical swing on the rubber tire hanging from his ceiling. Omega's problem is that he is sterile.

Along with chimpanzees and orangutans, gorillas are man's closest kin. They are also remarkably susceptible to human ailments, including mumps, measles, even ordinary colds; and although Omega has never seemed seriously ill, his sperm count is now nil. No one is sure why. It could be his weight (obesity can interfere with gorilla lovemaking); it could also be years of sexual inactivity. Whatever the reason, says Primate Curator Benjamin Beck, Omega's condition is all too common among gorillas in captivity, and that has scientists worried

No more than 12,000 gorillas still roam freely in their native Central Africa, and many experts feel that wild gorillas could be all but extinct by the year 2000. That leaves only zoos, primate centers and wildlife preserves as repositories of these greatest of all apes. Yet the 600 or so gorillas in captivity have been extremely poor breeders. Only about 100 animals have been born in North America in the past decade, hardly enough to ensure survival of the species.

These "second-generation" gorillas have an even lower reproductive rate than the ones brought in from the wild. Part of the problem, according to primatologists who met in Atlanta last month to discuss gorilla fecundity, is that baby gorillas have often been hand-raised by solicitous zookeepers. So they never learned the requisite gorilla social graces, including the nuances of courtship. Says James Doherty of New York's Bronx Zoo: "You get a gorilla that thinks he's people and not a gorilla."

Zoos will also probably have to give up the custom of pairing baby male and female gorillas. The practice may make them feel and act more like brother and sister than lovers when they reach sexual maturity (at about age eight). At the Cincinnati Zoo, for instance, a male named Mgolo delighted in pummeling Penelope, who had shared a cage with him since infancy. She refused to breed with him. Only after she had been moved in with another couple did she find her true love. As a result of this and similar matchmaking, the zoo now has 14 offspring. ■

THOMAS S. ENGLAND

Omega contemplating a barren future

Some think they are really people.

THE MOMENT WAS MARTELL.

MARTELL
COGNAC
SINCE 1715

VANTAGE
ULTRA
LIGHTS
ULTRA TASTE! ONLY ONE
Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ONLY 6 mg tar
VANTAGE
ULTRA LIGHTS
100s
20 CIGARETTES
Ultra Low Tar 6 mg
VANTAGE
ULTRA LIGHTS
20 CIGARETTES
ULTRA LOW TAR HAS IT.

THE SCIROCCO THAT WON JOHNNY RUTHERFORD.

Johnny Rutherford makes his living by driving over 200 miles an hour in a Chaparral that costs a quarter of a million dollars. He's won more races than you can shake a checkered flag at, including three firsts in the Indy 500.

Out of all the high performance cars there are in this world, the sports car he chose was the Volkswagen Scirocco. How come, J.R.?

"Because the Scirocco's overhead cam engine and front-wheel drive, along with excellent aerodynamics give it speed, performance, and believe it or not, terrific fuel economy" (EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 mpg highway estimate. Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.)

"Whoever engineered this car did one heck of a job putting the power, handling, steering, comfort and braking all in just the right balance.

"Sure there are more powerful sports cars around but who needs them on the highway or in downtown Indianapolis. My Scirocco is plenty of car for me. All in all, it's a winner. And that's important.

"Because nobody ever remembers who finished second."

J.R., we couldn't have said it better ourselves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

Milestones

BORN. To **Lucie Désirée Arnaz,** 29, actress (Broadway's *They're Playing Our Song*) and daughter of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, and her husband of six months, Actor **Laurence Luckinbill,** 46: a son, her first, his third; in Los Angeles. Name: Simon Thomas. Weight: 8 lbs. 6½ oz.

DIVORCED. Erik Estrada, 31, star of the TV show *CHiPS;* and **Joyce Miller Estrada,** 40; after one year of marriage (which cost Erik a settlement of $2,740 a month for the next four years), no children; in Los Angeles.

DIED. John Lennon, 40, former Beatle whose singing, songwriting and social activism left a lasting imprint on the culture of the past two decades; of gunshot wounds by an assassin's hand; in New York City (*see* NATION).

DIED. Michael Halberstam, 48, hard-driving physician, author and editor whose multifaceted career led from Public Health Service assignments at the northern tip of Alaska and on an Indian reservation in New Mexico to a successful cardiology practice in the nation's capital; of gunshot wounds received when he surprised a burglar in his home; in Washington, D.C. Son of a New York doctor and older brother of Pulitzer-prizewinning Journalist David Halberstam, he edited *Modern Medicine* magazine, contributed to many magazines and newspapers, wrote books on medical subjects and published a favorably reviewed 1978 novel, *The Wanting of Levine* (*see* NATION).

DIED. Kamel Abdel Rahman, 72, Palestinian contractor who headed one of the largest construction firms in the Middle East and was reportedly a top financier of the Palestine Liberation Organization; of complications resulting from a fall; in Cannes, France. Abdel Rahman, whose Consolidated Construction Co. built more than 2,000 km of roads in Oman, Abu Dhabi and Saudi Arabia, left an estimated 75% of his $150 million estate to Palestinian and other charities.

DIED. John J. Bergen, 84, a Pennsylvania mine owner's son who became a top industrialist and investment banker, playing a leading role in the construction of the new $100 million Madison Square Garden in New York City in 1968; in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

DIED. Benedictos I, 91, Greek Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem, who in 1964 arranged the first meeting in 500 years between the heads of the Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic churches; of a heart attack; in Jerusalem. The Turkish-born Benedictos acted on lifelong ecumenical principles in bringing together the Eastern Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople, Athenagoras, and Pope Paul VI, whose two great branches of Christianity split in the 11th century.

Mrs. Newman at home in Chicago backed by Jackson Pollock's *Number 28*

Art

Muriel's $12 Million Sublimation

For the Met, a spectacular collection from a Chicago matron

She liked to paint and so she painted. Her family sent her to the city's conventional bastions of higher learning (the University of Chicago, the Art Institute of Chicago) and Muriel Kallis painted on, even after her marriage to Jay Steinberg, a successful local businessman.

Lured by the glamour of New York City, the couple spent much time there in the years from 1950 to 1954. His interest was music, and he frequented the concert halls. Her interest was art, and she spent her evenings in The Club in Greenwich Village and other haunts of the then avant-garde New York School of painting. At the nearby Cedar Bar, Jackson Pollock caroused, Robert Motherwell discoursed, Willem de Kooning waxed disputatious. Her hair was blond, her figure svelte, her age happily indeterminate (actually mid-30s) and her artistic commitment impeccable. She was on their wave length. Franz Kline, who was perfecting a slashing, black-and-white action painting style, took her with him to study Ingres at the Met.

And she had some money: not big money but enough. And so she bought —not for high prices, but still important money in those days to those artists. She bought a painting that her friend Pollock called simply *Number 28*, for $3,000 (it is now worth $3 million). She paid de Kooning $2,700 for his 1949 canvas *Attic* (now worth up to $1.5 million). She bought Motherwells and Klines, as well as gentle canvases by Jack Tworkov, a Polish immigrant who had switched from figurative painting to abstract expressionism influenced by de Kooning. She bought Calders and Giacomettis, a Henry Moore bronze and Cornell boxes. At first she hung her own works next to her new acquisitions; then she took them down. "I realized that I wasn't making much of a statement," she recalls with cheery candor. "I'm a failed artist—there's no other way to describe it."

Over the next 25 years she acquired another husband, Albert Hardy Newman, a Chicago stockbroker and real estate developer. She also kept on picking up whatever paintings and art objects appealed to her: masks from Oceania, a phallic house post from Africa. She was not making investments. Explains one admirer: "She used her eyes rather than her ears." Says she: "I'm not really a collector. Buying art is really a sublimation for me."

For a noncollector, she assembled a spectacular collection. Last week Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman, Chicago matron and patron of the arts, announced that she would bequeath it all to New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Current value: $12 million to $15 million. Met Director Philippe de Montebello described it as the greatest private collection of abstract expressionists in the world. The gift does not become final until after her death. But at 66, Newman is still active in the art world as a member of the Chicago Art Institute's committee on 20th century painting and sculpture and, just lately, as an honorary trustee of the Met. Says she of her bequest: "I hope they don't get it for a long time." ■

WHO'S WHO IN BUSINESS.

Anybody who's anybody in business will tell you the best way to find out who's where, and what's what, is to check the Bell System Yellow Pages. And they should know. On the average they consult it at least once every business day, making it the #1 business source.* And now in many metropolitan areas there's another popular source that's prestigious to be found in: the new Business to Business Bell System Yellow Pages. It's made up exclusively of businesses other businesses need, and has an easy-to-use index.

Take the first step. Let your fingers do the walking.

Bell System Yellow Pages

*Burke Market Research Survey of 5000 businesses, April, 1980

People

High comedy for a change: John Belushi has a peak experience in a scene from *Continental Divide*

Put **John Belushi** on a mountaintop, roll the cameras, and what will result: (*a*) *Animal House on a Hill*, (*b*) *The Blues Brothers Camp Out* or (*c*) *Samurai Height Fever*? Answer: none of the above. In *Continental Divide*, Belushi climbs into what he calls his first "realistic acting role," one that is "less of a cartoon than any I've done before." It takes him 14,000 ft. up in Colorado's Sangre de Cristo mountains, where he portrays a Mike Royko–like Chicago reporter who has raked so much local muck that his editors have decided to pack him off to the Rockies on a harmless little nature story. There are no racked-up police cars, no food fights, no mashing of beer cans. And no, Belushi does not fall off Purgatory Peak. He falls in love.

■

To **Mikhail Baryshnikov** the American Ballet Theater seemed "a beautiful Tiffany lamp with some parts missing" when he was named its artistic director in June 1979. Last week Misha allowed two of the more glittering panes to fall from the A.B.T. lamp. Celebrated Ballerina **Gelsey Kirkland,** 27, and fast-rising Principal Dancer **Patrick Bissell,** 23, were dismissed from the company, one day before the season's opener at Washington's Kennedy Center. The official reason: "gross breach of contract." The two had failed to appear for a dress rehearsal, explained Executive Director Herman Krawitz, and had been "chronically late—and absent—for rehearsals [for] 13 weeks." Friends of the brilliant but erratic Kirkland speculated that she might be distracted by a romance with Bissell. Others said she had never recovered from the breakup of her 1974 affair with Baryshnikov, 31, or at the very least had deep "artistic differences" with him. Whatever the reasons, ballerina and director were far from the harmony of past *pas de deux*. "Misha got tired of running a kindergarten," said one observer at A.B.T. Kirkland's booking agent, Alex Dubé, conceded that the dancer's conduct was "unprofessional" but asked, "Is that news? She has canceled numerous performances before. But when she comes out onstage she is a miracle." Nevertheless, the miracle on opening night was Kirkland's replacement, **Susan Jaffe,** 18, who debuted with the company in a duet from *Le Corsaire* and won a chorus of raves.

Achievers Cagney, Price, Bernstein, Fontanne and de Mille

Kirkland with Baryshnikov before they fell out of step

■

Leonard Bernstein insisted that he was entirely too young for this sort of award. "What do they mean by 'lifetime achievement?' " asked the 62-year-old composer-conductor. "I'm just beginning." Onetime Stage Queen **Lynn Fontanne** had no such quibble: she turned 93 on the evening she joined Bernstein, Actor **James Cagney,** 81, Choreographer **Agnes de Mille,** 71, and Soprano **Leontyne Price,** 53, in receiving a coveted Kennedy Center honor for career achievement in the performing arts. At weekend-long festivities that included a musical tribute at the Kennedy Center, star-struck Washingtonians clustered around such visiting Hollywood idols as **John Travolta** and **Lauren Bacall.** But **Jimmy Carter** did what he could to maintain decorum. Said he: "Cagney and I agreed we would *not* exchange our Jimmy impressions."

—By Claudia Wallis

Sweethaven citizens: Olive Oyl (Duvall), Swee'pea (Hurt), Popeye (Williams)

Comics into Film: Bam! Pow! Eek!

FLASH GORDON *Directed by Mike Hodges; Screenplay by Lorenzo Semple Jr.*
POPEYE *Directed by Robert Altman; Screenplay by Jules Feiffer*

Biff! Bam! Pow! Also *Ugh! Yargh! Ptui!* Not to mention *Eek! Awwk!* and *Aggrrraa!*

The beloved onomatopoetics of yesteryear, redolent of childhood's long, rainy Sunday afternoons, cannot help recalling that the comics were the popular art that most radically stylized experience. Sometimes artfully, more often not, they reduced it to its basic components of violence, disgust, fear, heroics and sometimes laughter. From their beginnings, the comics and the movies have lived together symbiotically; there is scarcely a major comic-page figure who has not been reincarnated on the screen, or a comic strip that has not been influenced by the way movie directors frame and compose scenes. Yet the transitions from one medium to the other have not been very successful. Most of the cartoon characters who originated in print ended up in serials and B pictures, which had, at least, a sleaziness that nicely matched the tackiness of newsprint. But the realistic air of nonanimated movies, with their illusion of three-dimensionality, worked against the divine simplifications of the comics' conventions.

Still, the movies keep trying—especially after the success of the *Star Wars* saga, which has comic-adventure roots. Two big-budget Christmas releases illustrate the perils and pleasures of going to popular culture's subbasement in search of material. *Flash Gordon*, which is expensive but unpretentious, works; *Popeye*, which reflects the critical and sociological chat about comics in recent years, does not. Indeed, it is one of the most grievously miscalculated movies in recent memory, claustrophobic in manner, mean in spirit, downright grotesque to look at.

This is not to imply that *Flash* is an art film. Its adapters had an easier task than *Popeye's* did, since the comic's creator, Alex Raymond, was the most movieish of illustrators. His space fantasies are replicable on a sound stage, because they consisted largely of art deco architecture, primitive emotions and sexy states of undress. One gets a sense that Production Designer Danilo Donati had fun recreating Raymond's visions, that Writer Semple's script was lettered into balloons, and Director Hodges kept a pile of old comic books on hand to suggest setups.

Muti as Mongo princess; Jones as Flash leads Hawkmen attack

The actors, one imagines, needed very little help at all, beyond the occasional suggestion to play broadly. As usual, Ming the Merciless, Emperor of Mongo, is bent on destroying the earth and, failing that, making life as unpleasant as possible for Flash (Sam J. Jones), his girlfriend Dale Arden (Melody Anderson) and his pal Dr. Zarkov (Topol). The results of this obsession are colorful: large and small battles, peril to Dale's virtue ("Prepare her for my pleasure," intones Ming at one point), sundry bondage fantasies. The high points are a whip fight staged on a wildly tilting platform and a concluding conflict that features an attack by the Hawkmen, hearty barbarians who flap about on giant wings. Max Von Sydow has a good time as Ming, and Ornella Muti, as his daughter, is simply gorgeous. All in all, *Flash Gordon* is as good an approximation of the hard-edged, gaudy comic-book style as one is likely to see.

In contrast, *Popeye* seems to be less an adaptation of Elzie Segar's great creation than of one of those over-Freudianized analyses of popular art that used to appear in the little magazines. Some of the fault may lie in Jules Feiffer's script, which has Popeye searching for his lost father. That line is all right, within limits. If memory serves, the comic-strip Popeye spent some time in just that way. The real trouble is Altman's direction, at once spacy and junked up. He caused an entire small town, Sweethaven, to be constructed on Malta, and it is as jumbled as Segar's Thimble Theatre was clean-lined. Worse, the sound track is constantly amutter with asides, off-screen voices, half-overheards—Altman trademarks at odds with the spare,

sharp verbal play that was one of the delights in the comic.

Shelley Duvall makes a fine Olive Oyl look-alike, but Popeye, as played by Robin Williams, appears to be undergoing an identity crisis far beyond the powers of spinach cure. As a result, his moral force —and he was once one of the great comic-strip exemplars of righteousness tied to a short fuse—appears sicklied o'er with the pale cast of self-absorption. The rest of the characters—excepting Swee'Pea (played by Altman's grandchild, Wesley Ivan Hurt)—are blurs of lost innocence.

Where, in its preparation, the film became mushy misanthropy one cannot tell. It can certainly be said that *Popeye* will bore children and offend adults who fondly remember the original. It is a travesty to hear Williams warble the classic "I yam what I yam" line in one of Harry Nilsson's many witless songs. "I'm not the man I was" would be a more appropriate lyric. Or maybe, "What have they done to me?" —*By Richard Schickel*

Stenos, Anyone?

NINE TO FIVE
Directed by Colin Higgins
Screenplay by Colin Higgins and Patricia Resnick

7 a.m. The metronomic beat begins. The alarm clocks—one square, one frilly, one sensibly round—start ringing. Kiss the kids goodbye. Stop for a red light. 7:55. A city full of female legs: walking, running, bicycling, escalatoring. Hands hail a cab, finger a watch, exchange coins for coffee. The coffee spills on her new pumps. 8:50. Speed-read the morning paper, run for the elevator, just miss it. One pert, frazzled woman checks a scrawled address, enters the anonymous skyscraper, ascends to her new job. The elevator doors open, then begin to close. She realizes that this is her floor and dashes through the doors.

All praise to Wayne Fitzgerald and David Oliver, who devised this witty, vivacious credit sequence, and to Dolly Parton for composing and singing the title song. Alas, it consumes only 2½ minutes of Colin Higgins' slapstick sermon on job equality. The rest of the film is misjudged and malign. Higgins has little more to tell us about the personalities of his three secretaries than those first alarm clocks did: Judy (Jane Fonda) is square, Doralee (Dolly Parton) is frilly, Vi (Lily Tomlin) is sensible. Together, though, they are a stenographic catastrophe; they'd lose the quick-brown-fox race to Charlie's Angels. Vi, "the smart one," thinks she has poisoned her insufferable boss; she hasn't. The three then kidnap a cadaver from the hospital, thinking they've got their boss in the car trunk; they haven't. The movie is just as absent-mindedly schizophrenic. *Nine to Five* thinks it's a suspenseful comedy with a mind of its own; it isn't and hasn't.

Secretaries Parton, Tomlin, Fonda
Absent-minded schizophrenia.

And so it careers from cutesie-poo dream sequences to bondage-and-discipline revenge, from a giggly hen party to an answer to the working woman's prayer: a "liberated" work space, complete with racial harmony, reformed alcoholics, a day-care center and athletic amputees vaulting merrily from wheelchair to desk chair. Through the ordeal, Lily and Dolly prove themselves game professionals. Tomlin is a crackerjack comic actress, even when the confection is stale, and Parton has as fetching a way with a line of dialogue as she has with the curve of an angora sweater. Only Fonda succumbs: she plays her character like a cross between Barbarella and Barbie doll. But that is Higgins' way. He wants both to leer and to lecture. *Nine to Five* is a vile mess, but it may find its audience —the one desperate for movie comedy, the one that has made *Airplane!* and *Private Benjamin* two of the year's top-grossing films. Some people will go anywhere for a laugh, and Higgins will go to any lengths to get them. —*By Richard Corliss*

Atonement

TESS
Directed by Roman Polanski
Screenplay by Gérard Brach, Roman Polanski and John Brownjohn

Tess seems to be more an act of atonement than of creation. Roman Polanski's way of saying he's sorry for his scandalous reputation and his status as a fugitive from American—or at least Californian—justice. He is telling the world that underneath it all, he is really a very serious fellow, if by serious one means that he is as capable as Irving Thalberg or David O. Selznick or any other oldtime mogul of making a handsomely illustrated version of a literary classic.

One emerges from his endless version of Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* with a sense that one could have read the book in a shorter span and had more fun too. There is no question that Polanski's images—with Brittany doubling for "Wessex"—are frequently striking. He does less well by Tess, the poor doomed girl who, forced to rise above her station by family ambition, is ruined by a rascally wastrel and then misunderstood by the prig to whom she gives her heart. Everyone the director sets to moving through Wessex clumps along very slowly, weighed down by the invisible chains of Hardy's famous Fate. His leading lady, Nastassia Kinski, a truly beautiful young woman (see last year's *Stay As You Are*), is further burdened by her attempt to speak with an authentic West Country accent. She does all right considering that she is German, but the effort seems to slow her speech. Or maybe she was directed to carry on portentously. Even her love scenes are handled with ludicrous discretion. One comes to imagine that she has been impregnated with her illegitimate child by Fate itself, since it is impossible to think that any human could get through the 40 yds. or so of stout English cloth that Polanski insists on wrapping around her.

Kinski as Hardy's Tess
Overcalculated sobriety.

This film is running for one week in New York and Los Angeles to qualify for Academy nominations. It is the sort of ponderously aspiring twaddle that sometimes wins Oscars—especially when it presents Hollywood a chance to welcome back a suitably repentant sinner. But the once cheerfully perverse director of *Rosemary's Baby* and *Chinatown* ought to remember that being an artist means never having to say you're sorry. —*R.S.*

Toward More Uniform Sentences

Despite double jeopardy, prosecutors can appeal light terms

The crime: racketeering. The verdict: guilty. The sentence? There was the rub. The judge imposed ten years in prison, but federal prosecutors in Rochester wanted the mobster put away for a period closer to the 34-year maximum.

So the prosecutors took advantage of an unusual provision in a 1970 law that allows the Government to appeal certain sentences. The Second Circuit Court of Appeals dismissed the appeal on the grounds that a review of the original sentence would violate the Constitution's prohibition against double jeopardy. But last week the Supreme Court ruled, 5 to 4, that the Constitution does not go that far. It prevents Government appeals of actual verdicts, the Justices ruled, but not of sentences. The decision, written by Justice Harry Blackmun, seemed to some experts to cut two ways. While it may comfort hard-liners by giving prosecutors a second chance to obtain a stiff sentence, its primary effect may be to further a movement toward more uniform sentencing that is backed by many liberals.

The ruling grew out of a series of at least eight upstate New York fires set by an arson ring between 1970 and 1973. One of the men found guilty was Eugene DiFrancesco, who was convicted and sentenced to nine years in a separate trial for his part in the 1970 bombing of a federal building in Rochester. Under the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970, the prosecutor in the racketeering case had asked the judge to find that DiFrancesco was a "dangerous special offender" and therefore subject to additional punishment beyond the 20-year maximum. The judge consented, but he tacked only a year onto the defendant's existing nine-year term.

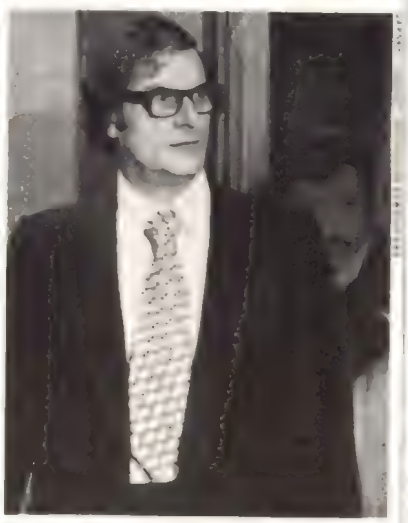
In trying for a stiffer sentence, did the Government run afoul of the Fifth Amendment's guarantee that no one will "be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb"? No, said Blackmun. He maintained that the object of the double-jeopardy clause was to spare a successful defendant the "ordeal" of successive trials. A judge's imposition of sentence, wrote Blackmun, lacks the "finality" of an acquittal, and thus may be altered.

Leading the dissenters, Justice William Brennan found an "analytic similarity" between the reaching of a verdict and the determination of a sentence. "Imposition of a ten-year sentence where a 25-year sentence is permissible under the statute," he argued, "constitutes a finding that the facts justify only a ten-year sentence." Brennan warned that the logical extension of the court's reasoning might allow Congress to grant prosecutors the power to appeal acquittals too.

Meanwhile, the decision encouraged reformers who are unhappy about wide variations in punishment. They have been pressing legislatures to allow the sometimes capricious decisions of sentencing judges to be re-examined at higher levels. "With appellate review," says University of Virginia Law Professor John Jeffries, "defendants across the board will be treated more like each other."

It was just that rationale that prompted the Senate to include a sentence-appeal provision in its version of the proposed mammoth revision of the criminal code, which has been lumbering through Congress for 14 years. As drafted, the provision would permit either side in a federal case to appeal sentences that fall outside a middle range. Under present law the Government may appeal only when the defendant is judged a dangerous special offender (like DiFrancesco) or a "special drug offender." As for defendants, they can appeal only sentences that are cruel and unusual, discriminatory, or beyond the statutory range.

With the more conservative cast of the new Congress, prospects for passage of the full revised code are bleak. Yet backers of the sentence-appeal provision remain hopeful. Now that the Supreme Court has removed the double-jeopardy objection to the provision, they believe they have enough support to have it removed from the main bill and passed separately. ■



Convicted Racketeer Eugene DiFrancesco

Will the review of acquittals be next?

Gerald and Diana Green after their hearing

Ample Penalty

Defiance of court is excused

It was a sad homecoming for Diana and Gerald Green. Almost two years ago, the Scituate, Mass., couple fled to Mexico, rather than obey a state court order to resume chemotherapy for their three-year-old son Chad, who suffered from leukemia. The Greens were determined to enroll Chad in a Tijuana clinic where he could receive laetrile, the controversial drug scorned by the medical establishment but touted by some cancer patients as a miracle worker. After nine months of treatment, Chad was dead. The Greens were left childless as well as homeless, with criminal and civil contempt charges pending against them in Plymouth, Mass.

They lived for a time with Diana's parents in Hastings, Neb. Two months ago, they quietly returned to New England. But the couple never developed a taste for fugitive life, and last week, with Bible in hand, they walked into a Plymouth courtroom to face the consequences of having disobeyed the court. Former Assistant Attorney General Jonathan Brant, who prosecuted the 1978 case, told the judge that had the couple complied with the chemotherapy order, Chad probably would be celebrating his fifth birthday this week.

For their part, the Greens, who plan to have more children, apologized for any "affront" to the court and asked forgiveness. Judge Francis Keating gave them just that. He found them guilty, but passed no sentence. Declaring the case "exceptional," Keating said: "Any further punishment beyond what has already been endured would certainly be unfair." ■

Weekly Ration

Husband's divorce bid fizzles

How much sex is reasonable for a couple married ten years? For Brenda Mason, 31, of Basingstoke, England, one session a week, usually on Saturday night, was quite enough. Her husband David, 30, a mechanic, favored a more ambitious schedule. Despite his best efforts, including a vasectomy to ease his wife's fear of a third pregnancy, sex remained "rationed," as he put it. In frustration he sought and won a divorce at Exeter Crown Court in May. But two weeks ago, a trio of sexagenarian judges (ages 62, 65 and 69) overturned the Exeter decree. Said Lord Justice Ormrod, married 42 years: "It seems to me quite impossible for any court to find that the refusal by a wife to have sex more often than once a week is unreasonable. It seems an extraordinary proposition."

The ruling has stirred up plenty of passion in London's tabloids. Wrote Marje Proops of the *Daily Mirror:* "Since each individual is unique I don't see how any judge can put a time span on love." Added Alix Palmer of the *Daily Star:* "It is a question which preys on the minds of a great many people, both male and female, married and single. It is very far from being just a giggle, although that is often the best attitude to take if the mathematics don't go your way." *Daily Star* readers, invited to air their own views, sent in letters criticizing the appeals court 9 to 1.

The furor may partly reflect the fact that England and Wales now have eleven divorces for every 500 couples, about twice the overall Western European rate (though still below the U.S.'s 12 per 500 couples). Under the Divorce Reform Bill of 1969, Britons may select one or more of four tests to demonstrate that a marriage has broken down irretrievably. Mason, for example, sought to show that he could not reasonably be expected to continue living with his wife. His initial success in court may have been due to the Exeter judge's ability to observe the Masons' disharmony directly; the appeals judges, on the other hand, were confronted only with a paper record that forced them to focus almost exclusively on the sexual problem.

Their decision forced Mason to cancel plans for a Christmas marriage to a 29-year-old divorcee with whom he has taken up residence. Said he: "It's all right for the judges to say it is not unreasonable. I had to live with it." He hardly shares Brenda's hopes for a reconciliation and now must delay his second wedding 3½ years to satisfy a five-year living-apart provision that the 1969 law offers as another basis for divorce. His fiancée remains optimistic that everything will work out, even their desire to have children. Mason, she says, hopes to have his vasectomy reversed. ■

Education

At the Perry School today, 3- and 4-year-olds play with teacher trainee and puppet

Preschool Pays

New support for preschooling

In the hopeful early days of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, preschool Head Start programs for disadvantaged children were set up nationwide. But then, after studying the later progress of the preschoolers, researchers for Ohio University and the Westinghouse Learning Corp., among others, concluded that Head Start made very little long-term difference in the children. Now comes evidence that the benefits of high-quality preschool programs can last at least through age 15. That finding was made by Michigan Researchers David P. Weikart, 49, and Lawrence J. Schweinhart, 33, who last week released an interim report on an 18-year study of the progress of 123 low-IQ children at Perry Elementary School in south Ypsilanti, Mich.

The study, sponsored in part by the Carnegie Corp. of New York, kept tabs on disadvantaged children who were three and four between 1962 and 1966. Half of the children were placed in a special preschool program. Youngsters planned what they were going to do each morning, did it, and later reviewed what they had done with a teacher.

More unusual, and important, teachers made 90-minute home visits at least every two weeks, assisting parents who were trying to help their children learn. The other half of the children in the study, kept as a control group, got no preschool training and entered kindergarten at the regular age. Thereafter, up to the present, the progress of both groups was regularly monitored.

Researchers were at first encouraged to find that the preschoolers' IQ scores rose an average of twelve points above those of the control group. But these gains disappeared by the time the children had completed second grade. As they progressed through school, their grades were no better than the control group's. But the preschoolers did continue to score better on reading, arithmetic and language achievement tests. At every grade level tested, the preschool children scored higher than the control group; at age 14, they did better by a margin of 8%, a full grade level.

The key to this success appears to be persistence and a better attitude toward learning. Most of them (68%) did homework, in contrast with only 40% of the control group. Only 19% of the preschoolers had to go into remedial classes, about half as many as in the control group, and fewer tended to be troublemakers. More preschoolers held after-school jobs.

The cost of the preschool program was $5,984 a child for two years. Weikart and Schweinhart estimate, though, that eventual dollar savings for society could be considerable, not only because of less remedial instruction in school, but because of decreased expenditures for law enforcement and social welfare. ■

Five Figures!

College costs head past $10,000

It was bound to be, of course. But the news sent a chill to the hearts and pocketbooks of hard-pressed parents all over the country. Stanford University has announced that, come fall, the cost of tuition, fees, room and board for a single year will rise 13.3%, from $8,921 to $10,105. It is a safe—if painful—bet that tuition, room and board will crash the five-figure barrier at a handful of other schools, since Stanford typically charges less than Harvard, Yale and M.I.T. At Harvard, Associate Dean for Finances Melissa D. Gerrity forecasts an increase of 11% to 15% above the present $9,170, and a total that could go as high as $10,546. Matters are bound to get much, much worse. A new study on Williams College projects that by 1990, tuition, room and board will total a budget-busting $16,890 a year. ■

How to order.

Please print (in pencil) your name, quantity and type of copies wanted on the back and near the bottom edge of each original photograph. Enclose prints and this order form and mail to Polaroid, Box 311, Cambridge, Ma. 02139. Be sure to complete the entire order form. Do not staple prints.

POLACOPIES	Price	Quantity	Amount
Same Size	$ .80 ea		
Wallet Size	$ .70 ea		
Slides	$1.00 ea		
ENLARGEMENTS			
5x5	$3.00 ea		
8x8	$6.00 ea		
11x11	$11.00 ea		
(Custom mounted on Plexiglas™ ready for hanging, add $6.00 to the cost of each Polacopy Enlargement.)			
Handling Charge			75¢
Number of prints enclosed			
Sub Total			
Sales Tax (Must be added)			
TOTAL (Make check payable to Polaroid Copy Service.)			

To charge your order, please check card type, fill in number and sign. American Express ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ Diners ☐

Account Number

Cardholders Signature

Card Expires

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE ZIP

If you have any questions, call us toll free at 800-225-[illegible] 8:40 and 4:30 EST. In Mass. call collect (617) 547-2348.

[illegible]

Polaroid Polacopy Prints

Theater

Viet Nam Vaudeville

HOW I GOT THAT STORY *by Amlin Gray*

The setting: a virtually naked stage. The cast: two men. The subject: Viet Nam. That again? Artists and con artists have spent the past decade replaying and reworking "the Viet Nam experience," reporting it and satirizing it, sending it up an apocalyptic river, holding it to our conscience like *The Deer Hunter's* revolver. It's over, already. We've heard that song, memorized it, sung it in our sleep, are sick unto bloody death of it.

So here come Amlin Gray, playwright-in-residence of the Milwaukee Repertory Theater; Daniel Stern and Bob Gunton, a pair of young actors; and Carole Rothman, co–artistic director of the Second Stage, an off-off-Broadway company lodged in a 16th-floor penthouse apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. And lo, Viet Nam lives in Gray's nightmarishly funny vaudeville. A Buddhist monk sets himself ablaze; an Army lieutenant is shot in the back by his troops; a B-52 crashes in enemy territory; a Viet Nam village falls to guerrillas; Saigon orphans cry out in blind despair—and the effect is bracingly therapeutic. Talent does that, when it gels as it does here, when it infects all the participants on both sides of the footlights. *How I Got That Story* makes splendid use of that precious theatrical asset, the playgoer's imagination. Working together, Gray, Rothman, Stern and Gunton—and the audience—create a most benign conspiracy.

The beleaguered nation of Amboland welcomes a new recruit in the first years of its civil war: an innocent young reporter from Dubuque (Daniel Stern). This Candide in khaki enters the war as a neutral observer. He believes that "if I just keep my eyes open, I can understand the whole world." He soon enough does, to his sorrow, and with the help of a dozen soldiers and civilians he meets along the Via Dolorosa. Half of them are Americans, half Ambolanders; three are women. (All are played by Bob Gunton.)

These "historical events" serve as avatars and parodies of the looking-glass warriors, and most of them are perversely delightful. Mme. Ing, the patrician Borgia who rules Amboland, ends every discussion with the despot's stern logic: "Mme. Ing has won that argument," she purrs. U.S. Army Lieutenant Thibodeaux brags that the service "taught me how to fight and how to swear"—and then demonstrates just how poorly he learned at least one of those lessons as he expectorates a stream of hilariously garbled obscenities. A Saigon prostitute, blinking and cooing like a neon China doll, whispers rote nothings into our hero's ear; he thinks she's talking politics. A combat photographer boasts of the limbs he has lost in action and lures the reporter into the fray. "These flights are ab-*stract!*" he exults as the bomber tails into its fatal dive.

Daniel Stern (who played the gangliest "cutter" in *Breaking Away*) fixes his character with a goofy, all-American grin that, by play's end, has become an eerie, all too American grimace. Bob Gunton (Perón in the Broadway *Evita*) is a pinwheel of energy and Cheshire-cat charms.

Gunton and Stern in *That Story*

A benign dramatic conspiracy.

He brings eccentric life to a gallery of characters who are not really characters at all: they are supporting specters in one naive American's gook sonata. They may all be the same person, or no one at all. And in the play's final image, the reporter becomes them, becomes no one. He is his own hallucination.

The economy of the production underlines this: Patricia Woodbridge's desolate set announces from the start that less is more. And at the end, on the blank stage of the reporter's mind, nothing is everything. He is not alone. The imaginative playgoer, who has assisted throughout in peopling this surreal mindscape, thus implicates himself in the reporter's disintegration. The successive circles of hell blend and accelerate into a whirlpool of familiar, frightening apparitions. The Viet Nam nightmare is alive and well. "That story" is everyone's. —*By Richard Corliss*

Some moments in life are very special.

Thanks to Polaroid instant photography, they can be captured and shared on the spot.

With Polaroid's Copy and Enlargement Service, a copy of that special picture can be shared many times over.

We make custom-quality Polacopy prints and enlargements of SX-70 pictures (or any pictures) right from the original print. And there's a wide variety of Polacopy sizes to choose from.

Besides same-size, we make wallet-size, big beautiful 5x5, 8x8 and 11x11 enlargements. Even projectable slides.

So dig out your precious old photographs. And your precious new ones too. You'll be surprised how little it costs to make so many people happy.

To find out how you can get beautiful Polacopy prints and enlargements, see the order blank on the opposite page. Then send us your special pictures. We'll be happy to turn your one-of-a-kind pictures into two-of-a-kind or as many of a kind as you want.

Polaroid Polacopy Prints

© 1980 Polaroid Corp. "Polaroid," "SX-70" and "Polacopy"®

You can't duplicate the moment, but Polaroid can duplicate the picture.

I'll be home for Chivas.

Splendor Among the Potted Palms

At baseball's annual meetings, the elite meet to wheel and deal

It was a deal worth millions, the kind of high-finance finagling that usually takes place in the plush penthouse suites of office towers or aboard private Learjets. In such transactions, aides with bulging briefcases and thick black books usually dance attendance near by, ready to proffer, at a nod from the principals, relevant statistics and legal interpretations. But the deal under discussion did not involve a merger or a stock swap but a swap of a different kind: a trade for a relief pitcher, a third baseman and young outfielder. And, because baseball men are true to the traditions of their anachronistic business, Whitey Herzog, general manager and manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, and Bob Kennedy, general manager of the Chicago Cubs, sat down at a table in the lobby of a Dallas hotel and, while hundreds looked on, made their deal. Baseball's 79th winter meeting—an annual extravaganza that is part Oldtimers' Day, part industry trade fair and part human flesh market—was under way

Herzog and Kennedy continued their negotiations for nearly half an hour, pausing to consult with a player's agent (a recent and much resented addition to such discussions) and to check minor-league scouting reports. Abruptly, the men exchanged handshakes, then departed to announce formally that Cubs Relief Ace Bruce Sutter had been sent to the Cardinals in exchange for Third Baseman Ken Reitz, second-year Outfielder Leon Durham and a St. Louis minor leaguer to be named later. That seemingly casual negotiation was symbolic of baseball's return to its old ways after five years of free-agent chaos. For the first time since players won the right to play out their options and sell their services on the open market, owners and executives have slowed the pace of free-agent signing and turned to the traditional methods of swapping players and beefing up farm systems.

When the winter meeting opened in Dallas last week, less than a month after the free-agent draft, only eight of the big leagues' 48 free agents had signed new contracts. (In 1976, 18 of 22 free agents drafted signed fat contracts within a month.) A few, such as San Diego Superstar Dave Winfield, who is reportedly holding out for $20 million, have not signed because they expect the ante to jump with each passing day. But a number are simply finding that the market is less bullish. Furthermore, 18 minor-league players were drafted by big-league clubs during last week's meetings; a year ago, just ten players were selected. The Oakland A's—reviving under General Manager–Manager Billy Martin and flush with funds since Skinflint Owner Charlie Finley sold the team to Levi Strauss Chairman Walter A. Haas Jr. last summer—have passed up the free-agent market in favor of acquiring minor-league clubs to develop young players. Other clubs are following suit.

Trading was on the upswing too. As the deadline for deals approached, 44 players changed clubs last week. Included were such prominent big-league stars as the Padres Reliever Rollie Fingers and Catcher Gene Tenace, Pittsburgh Pitcher Bert Blyleven, Cleveland Pitcher Bob Owchinko, Houston Third Baseman Enos Cabell, Giants Pitcher John Montefusco and Boston Infielders Rick Burleson and Butch Hobson. During the years since free agency began, trading activity during the winter meeting had slumped to a low of 30 players in 1979, compared with 68 in 1972. Pirates Manager Chuck Tanner explains the change: "Clubs are trying to build with their farm teams and trades, then just fill in the spots with free agents. The price of free agents should drop, because instead of four clubs going after one catcher, one club will be looking at four catchers." Says Toronto Blue Jays President Peter Bavasi: "I don't know if I'd go so far as to say that baseball is putting the brakes on the runaway locomotive, but a few passengers are trying to reboard the train. We're scrambling to get back into the caboose in hopes that we can work our way forward to the engine."

The financial underpinnings of baseball are shaky, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn insisted in his speech opening the meetings. According to Kuhn, only eleven clubs operated in the black in 1979, despite record attendance of more than 43 million. "The prospect of staggering losses for our clubs is emphatically possible," Kuhn asserted. Then he added: "No one should expect new owners to come along and bail out struggling clubs." Kuhn's cry rang a bit hollow when, later in the week, he led a drive to prohibit the sale of the decidedly struggling Chicago White Sox. Ohio Entrepreneur Edward DeBartolo had offered $20 million for the White Sox, but Kuhn objected to DeBartolo's ownership of race tracks. That is a reservation he has not raised about New York Yankees Owner George Steinbrenner, who holds part interest in a Florida track.

Still, little could dampen the mood of the 1,800 baseball scouts, front office executives, managers and owners in attendance as the meeting came to a close. Baseball men, the last bastion of lobby-loitering in an era of drive-to-your-room Holiday Inns, had much to keep them busy. Long accustomed to whiling away the hours before night games on couches shaded by potted palms, they passed on their lore ("Remember the time Scraps Courtney fixed up that hayride in El Paso . . ."), renewed old acquaintances ("We used to play together in Class D ball . . .") and conducted a little business ("We're looking for a righthanded hitter with power . . ."). Most pleasing of all was the sight of deals being made once more in straightforward, old-fashioned, cigar-perfumed, backslapping, buttonholing, lobby-sitting style. Said one former minor-league manager, who keeps his hand in by scouting the Tennessee hills for high school prospects: "Didn't you just love to see the Cubs and Cardinals dealing there in the lobby? It's just like the old days, just like the old days." —*By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Jamie Murphy/Dallas*

As agent and aide look on, Cardinals' Herzog (center) and Cubs' Kennedy (right) make a trade

A reassuring sight: deals cooked in old-fashioned, cigar-perfumed, lobby-sitting style.

The Man Who Would Be King

Giscard's regime gets tough with critics of "the Monarch"

When French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing took office in 1974, he promised to loosen the tight control that the Elysée Palace had maintained over French life, especially the press. Battle-weary French journalists looked forward to a new era of peaceful coexistence. As Finance Minister under President Georges Pompidou, the accessible Giscard had long been a favorite with reporters covering an otherwise chilly Elysée government. As President, he brought a refreshingly relaxed approach to the office, dining with workers' families and playing tennis. But after six years, a markedly different Giscard has emerged.

Where he once delighted in gunning his Citroën through Paris traffic to lose his police escort for the evening, Giscard is now nearly as distant and imperious as Louis XIV. He has, for instance, decreed that when he dines, no one except a head of state or Mme. Giscard may sit opposite him. The President, now openly referred to as "the Monarch," and his family are served before any of the guests.

His relationship with the press has shifted just as sharply. Giscard is considered a sure bet to win a second seven-year term in the presidential election next spring. Yet a relatively minor scandal has prompted the President to launch a war against journalists. They have responded with angry resistance, but the artillery at Giscard's command is *formidable*. The three French television channels and the national radio network are all state run. The government appoints their directors, who appoint their news editors, who make sure that little is broadcast that might displease Giscard. Lately the President has taken to referring to "my television," in the manner of Charles de Gaulle, who considered the French broadcasting industry to be his private preserve. Says French Press Law Expert Robert Badinter: "The President has very well understood that what is truly important in a modern state is control of the media."

Giscard has acted adroitly to increase that control. Besides appointing close associates to head the broadcast networks, he has helped Political Ally Robert Hersant get government-facilitated loans to acquire control of three Parisian newspapers, *France-Soir*, *Le Figaro* and *L'Aurore*. Their combined circulation of 1.06 million makes "Citizen Hersant" the most important press magnate in France. Commercial publishers must still depend on the state-run advertising agency Havas to help them contract for major advertising. Moreover, under Giscard, a bewildering catalogue of government subsidies for such publishing costs as paper, telephone and telex communications has drawn financially pressed newspapers into an ever closer dependency on the Palace. Says Roger Fressoz, editor of the outspoken satiric weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* (circ. 640,000): "Everything was put in place so that the major media . . . are controlled by the President's men, who regulate carefully and severely all the wheels, leaving nothing to chance."

Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

Diamonds are a president's best friends.

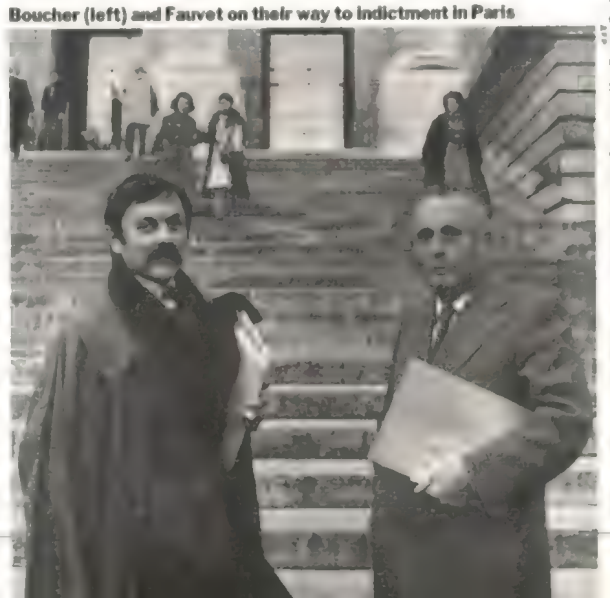
For all that, Giscard's control has not been total. The present trouble began in the autumn of 1979 when *Le Canard* reported that the President had, as both Finance Minister and President, accepted gifts of diamonds worth more than $240,000 from the tyrannical Central African Republic "Emperor" Jean-Bédel Bokassa, who was deposed last year with the help of French troops. *Le Canard* also published Giscard's 1978 income tax return, pointing out that he continued to be an active shareholder in the Paris Bourse while making decisions that presumably could affect his stock prices. Then *Le Monde* (circ. 550,000), France's most reputable and independent journal, added an analysis of the Giscard family's business dealings in Africa.

Last September, *Le Canard* reported that Bokassa had hired a journalist named Roger Delpey to write his biography. He turned over to Delpey some 187 documents, many believed to be embarrassing to Giscard. Delpey was arrested on charges of "compromising the external policy of France" and jailed without trial. The documents were seized. Later, several that were considered crucial to Delpey's defense were removed.

After *Le Monde* cast doubts on the legality of these moves, Justice Minister Alain Peyrefitte ordered charges brought against Editor Fauvet and Chief Editorial Writer Philippe Boucher under an obscure 1958 law that protects the legal system from "acts, words or writings" that may undermine the authority or independence of the judiciary. The penalty if convicted: up to six months in jail. Two of France's principal judicial associations promptly took the journalists' side. One magistrate noted that he felt "better defended by a free press." A number of French publications, including Hersant's usually approving *France-Soir*, have questioned the government's actions. Complained an aide to Giscard as the furor mounted: "They want their Watergate."

Delpey, released from jail a week ago, announced that his book on the "*Giscard*" affair," as the diamond incident is now known, will be out before next spring's balloting. Giscard's political opposition is scattered and demoralized, and there is little chance that a Gallic Watergate will prevent his reelection. So far, no one is accusing the President of breaking the law. But some members of Parliament are now insisting that his sweeping power over the media should be reduced. With the *Le Monde* case pending, and with the French press united as never before against him on the issue, the President may do well to remember a lesson of history: the original Watergate did not prevent an American President from being re-elected either —but the matter did not end there. —*By Janice Castro. Reported by Sandra Burton/Paris*

Boucher (left) and Fauvet on their way to indictment in Paris



Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

A Sinking Feeling About Leaks

Already the press is getting used to the way the President-elect—at least before taking office—stays in seclusion, says nothing or prudently contents himself with brief, noncommittal, cameo appearances. In his silence, others, perhaps hoping to speak for him or eager to influence him, fill the gap. The sounds to be heard all over Washington are of trial balloons collapsing and the steady drizzle of leaks.

Much of the press lives by leaks these days, but it pays a price for them that it may not want to think about. With increased frequency, the New York *Times's* front page quotes from documents "made available to the *Times*." By whom? Not stated. That was part of the bargain. Motivated by what? Also not stated. Last week one such leak created a damaging flap around Illinois' Charles Percy, who is first in line to become chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. After more than nine hours of talks with the highest Soviet leaders in Moscow, Percy predicted that the two nations would soon be discussing arms control again. Brezhnev and Reagan, he said, were sending "signals to each other . . . in a sense through me." But then, to contradict such euphoria, "parts" of highly classified cables to the State Department from Ambassador to Moscow Thomas Watson, who had sat in on the talks, were "made available to the New York Times." The cables made the Soviets seem less eager to resume SALT. They added the piquant news that Percy told the Soviets he favored a separate Palestinian state, headed by Yasser Arafat. That did it. The Reagan people denied that Percy spoke for anyone but himself.

DRAWING BY D. FRADON; © 1980 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

Who would have reason to embarrass Percy in this fashion? And why? The Times was not about to tell its readers. But *Times* Reporter Bernard Weinraub was more scrupulous than journalists usually are in such cases. He indicated that the leak had not come from Ambassador Watson or the State Department, but from the Republican transition team, some of whose members ardently oppose SALT. Weinraub even listed six members of the transition team most dismayed by Percy's performance. Two days later the Washington *Star* identified one of the six—John Carbaugh, an aide to North Carolina's archconservative Senator Jesse Helms—as the leaker. In high dudgeon, Carbaugh demanded a lie detector test. The State Department asked the FBI last week to investigate the leak, after both Percy and Helms separately called for an inquiry. Conspiratorial types, however, suspect that Helms, who will be the second ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, is anxious to cut Percy down.

Until Reagan completes announcing his top appointments, the transition team—full of contending ideologues and power seekers—will remain the capital's center of leaks and plants. Jack Nelson, Washington bureau chief of the Los Angeles *Times*, has been cautious about playing the appointees game, which he believes some of his colleagues have been "writing too hard" and proclaiming as certain. "People have been floating too many rumors; we don't know how accurate they are, and I don't think anyone else does." He has watched the Republican team float names just to see how much opposition they generate. The process has claimed some victims. William Simon thought himself a shoo-in to be Reagan's Secretary of the Treasury. Then, after being subjected to what he calls "an overt hatchet job," including leaks about his unpopularity with some Senate Republicans, Simon withdrew, pleading personal reasons. But he is bitter, and includes "the nosiness and bias" of the press in his criticism. Unless this "savaging of public officials" abates, Simon says, businessmen will not go into Government, leaving the field "to academics and neuters." Simon is a contentious fellow, and many of his difficulties are of his own making. But he is right about the atmosphere created by leaks.

A great deal of cant surrounds the subject. In Washington, some of the most pious public denunciations of leaks come from those most artful at them. As an old Washington hand, Simon recognizes that "the ship of state is a unique vessel—it leaks from the top." Editors, in their eager appetite for both facts and scoops, can be awfully moral about protecting their sources, while in reality being very practical about not shutting off the flow. Journalists usually look to the validity of the information they are offered, and to its verifiability, more than to the motives of those who furnish it. "Everybody—the President and the president of General Motors—has a motive in giving facts to the press," says A.M. Rosenthal, the New York *Times's* executive editor. For Rosenthal, sources "may be unknown but cannot be unknowable." Only rarely, in deciding how to play a story, does he ask a reporter or editor for his confidential source, and "nobody has ever refused." That is one kind of morality at work, the pledged word. As an absolute, such morality impresses journalists more than it does outsiders, including judges.

An odd transfer of responsibility occurs when a paper stands behind an anonymous source. It thereby vouches for the story more than for stories whose origins are honestly stated. The leaker always has some self-serving motive, good or bad, but gets off scot-free while accomplishing his purpose. Think of how often in the past year "well informed" newspaper stories about policy debates over Iran, Afghanistan or Iraq have implied that National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and the Pentagon are decisive and tough, while the State Department is waffling and weak-kneed.

Stories whose sources are concealed from readers must be one of the chief reasons why a new poll shows that more than half of newspaper readers do not believe that papers are usually fair or accurate. (A finding, however, based on a loosely phrased question; surely skeptical newspaper readers are not questioning the accuracy of the sports scores.)

The country seems to have acquired a President whose utterances will be laconic, casual in phrasing and not too detailed in argument. This will leave others to explain the facts of a case, the give-and-take of decision making and the reasoning behind policy judgments. There will be constant questions about the degree of authority with which these others speak. The press is likely to see more leaks from unnamed sources, not fewer, in the Reagan era. The news cannot be told from official statements and handouts alone. Without betraying its anonymous sources (who often bring to light what needs to be known), the press will have to do a better job of suggesting in the story itself just what interests and motivations are involved in its publication.

Benson &
& Weekends

Reg.: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Men.: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1981

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Hedges & Me

Because the pleasure lasts longer.

Benson & Hedges Lights

A Room of Their Own

A BOOK OF WOMEN POETS FROM ANTIQUITY TO NOW *Edited by Aliki Barnstone & Willis Barnstone; Schocken; 612 pages; $29.95*

In the 6th century B.C. Sappho foretold it all:

Someone, I tell you,
will remember us.
We are oppressed by
fears of oblivion
yet are always saved
by judgment of good men.

The poem was chosen as the epigraph for this splendid, pioneering collection of verse by women. Sadly, Sappho's fears of oblivion have proved valid. For each poet represented in this anthology there are uncounted others whose work has been diminished, dispersed or utterly lost. In A.D. 1073, virtually all existing copies of Sappho's work were burned in Rome and Constantinople, because the church perceived her lesbian love lyrics as a threat to Christian morality. In 12th century China the parents of Chu Shu-chen incinerated the body of the poet's work after her death, for reasons unknown. A few poems rescued by Chu's friends, and published in this book, are of luminous beauty.

Far greater losses than these occurred through indifference and neglect. In ancient Rome, which abounded in male poets from Livius to Virgil, an entire poetic culture was wiped out because the writings of women were not esteemed enough to be copied and preserved. The lone female survivor of the Latin classical period is Sulpicia (1st century B.C.) whose known corpus consists of six poems.

Still, patriarchal societies have weighed unevenly upon creative women in different times and places. In China and Japan, women poets have usually been highly regarded and their work is wonderfully well represented in this volume. The authors spring from all classes and conditions of life: an empress, an imperial courtesan, a Taoist priestess. In the 9th century, a legendary Japanese beauty, Ono no Komachi, voiced this complaint about her lover:

Doesn't he realize
that I am not
like the swaying kelp
in the surf,
where the seaweed gatherer
can come as often as he wants.

In England and America women poets have often fared poorly. Bemoaning the inequalities that have dogged their sex, Virginia Woolf wrote in *A Room of One's Own*, "When one reads of a witch being ducked, of a woman possessed by devils, of a wise woman selling herbs, or even of a very remarkable man who had a mother, then I think we are on the track of a lost novelist, a suppressed poet or some Emily Brontë who dashed her brains out on the moor crazed with the torture that her gift had put her to."

The first important American poet was a woman: Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672), who produced remarkable poems in addition to eight children. Her publisher billed her as "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America," but she herself made clear the cost of attaining that exalted title:

I am obnoxious to each
carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle
better fits,
A poet's pen all scorn I
should thus wrong,
For such despite the case on
female wits:
If what I do prove well, it
won't advance.
They'll say it's stol'n, or else
it was by chance.

In spite of Bradstreet's

AMHERST COLLEGE

Clockwise: latter-day sculptor's conception of Sappho; early engraving of Louise Labé; Aliki Barnstone; Ruth Stone; Emily Dickinson.

achievements, she scarcely rates a sentence in Louis Untermeyer's 757-page *Lives of the Poets: The Story of One Thousand Years of English and American Poetry*. The magisterial *Norton Anthology of Poetry* carries 19 women out of the 200 poets represented by name and *The New Oxford Book of American Verse*, twelve out of 77. This anthology redresses the balance. Say the editors: "The one art in which women have always excelled is poetry." The question of whether there exists a common female culture and sensibility, as postulated by Poet Adrienne Rich and other feminists, awaits just such a display of talents and ideas provided by the Barnstones.

The anthology is a father and daughter enterprise. Poet Willis Barnstone translated, alone or in collaboration, 276 of the 788 poems. Aliki Barnstone, also a poet and a contributor to the book, joined with her father in selecting the 311 poets represented. In scope and quality of translation, their work surpasses such previous efforts as the *Penguin Book of Women Poets* and *The Other Voice: Twentieth-Century Women's Poetry in Translation*. The editors have devoted several pages to such major figures as Enheduanna (c. 2300 B.C.), the first writer in history, male or female, whose work has been preserved. A Sumerian moon priestess, she composed incantations that still resonate in the present. Considerable space has also been given to the dazzling Mexican poet of the Spanish Golden Age, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, as well as to America's incomparable Emily Dickinson. Willis Barnstone's rendering of all 24 of the 16th century love sonnets of the French poet Louise Labé is one of the glories of the collection.

There are scores of surprising talents such as the French Canadian Anne Hébert, 64, and the American Ruth Stone, 65, who are among the most personal, powerful and sensuous of the contemporary poets represented. There are also some regrettable omissions, for example, Jean Valentine, Jane Cooper, Jean Garrigue and Elizabeth Bishop. Yet it should be noted that before her death in 1979, Bishop declined to be included in this anthology. Her reason: it is confined to women. Certainly, as Bishop's demurral suggests, it is no easy matter to designate a writer, a woman and a member of the human race as a single species. Seeking an identity, the Puerto Rican Julia de Burgos (1914-1953) provided these haunting lines:

What shall I be called when all
that remains
Is my memory of myself on the
rock of the deserted
island?
A carnation wedged between my
shadow and the wind.
Death's child and mine: My
name will be poet.

—*By Patricia Blake*

Notable

FLOATER
by Calvin Trillin
Ticknor & Fields; 204 pages; $9.95

Those who work for newsmagazines sometimes wish that life were really as the novelists depict it—full of eccentrics who collect iguanas and medicine writers who come down with the exotic diseases they have just described.

Take Calvin Trillin. Please. At the very least, take his book, a thoroughly diverting novel that nips at the unexposed flanks of the newsmagazine process, particularly the so-called back of the book, where a new sect or fad is no news until the magazine's editors/correspondents discover it. There is, for example, the "dirty bushes" story involving a gardener who prunes shrubs into phallic and vaginal shapes. And the quixotic "two-thirds stocking" fad, where the only stumbling block for the writer is what two-thirds means —two-thirds of the way to the knee or just two-thirds of a stocking?

Calvin Trillin

No matter. Trillin, a TIME writer in the early '60s, has his fun, and his fun is funny. If the book does not draw blood, it is perhaps because Trillin, now a *New Yorker* staff writer, seems to be writing benevolently with his nose pressed against the office window, looking in. For good or ill, satire requires both savagery and familiarity. The amiable Trillin has been away too long to give the shiv a final twist.

THE VICEROY OF OUIDAH
by Bruce Chatwin
Summit; 155 pages; $11.95

Bruce Chatwin sidled into the limelight two years ago with *In Patagonia*, a stylish piece of travel writing. *The Viceroy of Ouidah* finds his jeweler's eye playing over 19th century West Africa. The book is a novelization of the life and death of a footloose Brazilian named Francisco Felix de Souza, who flourished as a slave trader under the protection of the King of Dahomey. Chatwin began his research nine years ago in Dahomey and returned in 1977 to find the country named the People's Republic of Benin. "The fetish priests of Ouidah," he notes, "had put pictures of Lenin amid the scarlet paraphernalia of the Thunder Pantheon."

Yet Chatwin is no V.S. Naipaul balefully chronicling the political travesties of the Third World. His book is both a luminous historical document and an exploitation of the surreal past. The author's talent for invoking history's black magic is evident in this description of the interior of a rotting Da Silva house: "Dom Francisco's wardrobe, held together by its paint surface alone, lasted until 1957, when it collapsed, revealing a wreckage of whalebone stays and shreds of black taffeta that fluttered upwards like flakes of carbonized paper . . . the pictures were peeling, and all Twelve Apostles eaten away to leprous stumps. Yet, from the head of Christ, like the periscopic eyes of certain fish, two blue glass beads stood out on stalks."

Bruce Chatwin

WAYWARD REPORTER: THE LIFE OF A.J. LIEBLING
by Raymond Sokolov
Harper & Row; 354 pages; $16.95

Like Dr. Johnson, Abbott Joseph Liebling was negligent in appearance and lean in his craft. His death in 1963 was hastened by a lifetime of overeating.

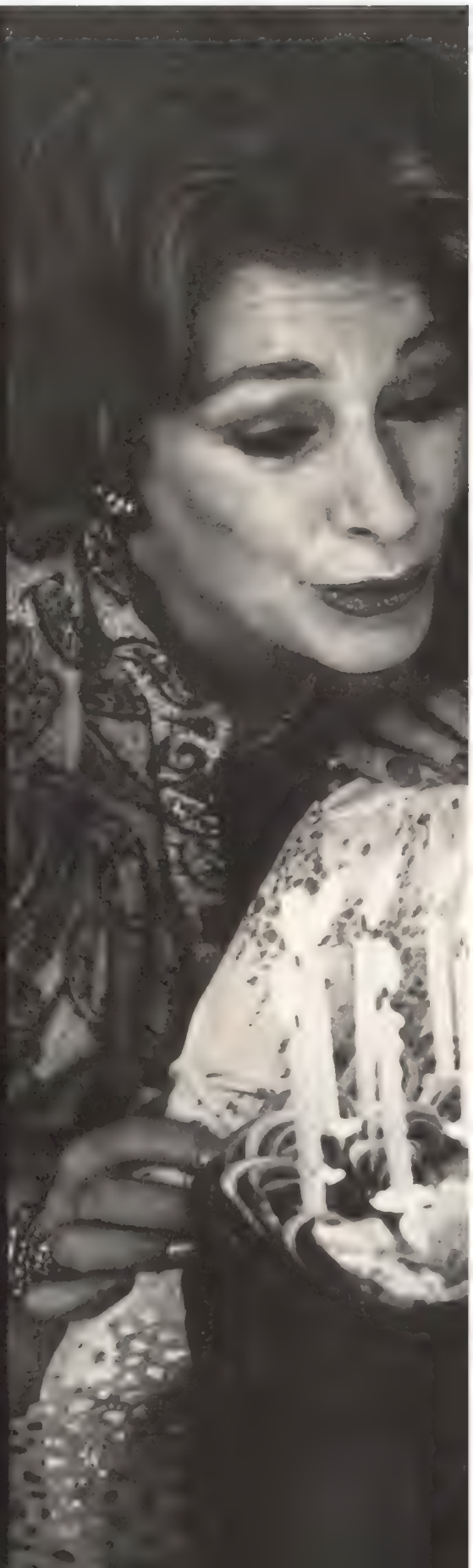
The author had a sentimental fascination for the raffish life of New York and Paris. His best-known character is Colonel John R. Stingo, a bombastic Times Square denizen. But Liebling is best remembered by other journalists for his enviable style. In 1972 *More, The New York Journalism Review* congratulated itself on its first birthday by holding the "A.J. Liebling Counter-Convention," a salute to the godfather of New Journalism.

Raymond Sokolov

The wry honor would have gratified and amused him. Judging from Raymond Sokolov's biography, Liebling did not think he was an innovator but a perpetuator of a writing tradition at least as old as Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*. Liebling's prose remains convincing because it rarely asks the reader to believe more than the author saw, heard, smelled, touched and, of course, ate.

Sokolov is guided by this principle in describing Liebling's beginnings as the son of an affluent New York City furrier, a student in Paris during the '20s, newspaperman, war correspondent and three-time husband, lastly to the late short-story writer Jean Stafford. Wayward Reporter tells more about the writer's work than about his life. Yet Sokolov, a New York journalist and restaurant critic, conveys the essential craftsman and gourmand who sopped up the life around him with the same melancholy hunger he displayed at lunch. ■

If the coming years bring big problems for Jane, medical bills won't be one of them.



181,000,000 people like Jane are protected by private health insurance.

Being alone and independent can bring unexpected rewards. And unexpected worries like medical bills. Fortunately for Jane, she's one of 181,000,000 people now protected by basic health insurance.

These days 142,000,000 people are even shielded from the expense of most major medical problems. They've got private major medical insurance. And that security keeps expanding. One out of four has dental insurance now. Millions are covered for nursing home care, in-home care, psychiatric care, and alcohol and drug abuse treatment

We have a free booklet called *All about Health Insurance*. If you'd like a copy, write the Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 24, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

INFLATION AND HEALTH CARE COSTS

We're making progress in containing inflation by containing health care costs. One way is by covering out-of-hospital services. For instance, patients in one large city pay about $300 in non-surgical charges at a one-day surgery center to have a cataract removed. It would cost three times that amount if the same operation were performed in a hospital. And preventing unnecessary hospitalization by keeping people out of hospitals this way can save hundreds of millions of dollars.

Health insurance companies are using other cost-saving ideas, including covering hospital pre-admission testing, second opinions for surgery, carefully checking the validity of medical fees and services, and promoting better health habits.

Since health insurance premiums are a direct reflection of health care costs, keeping health costs down helps keep your premium costs down, too. An effective way to fight inflation.

Though we're close to our goal of "good health care for everyone that everyone can afford," we're not resting on our laurels yet. Because close just isn't good enough.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy

Sounds for the Solstice

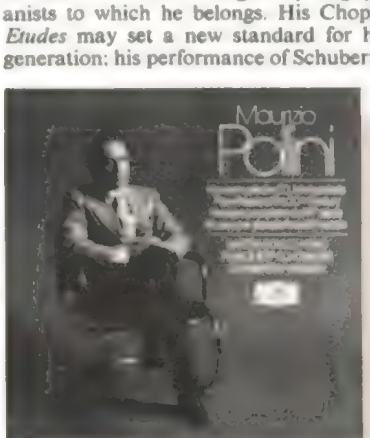
A sampling of new releases for winter listening

The '80s are off and spinning with a glorious new Aïda singing of passion and patriotism, a sinuous Donna Summer purring about loves lost and found, works by Vivaldi, Schubert, Stravinsky, Blondie, Talking Heads and Itzhak Perlman on the jazz violin

Classical

Verdi: Aïda (Mirella Freni, soprano; José Carreras, tenor; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Piero Cappuccilli, baritone; Ruggero Raimondi, bass; José van Dam, bass; Katia Ricciarelli, soprano; Thomas Moser, tenor; Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Vienna Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, conductor; Angel; three LPs). That old Ethiopian slave girl and would-be war bride finds a new and glorious incarnation in Mirella Freni, whose voice may not move pyramids but finds its way to the heart of the role. This is particularly true in the Nile Scene, where Aïda tussles with her passion for Radamès and her love of country. It is a surefire conflict that, after more than a century and countless productions, can easily turn into a theatrical and musical cliché. Von Karajan and his longtime protégée Freni make it new

Maurizio Pollini: Piano Music of the 20th Century. Igor Stravinsky: *Three Movements from "Petrushka."* Serge Prokofiev: *Piano Sonata No. 7.* Béla Bartók: *Concertos for Piano and Orchestra Nos. 1 and 2.* Arnold Schönberg: 17 short piano pieces. Anton Webern: *Variations for Piano.* Pierre Boulez: *Second Sonata for Piano.* Luigi Nono: *Music for Soprano, Piano, Orchestra and Magnetic Tape* (Slavka Taskova, soprano, and the Symphony Orchestra of the Bayerischen Rundfunks, Claudio Abbado, conductor; Deutsche Grammophon, five LPs). Pollini's herculean fingering stands out even in that select circle of great young pianists to which he belongs. His Chopin *Etudes* may set a new standard for his generation; his performance of Schubert's difficult late sonatas is a triumph of athletic as well as artistic ability. Pollini is also a leading interpreter of the modern keyboard classics. He handles Stravinsky and Prokofiev like a diamond cutter, concentrating profoundly yet striking with passion; he negotiates the atonal mazes of Bartók. Boulez and Webern with thoughtful ease, and provides the emphatic keyboard punctuation for Luigi Nono's unearthly enchantment.



Antonio Vivaldi: Works for Flute and Orchestra Vol. III (Jean Pierre Rampal and Joseph Rampal, flutes, with I Solisti Veneti, Claudio Scimone, director; Musical Heritage Society). Admirers of 18th century Italian music are indebted to Scimone and his group for their part in rekindling enthusiasm for the Mediterranean treasures of the period. The Rampals, of course, have been outstanding influences in the current popularity of classical flute. The mechanical clarity they bring to Vivaldi's refrains is another in a long line of Rampal victories through air power.

Franz Schubert: Winterreise (Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau with Daniel Barenboim, piano; Deutsche Grammophon, two LPs) Schubert described his Winter Journey as a "cycle of gruesome songs." Early listeners must have thought so too. The work's simplicity and repeated tone of personal lament must have struck many as self-indulgent and morose. Schubert took his text from Wilhelm Müller, a poet torn between romanticism and corroding irony. Fortunately Schubert's music transcends maudlin sentiment. Fischer-Dieskau moves from mood to mood with his customary agility and brilliance.

Elliot Carter: Symphony of Three Orchestras (New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez, conductor). *A Mirror on Which to Dwell, Six Poems of Elizabeth Bishop* (Speculum Musicae; Richard Fitz, conductor; Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Columbia Master Works). Carter's symphony was written for the U.S. Bicentennial under a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. John Philip Sousa would have been flabbergasted at the dissonances and Carter's restless harmonies that reach out like the tendrils of live undersea flowers. In *A Mirror on Which to Dwell*, the composer set six Elizabeth Bishop poems within an unmelodic structure. The song cycle requires exacting breath control to keep each line from slipping into eccentricity. Soprano Davenny Wyner keeps a tight line

Luigi Boccherini (The Sequoia String Quartet, Yoko Matsuda, violin; Miwako Watanabe, violin; James Dunham, viola; Robert Martin, cello; Allan Vogel, oboe; Nonesuch). Although they never met, Haydn and Boccherini formed a mutual admiration society through the uncertain mails of 18th century Europe. Mozart thought enough of Boccherini's work to model his *Violin Concerto in D* after one of the Italian's compositions. Today Boccherini is still known mainly for his *Cello Concerto in B Flat*, but his hearty melodies and agile rhythms can be found in the Sequoia's splendid performance of these less frequently heard pieces.

A Different Kind of Blues: An Album of Jazz Composed by André Previn (Itzhak Perlman, André Previn, Shelly Manne, Jim Hall, Red Mitchell; Angel, Digital) Pittsburgh Symphony Conductor Previn and Jazzmen Mitchell and Manne have met before. The three teamed up in 1957 for Contemporary to play the great tunes from *Pal Joey*. Echoes of those sophisticated pulsations are heard in Previn's extracurricular activities. The pieces carry such titles as *Chocolate Apricot, Make Up Your Mind* and *Who Reads Reviews*. The surprise guest is Violinist Perlman, making his jazz debut for the record. His superb classical technique may not be appreciated by fans of the late pop fiddler Joe Venuti, but Perlman's adventuresome musical spirit is undeniable.

ERLANGER
Classic 1893
ERLANGER
Make this holiday a classic.
Taste the moment.
Erlanger...Only in bottles and draught.

We wish you would shop early.
We wish you would mail early.
We wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

Gladys Knight and the Pips

Christmas is coming. And right now is a great time to start getting your cards and gifts into the mail. So, as soon as they're ready–send them right away.

Be sure to wrap tightly, label clearly and don't forget correct ZIP Codes and apartment numbers.

Go ahead. Get ready for Christmas now. After all, it'll be here sooner than you think.

Make Christmas merrier. Shop early and mail early this year.

USPS 1980

TIME

to renew your subscription?

You can check the expiration date of your subscription by consulting the upper left hand corner of your mailing label. If that date is fast approaching, the easiest, most convenient way to guarantee uninterrupted service and get our low basic rate is to

call toll-free 800-621-8200*

Or, if you prefer, fill out this coupon and send it with your mailing label to TIME, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611

☐ Please send TIME for 1 year at $35

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Mr / Ms

(please print)

Address Apt. No

City State / Province Zip / Post Code

YOU CAN ALSO USE OUR TOLL-FREE NUMBER TO: Order a change of address. Enter a new subscription. Order a gift subscription. Have your name removed from our mailing list.

TS1009

Pop

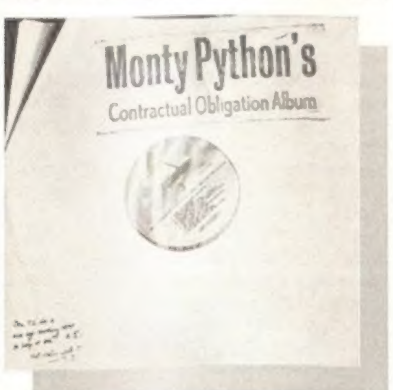
Bruce Springsteen: The River (Columbia). Four sides, 20 songs, a clarity and artistic ease and breadth of passion unequaled by any other rock record this year. Like Francis Coppola's *Godfather*, another great work of popular art, *The River* creates a whole world in an instant. Lives spring up and play out in the time it takes a Polaroid snapshot to develop, private and separate destinies all unite into a single truth. Springsteen's characters in these songs are the proud, hopeless dwellers on the ragged fringes of the urban landscape. The compassion in the writing will come as no surprise to anyone who knows Springsteen's work. What is new is the deceptive simplicity of the lyrics—what sounds at first like a classic rave-up, *Cadillac Ranch*, comes, on repeated listenings, to sound more and more like a jukebox thanatopsis—and the glistening energy of the music, played and produced with such precision that it almost seems to stand clear of the record. The sound is big, not forced, bold without turning grandiose, and the playing of the E Street Band matches, to a man, the eight-lane grandeur of Springsteen's songs. It seems only fair: the best deserves the best. Ask Michael Corleone.

Stevie Wonder: Hotter Than July (Tamla). A scorcher. Stevie Wonder, who was out in the ozone all fitted out for a higher-consciousness *Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants* not a year ago, is back in his old neighborhood again. Effortless polyrhythms, funk stood on its ear, blues inflections, jazz riffs, R & B undertones all blend together into a kind of easeful aural mural. *Hotter Than July*, like *The River*, is about hanging tough, keeping proud and getting on. It contains Wonder's galvanic new single, *Master Blaster (Jammin')* and a song called *Happy Birthday*, which is dedicated by Wonder to the proposition that Martin Luther King Jr. deserves a national holiday of his own. The song is a declaration of independence and a celebration of pride, and it is one measure of Wonder's gifts that his music not only honors the memory of a great man, but enhances it

The Eagles: Live (Asylum) and **Randy Meisner: One More Song** (Epic). Even a hard-core Eagles fan will have to admit they are not a great performance band. Consequently, a live Eagles album makes as much sense as an on-the-spot recording of a Jack Benny violin concert. Except, of course, that the Eagles are not as good for laughs. There are unexpected chuckles, however, and some surprisingly solid grooves on *One More Song*, a second solo album by ex-Eagle Randy Meisner. Meisner used to specialize in the kind of Southern California pop that turns to pap in a temperate climate, but the material here comes from strong sources (notably Writer Jack Tempchin), and Meisner's down-to-business vocals take care to keep things on the darker side of mellow.

In Harmony (Sesame Street/Warner Bros.). Various pop stars make the playroom rock, gently of course. The idea —a good one—was to gather some songs for kids and about kids that wouldn't reduce Mom and Dad to a gibbering frenzy. Producers Lucy Simon and David Levine recruited talent as diverse as Bette Midler, James Taylor, the Doobie Brothers, Linda Ronstadt, Lindy Waldman and Carly Simon (the co-producer's sister), and let them loose in the realms of whimsy. The results—especially by Taylor, Midler, and Dr. John in a duet with Libby Titus—are easy to take and danceable at any age.

Monty Python's Contractual Obligation Album (Arista). The Pythons tear through assorted comedy sketches and raise their



voices in songs of innocence and experience. Titles include *Never Be Rude to an Arab, All Things Dull and Ugly, Farewell to John Denver* and *Sit on My Face*. Ideal for Christmas caroling or breaking the lease.

Donna Summer: The Wanderer (Geffen/Warner Bros.). Donna Summer has ridden out disco, and she is just fine, thanks. This is her best album yet, with intricate melodies that sound like musical handstands and vocals that have the easy undulation of a water bed. *The Wanderer* is an informal concept album in which Summer's teasing sensuality is used as a point of departure. The album begins with a sexuality that is randy and raggedy at once, eases through various tales of love lost and remembered, and ends with a statement of faith and a hope for redemption. The range of the record is still a little too long for Summer's reach, but *The Wanderer* demonstrates that she's got the best shot at being the premier woman rocker of the '80s.

Arthur Blythe: Illusions (Columbia). Just about the hottest alto sax around, Arthur Blythe synthesizes and consolidates

the disparate approaches of his first two Columbia albums—the first experimental, following trails laid down by Ornette Coleman, the second closer to the Ellington tradition—and, using two separate combos, fuses them with the white hot heat of his horn. *Illusions* is a furious exercise in musical release. This man uses his sax like a blowtorch.

Blondie: Autoamerican (Chrysalis). Catchy pop music of the sort you wish wouldn't catch you. Deborah Harry and the band have a sound that contrives to be both congenial and clammy, like a wet suede coat. In *The Tide Is High*, their current hit, they sound like a bunch of loaded reggae freaks who wake up in a Mexicali beer joint. As the title implies, this record is a machine-tooled product, but if Detroit had as keen an idea of its market as Blondie, there would be no need for federal subsidies.

Talking Heads: Remain in Light (Sire). If partying inside a freezer and trying to boogie away the frostbite hold any kind of appeal, then this is just the record for the occasion. Talking Heads is one of the few bands to have survived the crest-

ing and breaking of new wave rock, and if Blondie remains the commercial core of that dissipated movement, Talking Heads is its artistic conscience. Artistic is the operative word here. The Heads take themselves and their music with such self-evident and self-congratulatory seriousness that the dark ironic humors of their best songs assume all the depth of snide remarks at a gallery opening. Even dabbling in permutations of African rhythms, as here, the band sounds like a collection of hip grad school musicologists on a fund-raising telethon. The effect is alienating, in a way the band could not intend, and ultimately chilling.

Steely Dan: Gaucho (MCA). "Illegal fun/ Under the sun." *Gaucho* is a laid-back action painting of life on the L.A. fault line and just over the edge. Steely Dan is Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, who together write some of rock's most inimitable and elliptical songs, and who play assorted instruments when the spirit moves them. Often it doesn't, and Steely Dan becomes a free-floating association of ace studio musicians doing elaborate, jazzy arabesques around Fagen's vocals. The songs have a diabolical cutting edge, suggesting some collaboration between Roman Polanski and Joan Didion ("We'll jog with show folk/ On the sand/ Drink kirschwasser from a shell"). The lithe inflections of the Becker-Fagen melodies have a grace that is both sensuous and sinister, like a lazing snake coiled under the sun. Probably poisonous too. *—By Jay Cocks*

Time to Reflect on Blah-Blah-Blah

Late in his career, Announcer Bill Stern made an endearing confession about his vocal ways as the Christopher Columbus of television sportscasting. Said he: "I had no idea when to keep my big, fat, flapping mouth shut." The insight dawned too late to be of much use to Stern, but it might have been of value as a guide for his heirs. Unfortunately, nobody in the broadcast booth was listening. The result is the TV sports event as it is today: an entertainment genre in which an athletic game must compete for attention with the convulsive concatenations of blah-blah-blah that passes for commentary.

Television sportscasters, in short, are still a long way from mastering the art of the zipped lip. It is this familiar fact that has legions of sports fans eagerly looking forward to a special telecast of a football game that NBC has promised for Saturday, Dec. 20. The teams and site (Jets *vs.* Dolphins at Miami) are of little importance compared with the radical innovation that will be the main attraction: the absence of the usual game commentary. Thus the telecast will offer—and here Sports Columnist Red Smith leads the cheers—"no banalities, no pseudo-expert profundities phrased in coachly patois, no giggles, no inside jokes, no second-guessing, no numbing prattle." Just one announcer will be on hand, says NBC, to offer only the sort of essential information (injuries, rulings) that a stadium announcer traditionally provides. The prospect is engaging, even if it may be shocking to see a game presented merely for the sake of the drama on the field.

This blabber-proof telecast looms as far too rare an occasion to waste only in joy over a trial separation from the stream of half-consciousness that usually accompanies athletic endeavors on the tube. While sports fans will surely relish the moment, it should also be seized for grander purposes, for awareness may just be dawning in the Age of Communication that silence is indeed often golden. President-elect Ronald Reagan has so far, often to the chagrin of the press, shown an admirable reluctance to grab all of the many chances he gets to sound off on just about anything. Given the possible alternatives, Yoko Ono's fiat that John Lennon's passing be marked with ten minutes of silence around the world was inspired. In truth, the day of the telecast experiment would be a perfect time for the nation to reflect generally—and silently—on the whole disgruntling phenomenon of superfluous talk.

The American tendency to unchecked garrulity is most conspicuous in the realm of TV sports, but it does not begin or end there by a long shout. The late-evening TV news, for example, is aclutter with immaterial chatter. "Hap-py talk, keep talkin' happy talk ..." Rodgers and Hammerstein offered that lyrical advice to young lovers, but a great many TV news staffers have adopted it as an inviolable rule of tongue. Hap-py talk is not reprehensible, but should it be force-fed to an audience looking for the news? Surely not, no more than a sports fancier tuning in football should be obliged to endure Tom Brookshier and Pat Summerall hap-pily going over their personal travel schedules.

Admittedly, there is not likely to be universal agreement on precisely what talk is superfluous when. The judgment is aesthetic, and tastes vary. Some Americans might regard all sermons, lectures and political speeches as superfluous. Such testiness, however, can be shrugged off as a symptom of hyperactive intelligence. The criteria for talk should be appropriateness and pertinency. The essential question is: Does it subtract from or enhance the moment into which it falls? The deeper reason that sports commentary is annoying is that it so often ruptures the flow of the main event. The effect is easier to see when one imagines it occurring in the middle of a true drama, *Othello*, say:

"Now here's the video tape again with still another angle on Iago as he evilly fingers Desdemona's hanky. And look! Iago is curling the old lip just a trifle. Nice curl too, eh, Chuck? This chap was learning lip curling when the rest of that cast couldn't find the proscenium arch with both hands. Incidentally, about that hanky —you know, the star himself bought that hanky for 79¢ at Lamston's just before opening when it turned out the prop man used the real thing as a dustcloth. Now back to the action onstage ..."

Existence today often means escaping from the latest Oscar award acceptance speech only to be trapped within earshot of a disc jockey who considers it a felony to fall silent for a second. Some 5,000 radio and TV talk shows fill the air with an oceanic surf of gabble, a big fraction of it as disposable as a weather-caster's strained charm. It is easy to snap off and tune out, but it is not so simple to elude real-life blather. Try to get away from it all, and soon a stage-struck airline captain will be monologuing about terrain miles below and half-obscured by the cloud cover. Go to the dentist, and the procedure is all but ordained: thumbs fill the mouth, the drill starts to whine, and a voice begins to express all those unpalatable political opinions.

At the movies, it is usually the couple two rows back who turn out to be practitioners of voice-over chic, tenderly broadcasting all the half-baked thoughts they ever half-understood about Fellini. Dial a phone number and the absent owner's talking machine coughs a set piece of cuteness before granting a moment for you to interject a brief message. As for bridge players, the typical foursome hardly finishes the play of a hand before the air burbles with a redundant rehashing of it all.

Personality, roles and situations all work in the chemistry that induces excessive chatter. And certain subjects pull the stopper on even temperate people. Food, for example, instigates a preposterous quantity of repetitious chat. Sex? It has already provoked such an excess of discussion—functional and gynecological—that it is fair to rule all future comment on the subject may be surplus.

Cabbies and barbers have long been assailed for marathon talking, but it is unjust that they so often wind up at the top of the list of nuisances. Indeed, cabbies are often mute and sullen, and ever since barbers became stylists they have felt sufficiently superior to clients that their urge to talk has diminished.

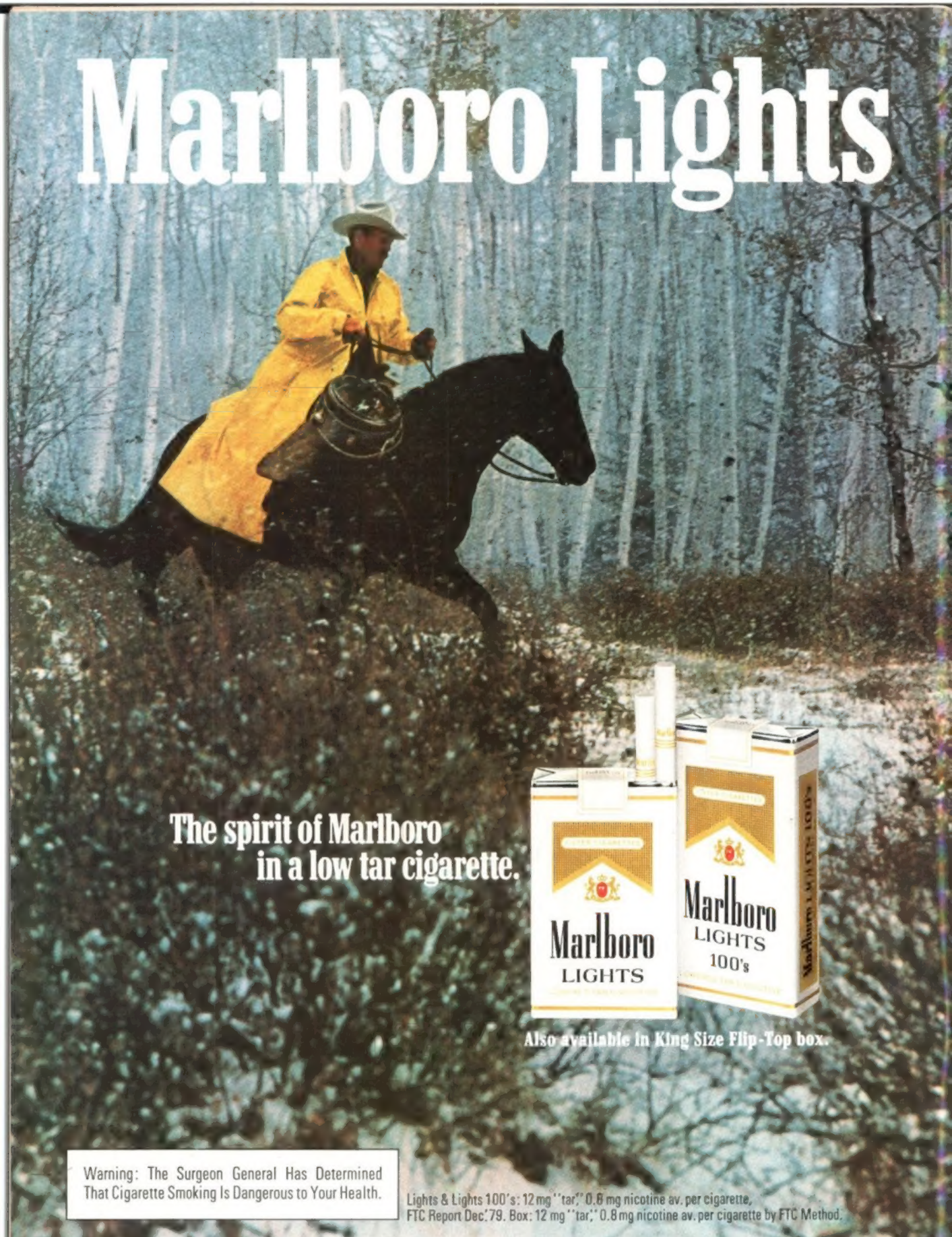
To be nettled by untimely yakking does not imply the advocacy of universal silence. A rigorous discipline, silence is practiced by certain monks and others who believe that it heightens the soul's capacity to approach God. For ordinary people, a bit of silence may occasionally seem golden, but what they mostly need is the conversation that keeps them close to others. Those who do not get enough talk tend to wither in spirit.

Says Linguistics Scholar Peter Farb in *Word Play*: "Something happened in evolution to create Man the Talker." And a talker man remains, with speech his most exalting faculty. Talk is the tool, the toy, the comfort and joy of the human species. The pity is that talkers so often blurt so far beyond the line of what is needed and desired that they have to be listened to with a stiff upper lip.

—By Frank Trippett

WHEN SOMEONE GIVES YOU CUTTY SARK,
BE GENEROUS AND GIVE A LITTLE BACK.
CUTTY SARK
750 ml (25.4 fl.oz.)
CUTTY SARK
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
under British Government Supervision
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD LONDON

Marlboro Lights



Also available in King Size Flip-Top box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights & Lights 100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79. Box: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.